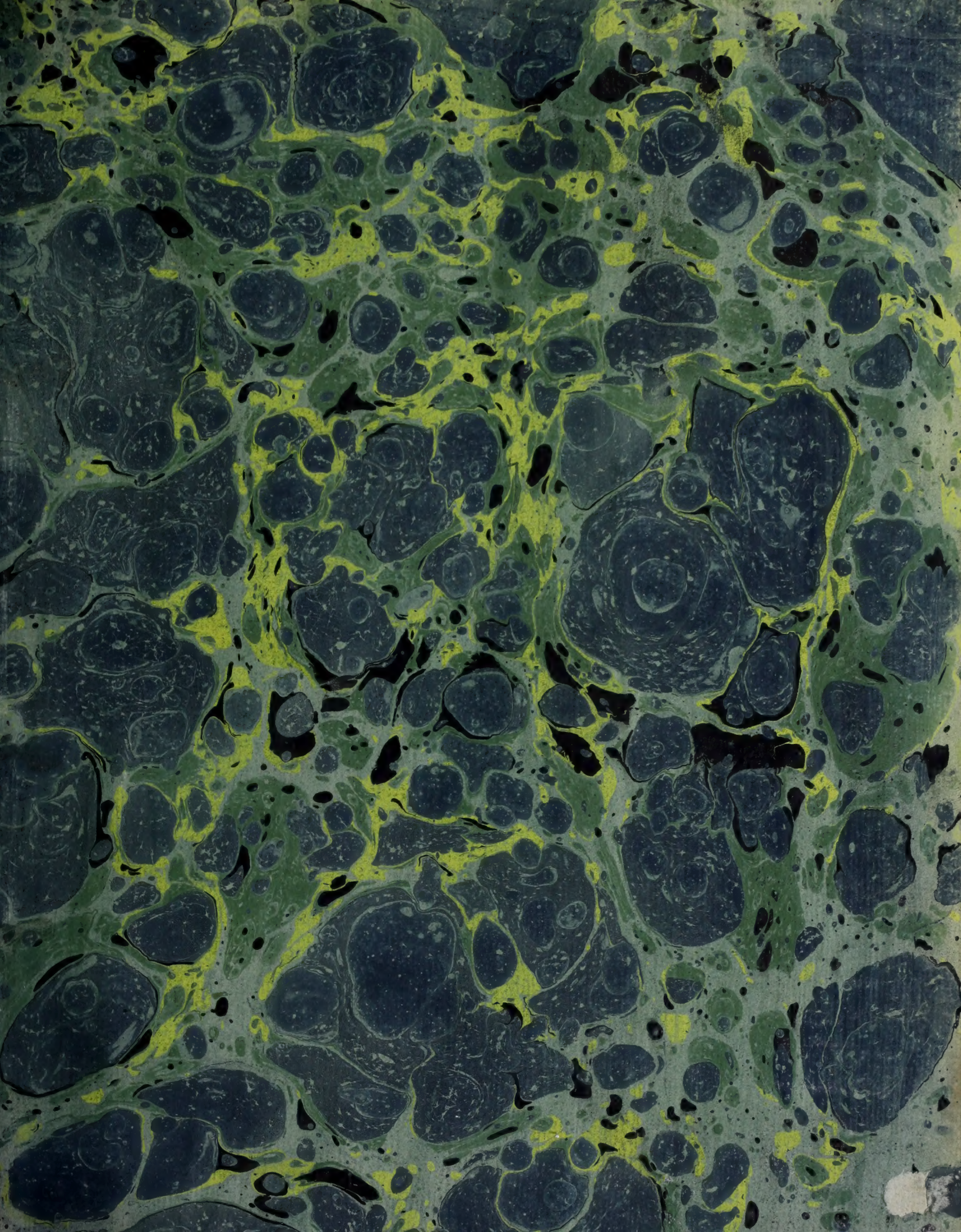




*Francis White Popham.*










NEW YORK

THOMAS W. WALLACE

THE  
W O R K S  
OF  
HORATIO WALPOLE,  
EARL OF ORFORD.

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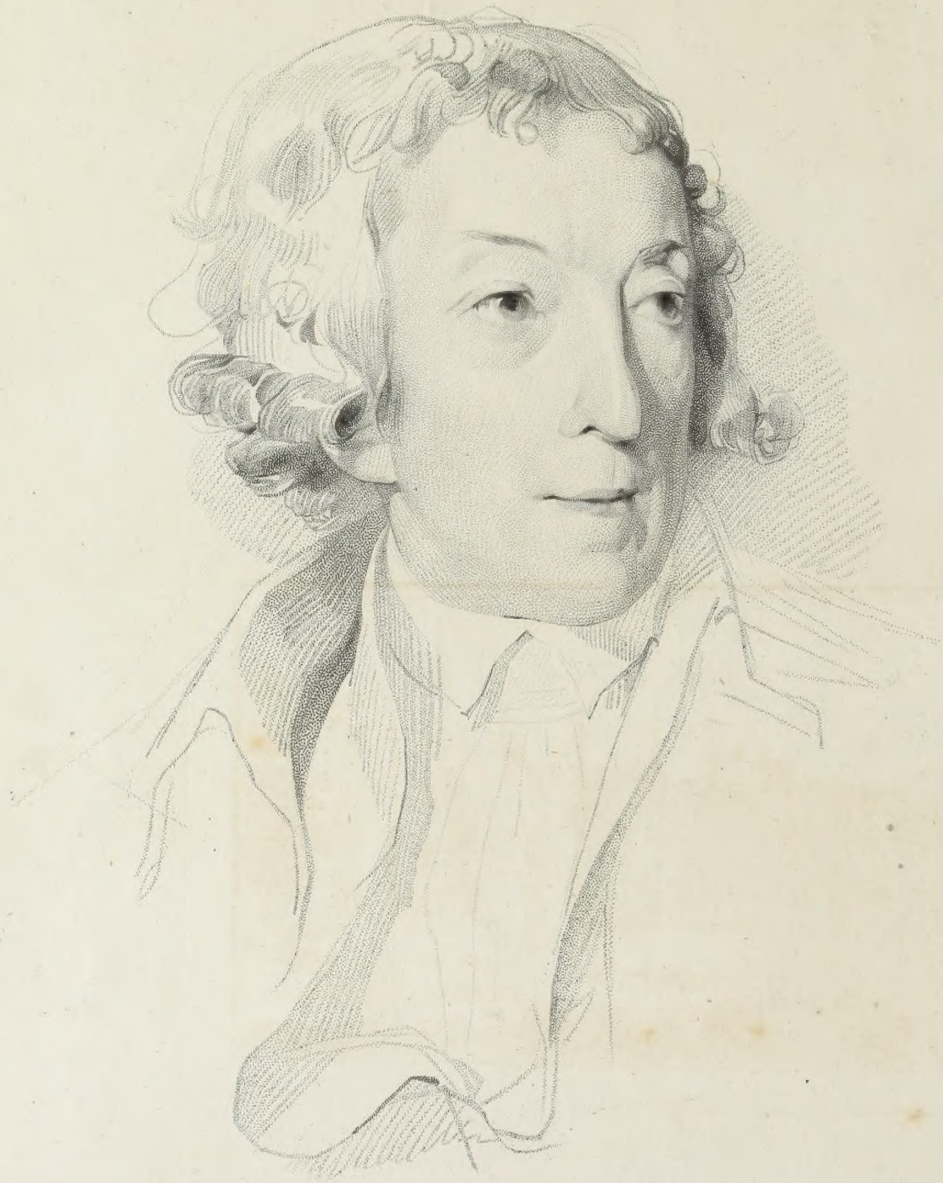
VOL. I.



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HORATIO WALPOLE EARL OF ORFORD.

THE  
W O R K S  
OF  
HORATIO WALPOLE,  
EARL OF ORFORD.

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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW,  
AND J. EDWARDS, PALL-MALL.

MDCXCXVIII.

W O R L D

ALONG THE COAST

FROM



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P R E F A C E

BY THE

E D I T O R.

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**T**HE edition now offered to the public of the works of the late earl of Orford includes not only the manuscripts bequeathed by his lordship for publication, but much new matter communicated by himself during his lifetime to the editor. It has been still further enriched by the contributions of his executors and others of his friends, who, admiring his epistolary talents, had preserved every line of his writing; and who thought that, by enlarging the collection of his letters, they were adding to a valuable and entertaining present to the public.

Lord Orford so early as the year 1768 had formed the intention of printing, and soon after actually began, a  
VOL. I. a quarto

quarto edition of his works, to which he purposed to add several pieces, both in prose and verse, which he had either not before published or never acknowledged as his own. A first and part of a second volume printed under his own eye at Strawberry-hill were already in a state of great forwardness. But his frequent indispositions, and the unimportant light in which, notwithstanding the very flattering reception they had met with from the world, he always persisted in considering his own works, seem to have combined in deterring him from carrying this design into execution.

The completion of this work he entrusted to the editor, to whom he also bequeathed all the notes, additions, and alterations which he had himself collected and arranged. Lord Orford may therefore still be considered as his own editor: every thing that he had selected is faithfully given to the public; and his arrangement, as far as it had gone, is in every respect strictly adhered to. Fidelity to the author's intentions and wishes is indeed the principal merit of an editor; and as no further appeal can now be made to the judgement and taste of the author, the friend to whom he has entrusted the care of his posthumous works has thought proper implicitly to follow the track which he found already prescribed for him.

In the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors considerable additions are made under the respective divisions of the original work; notices of several pieces omitted in the former

mer editions are here inserted, and a postscript and an appendix are subjoined.

The Historic Doubts upon the life and reign of king Richard III. are followed by a large supplement, by two replies to attacks made on the original work, and by a postscript occasioned by the late revolution in France.

The whole contents of the second volume subsequent to the *Ædes Walpoleanæ* (the Essay on Gardening and the Counter Address on the late Dismissal of a General Officer excepted) are new to the public.

The dramatic piece, though represented with considerable applause at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket in June 1778, was never acknowledged by lord Orford, or with certainty known to be his.

The detection of a forged account of his father, published in Holland under the title of *Testament politique du chevalier Robert Walpoole*, completely exposes its falsehood; but as the original work was never translated into English, nor ever emerged from the obscurity which it deserved, lord Orford thought it unnecessary to publish his vindication at the time, but left it behind him as a last proof of filial anxiety for the character and fame of a father.

The advertisement which he had himself designed for the quarto edition of his works, marks with what satisfaction

he reflected on being able to refer to all the letters which had passed between him and various ministers on the subject of the places which he had held under government, and of the whole of his intercourse with successive administrations. A laudable anxiety that his motives might not be misrepresented, nor his opinions relative to those places confounded with a venal opposition to public economy, suggested the faithful and accurate account of himself and his conduct, which he has prefixed to the Letters to and from Ministers.

The Catalogue and Description of Strawberry-hill has been hitherto in the hands of those only to whom lord Orford bequeathed the few copies which he had himself printed there. The principal reason which he gives in his preface to this Catalogue for having composed it, that of its serving hereafter as a well-attested genealogy of the objects of virtù contained in the collection, is a still stronger argument for its more general dispersion.—But, in truth, in describing Strawberry-hill lord Orford must be considered with indulgence as a fond and partial parent dwelling with delight on the merits of a favourite child—of a creation of his own—of a place which has acquired a sort of classic celebrity, perhaps still more from its author and its press than from any part of the collection it contains—but which, after all the prepossessions of fashion and prejudice are passed away, will be justly dear to the English antiquary, the artist, and the man of taste, and remembered with  
pleasure



pleasure by those who have ever partaken of the lively, interesting and polished society of its late owner.

The remaining contents of this volume, it is presumed, require no comment.—They are the last, and certainly not the least interesting tracts in criticism and biography of an author whose excellence on both those subjects the public has long acknowledged.

The Letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton, now first published in the fourth volume, was printed at Strawberry-hill in the year 1779. Immediately following it will be found an advertisement from lord Orford, relative to the additional papers which he has left for publication on that subject. To these the editor is fortunately enabled to add a third and last letter from Chatterton, repeatedly alluded to by lord Orford in the above-mentioned pamphlet. This letter, which his lordship had not been able to find, with the others, was recovered by his executors from amongst a quantity of waste paper. It exactly answers the account which lord Orford had given of it, and forms, together with his last Declaration on the subject of Chatterton, dated 1792, and his Remarks on the Letter of Scrutator of the same year, such a body of evidence, such a complete demonstration that his conduct towards that marvellous and ill-fated youth was in every respect unimpeachable, as must assure all who are not wilfully prejudiced (if indeed any prejudice can yet remain on the subject).

ject) how perfectly guiltless he was of hastening a catastrophe, which none of the greatest dupes to Chatterton's forgeries, nor of the greatest admirers of Chatterton's real genius, could more regret, or, perhaps, would have done so much to prevent as himself.

We see by lord Orford's last declaration upon the occasion of one of his letters to Chatterton appearing in a periodical work<sup>1</sup>, how earnestly desirous he was that those persons who were in possession of any other letters of his to Chatterton should publish them during his life, and how forcibly he deprecates the idea of being considered as the author of counterfeited letters which might be brought forward and imputed to him when he should no longer be alive to disprove them.

Nor can we wonder that he felt anxious upon the subject, or that the unwarrantable manner in which his name and conduct had been involved in the history of the unfortunate Chatterton had given him real concern.—That a man endowed with judgement to discriminate, taste to relish, a heart to feel for and a fortune to encourage genius, should be accused, not only of repressing its early efforts by his chilling reception, but of having treated its further applications with the arrogant neglect of a little mind in a superior station, and the jealous coldness of a little genius towards

<sup>1</sup> The European Magazine for February 1792.

superior abilities—accused of having been thus instrumental in hurrying it to the last act of despair, at an age brightened to others by the dawn of a thousand hopes—To a warm heart, to lively feelings—in short, to lord Orford, could there be a more painful, a more cruel accusation?

Its complete refutation is now before the public. In fact, lord Orford never saw, never had any intercourse, except by two or three short unimportant letters, with the person who addressed him, and consequently was totally ignorant of all the favourable or interesting circumstances that distinguished poor Chatterton from any other young man tired of his business, and desirous of more liberty and more money;—and to Mr. Walpole's practised and penetrating eye on the subject of English antiquities this young man had unfortunately placed himself in no other light than that of a daring but unexperienced impostor.

Happy had it been for himself and the world, if he had addressed himself to lord Orford's heart, instead of endea-

\* Mr. Walpole thus expresses himself on the subject in a letter to Dr. Lort, of August 1789:

“—— my accusers never considered that it was utterly impossible for me to conceive, from his sending me some verses which he pretended were very ancient, and which he re-demanded as not being his own property, but to be

restored to the lender, that he would prove, if he should live, a miracle of poetic genius. He did not even mention his ever having written a verse.— I must have been inspired, to have supposed that my correspondent, in the guise of an attorney's clerk, was a Milton in embryo.”

vouring

vouring to impose upon his understanding; and had been aware that, by producing himself as he really was, by discovering his own native character, he would have exhibited a more wonderful, a more interesting rarity than any of his pretended discoveries of the works of others.

The Narrative relating to Hume and Rousseau, and the letters which immediately follow it, will chiefly interest those who were personally acquainted with either of the characters in question, and who must have regretted that Hume's affectionate well-meaning heart, and cool unromantic head, should ever have come in contact with the eccentricities of a Being formed to captivate and interest mankind, but not to live with them.

The Reminiscences were written for and given to the two persons to whom they are addressed; but they cannot suppose that their friend intended so interesting and original a selection of anecdotes to be always confined to themselves alone; and it is presumed that the curiosity of the public to see such a work in the exact words and form given to it by its witty and well-informed author, will excuse the apparent vanity which has retained those passages that particularly indicate how and for whom it was composed.

To the Hieroglyphic Tales, as lord Orford always intended them for publication after his death, he has himself left a preface, not less lively, original and whimsically satiric

ric than the Tales themselves, and also a postscript, which to the graver order of readers (if they should appear to require it) will surely best plead their apology.

The Miscellaneous Pieces, both in prose and verse, are almost entirely of lord Orford's own selection. It is however impossible that the public can consider the latter in a more trifling light than their author avows considering them himself.

The Correspondence with Mr. West consists of the unstudied letters of very young men; but these letters indicate such ingenuous minds, devoted to such elegant pursuits, and exhibit such a love of letters and of poetry as it is to be wished were more frequently associated with that age at which the cultivation or neglect of the growing powers of the mind, and of the impressions received in early education, generally stamp

————— “ All the colour of succeeding life.”

Mr. West has been already introduced to the notice and acquaintance of the public by his letters published in Gray's Correspondence, by his elegant Latin verses, and by his tender and affecting poetical epistle to his friends at Cambridge. Few persons so early lost have given such promise of distinguished worth, displayed such marks of superior genius, or left behind them such interesting remembrances. The early

intimacy formed between Walpole, West, Gray and Asheton at Eton, and called by Walpole their *Quadruple Alliance*, we see remembered with fond and enthusiastic pleasure by poor West during the short remainder of his sickly, suffering life. The correspondence here given commences from their first separation on leaving school and removing to different universities:

Mr. Walpole's subsequent letters to Mr. West, from abroad, are marked by that singular liveliness of thought and expression, which through life distinguished both his writings and his conversation.

In this correspondence there may possibly be found some circumstances which are repeated afterwards in other letters of the same period; but as the language is always varied, and the observations are often new, it has been thought best not to withhold any of them merely on that account.

The letters to field-marshal Conway contain the uninterrupted intercourse of two friends for the singularly long period of fifty-five years; from the year 1740, when the two cousins, who had gone abroad together with Mr. Gray, parted at Geneva, to the death of marshal Conway in the summer of 1795.

These letters are the careless effusions of unbounded confidence on all subjects, between two persons, both eminent

ment for their abilities, during the unbroken duration of a friendship which almost began, and only ended with their lives. Such letters were certainly never originally intended for publication; but as from that very reason they become doubly interesting, affording indubitable proofs, not only of the liveliest wit and the happiest expression, but of the most disinterested attachment, the soundest integrity and the most anxious affection, to suppress them would be to suppress one of the best eulogies on both their characters, and would deprive the world at once of a bright example, and of a consoling instance of real, rare, uninterrupted friendship.

Indeed, so arbitrary is the distribution even of posthumous fame, that it may, perhaps, be chiefly from these letters, and other works of his friend, that the character of marshal Conway will be best known to posterity. The pure, tried, unshaken integrity of his soul, his cool determined valour, the mild domestic virtues of his heart, his unwearied search after knowledge, his admirable taste and various accomplishments, were accompanied by such modest, such philosophic diffidence of his own opinion and acquirements, and were exalted by such noble and extraordinary simplicity of character, as rendered him inattentive to the acquisition of popular applause, while satisfied with the consciousness of deserving it.

To his public conduct on many great occasions the political and military history of his country will bear honour-

able testimony. His opinions and conduct with respect to America have already received that sanction of applause from all parties, which the soundest policy, as well as the most perfect probity, often obtain only from distant posterity. The part he took on the memorable repeal of the stamp act, when considered as the efficient minister in the house of commons, is happily not intrusted to the indiscriminate relation of some future half-informed historian, but is circumstantially recorded in the glowing, sublime and immortal eloquence of a contemporary; and the editor, conscious of his inability to do justice to the excellence so strongly impressed on his mind, turns with delight to borrow words equally worthy of their subject and of their author<sup>1</sup>.

“ I remember, sir, with a melancholy pleasure the situation of the honourable gentleman who made the motion for the repeal; in that crisis, when the whole trading interest of this empire crammed into your lobbies, with a trembling and anxious expectation, waited almost to a winter's return of light, their fate from your resolutions.

“ When at length you had determined in their favour, and your doors thrown open shewed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of that grave multitude there arose an involuntary burst of gratitude and transport. They jumped

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Burke's speech on American taxation, 19th April, 1774.

upon



upon him like children on a long-absent father. They clung about him as captives about their redeemer.

“ All England, all America joined in his applause.—Nor did he seem insensible to the best of all earthly rewards, the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens—*Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest.*—I stood near him ; and his face, to use the expression of the scripture of the first martyr, ‘ his face was as if it had been the face of an angel.’—I do not know what others feel ; but if I had stood in that situation, I never would have exchanged it for all that kings in their profusion could bestow.”

The reputation of marshal Conway as a public man may be safely rested upon such evidence ; but it is only those who, like the editor, have had the opportunity of penetrating into the most secret motives of his public conduct, and the inmost recesses of his private life, that can do real justice to the un sullied purity of his character—who like the editor saw and knew him in the evening of his days, retired from the honourable activity of a soldier and a statesman to the calm enjoyments of private life, happy in the resources of his own mind, and in the cultivation of useful science in the bosom of domestic peace—unenriched by pensions or places, undistinguished by titles or ribbons, unsophisticated by public life and unwearied by retirement.

The letters to Mr. Gray are interspersed with several of  
their

their answers, and followed by fifteen original letters from Mr. Gray, which, though forming no part of a regular correspondence, will be received with pleasure by all those who are capable of appreciating the merits of that exquisite writer—by all those who, while they admire the refined taste and accurate judgement which forbade his risking from his pen that which would have charmed every one but himself, must lament his having left so small a sample of the perfection he had attained in every department which he cultivated. For perhaps his odes are not more perfect models of true, pure, unalloyed poetry of the higher order, than his letters are of a correctly-elegant epistolary style, enlivened by easy unexpected wit. The friends of genius will see too with pleasure, from the date of these letters, how short the duration was of that coolness between him and Mr. Walpole, which separated them when abroad, but which arising only from casual circumstances and different habits of life, and not from any serious quarrel or ill-usage, vanished on the first overtures of reconciliation, and never for a moment prevented them from doing mutual and ample justice to each other's merits.

The different series of letters are so arranged in chronological order as to form a sort of history of the character, pursuits and sentiments of the author, from his almost boyish days at college to a period within six months of his death.—This, it is conceived, was the best and most satisfactory arrangement of letters, many of which might be thought trifling, if they were not considered as links of a chain intended to  
make

make the author's amusements, occupations, and correspondents so intimately known to the reader, as to allow him, in some degree, to adopt them for his own; and will, it is presumed, give them an interest far beyond that inspired by the mere matter of fact which it is their purpose to record.

Any further comment upon the remaining contents of the fifth volume is deemed unnecessary.—Letters of eminent persons not written for publication have always been sought for with eagerness by the intelligent public, who justly conceive that by their means the most intimate and most satisfactory acquaintance both with the author and his contemporaries is often acquired. To no letters can this apply so perfectly as to those of lord Orford. None can more truly be considered as the effusions of an informed and benevolent mind, a lively and whimsical imagination, and a friendly heart. As such, and as appearing to do honour both to himself and his correspondents, they are submitted to the public.

In the arrangement of the two last volumes, in the notes to the letters and in the elucidation of many passages contained in them, the editor has been materially assisted by a daughter, to whose retentive memory most of the names, dates and circumstances alluded to in the correspondence were consigned by the author himself, during the course of that intimate friendship, and almost parental regard, with which for several years before his death he had honoured both her and her sister.

The reader, it is hoped, will pardon from the heart of a father overflowing with affection for a child, who from her infancy to the present moment has rendered his retired life a scene of domestic comfort, this public acknowledgment of the assistance he has received from her on the present occasion.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

AS I have been an author in various ways and in various forms, somebody or other might think of collecting my works. To prevent this, and at the same time to avoid having pieces attributed to me which I never wrote, and to condemn, by suppressing as far as I can, some which do not deserve publication, I have determined to leave this collection behind me. The approbation bestowed on some part, authorises me to think they are not unworthy of being preserved in this manner. The few pieces which have never appeared before, were either kept back from reasons which exist no longer, or were at the time in their own nature private. I mean, particularly, the Letters addressed to Ministers, or written on political occasions. They are not produced now from any merit in the composition, but as evidences of my own conduct; and, as such, they give me greater satisfaction at this late period than any other part of my writings.

HOR. WALPOLE.



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# C O N T E N T S

OF THE

## FIRST VOLUME.

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### FUGITIVE PIECES.

|   | Page |
|---|------|
| <i>VERSES in Memory of King Henry the Sixth</i> — —                       | 1    |
| <i>Epistle from Florence to Thomas Ashton, Esq.</i> — —                   | 4    |
| <i>Inscription for the neglected Column in the Place of St. Mark</i> — —  | 17   |
| <i>The Beauties : an Epistle to Mr. Eckardt the Painter</i> — —           | 19   |
| <i>Epilogue to Tamerlane</i> — — — —                                      | 25   |
| <i>The Entail, a Fable</i> — — — —  | 28   |
| <i>Epigram on Admiral Vernon</i> — — — —                                  | 30   |
| <i>Portrait of John Earl Granville</i> — — — —                            | 31   |
| <i>Portrait de Jean Comte de Granville</i> — — — —                        | 32   |
| <i>Verses prefixed to the Poems of Anna Chamber, Countess Temple</i> — —  | 33   |
| <i>The Magpye and her Brood, a Fable</i> — — — —                          | 34   |
| <i>The Mysterious Mother, a Tragedy</i> — — — —                           | 37   |
| <i>Epitaph on the Cenotaph of Lady Walpole</i> — — — —                    | 131  |
| <i>Scheme for raising a large Sum of Money by Message Cards and Notes</i> | 132  |
| <i>Advertisement to the History of Good Breeding</i> — — — —              | 141  |
| <i>The</i>  |      |

|  | Page |
|--|------|
| <i>The World</i> , No. VI.   | 146  |
| ———— No. VIII.   | 151  |
| ———— No. X.  | 159  |
| ———— No. XIV.  | 164  |
| ———— No. XXVIII.   | 169  |
| ———— No. CIII.   | 174  |
| ———— No. CLX.  | 179  |
| ———— No. CXC.  | 185  |
| <i>A World Extraordinary</i>   | 190  |
| <i>The World</i> , not published in the original Work                        | 195  |
| <i>Ditto</i>   | 200  |
| <i>Letter from Xo Ho to his Friend Lien Ghi</i>                              | 205  |
| <i>Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond</i> | 210  |
| <i>Inscription on a Picture of the late Pope</i>                             | 218  |
| <i>Advertisement to Paul Hentzner's Account of England</i>                   | 220  |
| ———— to Lord Whitworth's Account of Russia                                   | 223  |
| ———— to the <i>Mistakes</i> , a Comedy                                       | 228  |
| ———— to the <i>Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury</i>                   | 230  |
| ———— to a Catalogue and Description of King Charles I.'s Collection          | 234  |
| ———— to a Catalogue of the Collection of King James II.                      | 238  |
| ———— to a Catalogue of the Collection of G. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham     | 240  |
| <i>Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England</i>                   | 243  |
| <i>Supplement to ditto</i>   | 463  |
| <i>Peereſſes</i>   | 477  |
| <i>Scots Authors</i>   | 492  |
| <i>Irish Peers</i>   | 513  |
| <i>Pieces omitted in the foregoing Catalogue</i>                             | 526  |
| <i>Noble Authors omitted in former Editions</i>                              | 534  |
| <i>Index</i>   | 569  |



# DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER

## FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

| VOL. I.   |     |     | Page     |
|---|-----|-----|----------|
| <b>H</b> HEAD of Lord Orford to front the Title   |     |     |          |
| Frontispiece of Royal and Noble Authors   |     | 243 |          |
| Reason, Rectitude and Justice appearing to Christina de Pifa  | — — | 288 |          |
| VOL. II.  |     |     |          |
| Castle of Otranto   | — — | 1   |          |
| King Richard III.   | — — | 103 |          |
| King Richard III. and Queen Anne  | — — | 111 |          |
| Edward Earl of Warwick, Mary Countess of Salisbury, Queen Anne, Richard III. Edward Prince of Wales                                   | — — | 167 |          |
| Henry Duke of Warwick, Anne Countess of Warwick, Richard Neville Earl of Warwick, Isabel Duchefs of Clarence, George Duke of Clarence | — — | 167 |          |
| Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford  | — — | 225 |          |
| Catherine Lady Walpole  | — — | 225 |          |
| West Front of Houghton-Hall, East Front of ditto, and two Ground Plans  | — — | 237 |          |
| PLATES OF STRAWBERRY-HILL.  |     |     |          |
| Frontispiece  | — — | 393 |          |
| North Front of Strawberry-Hill  | — — | 399 |          |
| Entrance of Strawberry-Hill   | — — | 400 |          |
| View of the Prior's Garden  | — — | 400 |          |
| Chimney in the Great Parlour  | — — | 401 |          |
|   |     |     | Page     |
| Chimney in the China Room   | — — | 405 |          |
| Chimney in the Yellow Bedchamber  | — — | 418 |          |
| Chimney in the Blue Bedchamber  | — — | 435 |          |
| Staircase at Strawberry-Hill  | — — | 439 |          |
| Library at Strawberry-Hill  | — — | 442 |          |
| Chimney-piece of the Holbein Chamber  | — — | 454 |          |
| Screen of the Holbein Chamber   | — — | 454 |          |
| The Gallery   | — — | 461 |          |
| Chimney in the Round Room   | — — | 468 |          |
| The Cabinet   | — — | 470 |          |
| View from the Great Bedchamber  | — — | 494 |          |
| View of the Chapel in the Garden  | — — | 507 |          |
| Garden Gate   | — — | 507 |          |
| The Shell Bench   | — — | 508 |          |
| View from the Terrace   | — — | 508 |          |
| East View of the Cottage Garden   | — — | 509 |          |
| South Front of Strawberry-Hill, Pl. I.  |     |     | } 512    |
| East Front of Strawberry-Hill, Pl. II.  |     |     |          |
| Ground Plan of do. Pl. III.   |     |     |          |
| Principal Floor of do. Pl. IV.  |     |     |          |
| Offices, Pl. V.   |     |     |          |
| Plan of the principal Floor, and Ground Plan of the Offices, Pl. VI.  |     |     |          |
| VOL. III.   |     |     |          |
| N. B. None of these Plates have the Volume marked.  |     |     |          |
| Frontispiece, Queen Eleanor, Henry III.   |     |     | 36       |
| Henry V. his Queen and Family   | — — |     | 37       |
| Marriage of Henry VI.   | — — |     | 47       |
| John Mabuse   | — — |     | 47       |
|   |     |     | Marriage |

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

|  | Page |   | Page |
|--|------|---|------|
| Marriage of Henry VII.                 | 50   | Gerard Zouft, Griffiere and Edema       | 311  |
| Hans Holbein                           | 58   | William Vandevelde jun.                 | 321  |
| Sir Antonio More                       | 106  | William Wiffing                         | 322  |
| Joas Van Cleeve                        | 109  | Samuel Cooper                           | 325  |
| Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire    | 111  | Mr. and Mrs. Gibfon                     | 327  |
| Cornelius Ketel                        | 117  | Mrs. Beale and her Son Charles          | 330  |
| Frederic Zucchero                      | 120  | Cibber                                  | 339  |
| Marc Garrard                           | 122  | Grinling Gibbons                        | 346  |
| Henry Cornelius Vroom                  | 123  | Sir Christopher Wren, and Hugh Howard   |      |
| Nicholas Hilliard                      | 127  | Esq.                                    | 349  |
| Iaac Oliver                            | 130  | Charles de la Foffe                     | 354  |
| Sir Nathaniel Bacon                    | 140  | Henry Tilson                            | 356  |
| Paul Vanfomer                          | 147  | John Sybrecht                           | 356  |
| Cornelius Janfen                       | 149  | Sir Godfrey Kneller, and John Zachary   |      |
| Daniel Mytens                          | 151  | Kneller                                 | 359  |
| Peter Oliver                           | 155  | John Baptift Monoyer                    | 368  |
| Henry Gyles                            | 158  | Simon Dubois and Cooke                  | 369  |
| Nicholas Stone fen. and jun.           | 165  | John Riley and Egbert Hemskirk          | 372  |
| Henry Stone                            | 170  | Peter Vander Meulen                     | 374  |
| Abraham Vanderdort                     | 183  | Sevonyans and Herbert Tuer              | 375  |
| Sir Balthazar Gerbier                  | 189  | Sir John Medina                         | 375  |
| Sir P. P. Rubens                       | 209  | Godfrey Schalcken                       | 378  |
| Antony Vandyck                         | 217  | Vandieft and Le Piper                   | 379  |
| Cornelius Polenburg                    | 229  | John Wyck, Thomas Wyck                  | 380  |
| Henry Steenwyck                        | 230  | Sebastian Ricci                         | 387  |
| George Jamesone                        | 231  | Marco Ricci, Talman, and Sir Ralph Cole | 387  |
| Dobfon                                 | 235  | Murray                                  | 388  |
| Gerard Honthorst                       | 238  | Boit and Baker                          | 391  |
| John Van Belcamp and Geldorp           | 240  | Sir John Vanbrugh                       | 394  |
| Horatio Gentilefchi and Edward Mafcall | 241  | Louis Laguerre, C. Jervas, and B. Lens  | 404  |
| Nicholas Laniere                       | 242  | Michael Dahl                            | 406  |
| Francis Wouters                        | 243  | Jonathan Richardfon                     | 413  |
| Adrian Hanneman                        | 246  | Sir James Thornhill                     | 417  |
| Francesco Cleyn                        | 252  | P. Monamy                               | 421  |
| Petitot, Sir Toby Matthews, Torrentius | 255  | Peter Tillemans                         | 423  |
| Edward Pierce fen. and jun.            | 261  | Enoch Zeeman                            | 426  |
| Le Soeur                               | 262  | Watteau                                 | 426  |
| Inigo Jones                            | 267  | James Anthony Arlaud                    | 428  |
| Major General Lambert                  | 277  | James Gibbs                             | 432  |
| Robert Walker                          | 278  | Charles Christian Reifen                | 435  |
| Iaac Fuller                            | 282  | Philip Mercier                          | 440  |
| Robert Streater                        | 285  | George Lambert                          | 450  |
| Vanfon                                 | 287  | Thomas Worlidge                         | 451  |
| Abraham Hondius                        | 289  | William Hogarth                         | 453  |
| Sir Peter Lely                         | 290  | Frederick Zincke and Liotard            | 475  |
| Sir John Greenhill and J. Bap. Gaspari | 295  | Michael Rysbrach                        | 477  |
| Mrs. Ann Killigrew                     | 297  | Lewis Francis Roubilliac                | 480  |
| Thomas Flatman                         | 299  | Laurence Delvaux                        | 481  |
| Claude Le Fevre, Mr. John Hayls        | 300  | Henry Herbert Earl of Pembroke          | 485  |
| Verrio                                 | 304  | Richard Boyle Earl of Burlington        | 486  |
| Peter Roefstraten                      | 311  | William Kent                            | 488  |

## DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

| VOL. IV.  | Page | VOL. V.  | Page |
|---|------|--|------|
| Hoefnagle — —   | 10   | N. B. The Volume is not marked on these Heads.           |      |
| Robert Van Voerst — —   | 34   | Field Marshal Conway — —                                 | i    |
| William Faithorne — —   | 49   | Col. John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle — —        | 51   |
| Prince Rupert — —   | 63   | The Hon. Mary Bellenden, afterwards Mrs. Campbell — —    | 51   |
| John Evelyn, Esq. — —   | 67   | The Hon. Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk — — | 74   |
| N. B. The Volume is not marked on this Plate.                 |      | Mrs. Selwyn — —  | 155  |
| Warner Vaillant, Vandrebanc, Francis Place, William Lodge — — | 67   | Richard Bentley — —                                      | 259  |
| Robert White, Vanfomer, Becket, Sturt, Elder — —              | 83   | Thomas Gray — —  | 351  |
| Hamlet Winstanley and Dorigny — —                             | 95   | John Chute — —   | 405  |
| George Vertue — —   | 119  | William Wentworth Earl of Strafford                      | 429  |
|   |      | Mary Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey                       | 513  |
|   |      | Hannah More — —  | 577  |



## FUGITIVE PIECES.

## V E R S E S

IN MEMORY OF

KING HENRY the SIXTH,

FOUNDER of KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

*[Written February 2, 1738.]*

**W**HILE superstition teaches to revere  
 The fainted calendar and letter'd year;  
 While bigots joy in canonizing shades,  
 Fictitious martyrs, visionary maids;  
 Haste, Gratitude, and hail this better day;  
 At HENRY's shrine present thy votive lay;  
 If this peculiarly for His be known,  
 Whose charity made every day his own.  
 But say, what shrine?—my eyes in \* vain require  
 Th' engraven brass and monumental spire.  
 HENRY knows none of these—above! around!  
 Behold where e'er this penfile quarry's found,

\* King Henry is buried obscurely at Windfor.

Or swelling into vaulted roofs its weight,  
 Or shooting columns into gothic state,  
 Where e'er this fane extends its lofty frame,  
 \* Behold the monument to HENRY's name!

When HENRY bade this pompous temple rise,  
 Nor with presumption emulate the skies,  
 Art and Palladio had not reach'd the land,  
 Nor methodiz'd the Vandal builder's hand:  
 Wonders, unknown to rule, these piles disclose;  
 The walls, as if by inspiration, rose.  
 The edifice †, continued by his care,  
 With equal pride had form'd the sumptuous square,  
 Had not th' assassins disappointed part,  
 And stab'd the growing fabric in his heart.  
 More humble hands, but grateful to the mind  
 That first the royal benefit design'd,  
 Renew the labour ‡, re-assume the stone,  
 And GEORGE's auspices the structure crown.  
 No lifeless pride the rising walls contain,  
 Neat without art, and regularly plain.  
 What tho' with pomp unequal sinks the pile  
 Beneath the grandeur of the gothic isle;  
 What tho' the modern master's weaker hand  
 Unexecuted drops what HENRY plann'd;  
 This for the sons of men is an abode,  
 But that the temple of the *living God!*

Ascend the temple! join the vocal choir,  
 Let harmony your raptur'd souls inspire.  
 Hark how the tuneful solemn organs blow,  
 Awfully strong, elaborately flow;

\* This thought is copied from the inscription over Sir Christopher Wren, who is buried under the dome of St. Paul, of which he was the architect. "—si quæras monumentum, suspice!"

† The original plan is extant in the library

of the college.

‡ The new building was raised at the expence of the college, and by contributions of the ministers, nobility and others.

Now to yon empyrean seats above  
 Raise meditation on the wings of love;  
 Now falling, sinking, dying to the moan  
 Once warbled sad by Jesse's contrite son,  
 Breathe in each note a conscience thro' the sense,  
 And call forth tears from soft-ey'd penitence.  
 Along the vaulted roof sweet strains decay,  
 And liquid Hallelujahs melt away;  
 The floating accents less'ning as they flow,  
 Like distant arches gradually low.  
 Taste has not vitiated our purer ear,  
 Perverting sounds to merriment of pray'r.  
 Here mild devotion bends her pious knee,  
 Calm and unruffled as a summer sea;  
 Avoids each wild enthusiastic tone,  
 Nor borrows utterance from a tongue unknown.

O HENRY! from thy lucid orb regard  
 How purer hands thy pious cares reward;  
 Now Heav'n illuminates thy godlike mind  
 From superstition's papal gloom refin'd:  
 Behold thy sons with that religion blest,  
 Which thou wou'dst own and CAROLINE profess'd—  
 Great\*, mournful name—struck with the well-known sound,  
 Their patroness! the muses droop around,  
 Unstrung their lyres, inanimate their lays,  
 Forget to celebrate e'en HENRY's praise—  
 I cease, ye muses, to implore your song;  
 I cease your tuneless silent grief to wrong;  
 And HENRY's praise refer to that great day,  
 Which †, what he was, shall, when it comes, display.

\* Queen Caroline died in the preceding November.

† The thought of the last line alludes to an epitaph in the chapel of King's college, which is

mentioned in the Spectator: "Hic situs est N.N. Qualis eram, Dies istic cum venerit, scies:" which being a monkish verse, Mr. Addison has changed the last word *scies* for *indicabit*.

A N

## EPISTLE FROM FLORENCE.

To \* THOMAS ASHTON, Esq.

TUTOR TO THE EARL OF PLIMOUTH.

[ *Written in the Year 1740.* ]

**W**HEN flourish'd with their state th' ATHENIAN name,  
 And learning and politeness were the fame,  
 Philosophy with gentle arts refin'd  
 The honest roughness of th' unpractis'd mind:  
 She call'd the latent beams of nature forth,  
 Guided their ardor and infur'd their worth.  
 She pois'd th' impetuous warrior's vengeful steel,  
 Mark'd true ambition from destructive zeal,  
 Pointed what lustre on that laurel blows,  
 Which virtue only on her sons bestows.  
 Hence clement CIMON, of unspotted fame,  
 Hence ARISTIDES' ever-fav'rite name;  
 Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous spear,  
 And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear;  
 Or in firm bands of social peace to bind  
 Their country's good, and benefit mankind.

\* He afterwards went into orders, was fellow of Eton college and minister of faint Botolph's, London, and preacher to the society of Lincoln's-inn.

She



She trim'd the thoughtful statesman's nightly oil,  
 Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,  
 Or with him to his silent villa stole,  
 Gilded his ev'ning hours, and harmoniz'd his foul.

To woods and caves she never bade retreat,  
 Nor fix'd in cloister'd monkeries her feat:  
 No lonely precepts to her sons enjoin'd,  
 Nor taught them to be men, to shun mankind.  
 CYNICS there were, an uncouth selfish race,  
 Of manners foul, and boastful of disgrace:  
 Brutes, whom no muse has ever lov'd to name,  
 Whose ignominy was their only fame.  
 No hostile trophies grace their honour'd urn,  
 Around their tomb no sculptur'd virtues mourn;  
 Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd  
 An art discover'd or a city fav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-peer  
 Exalt his hope, and press his young career!  
 Be this the goal to which, my friend, may you  
 With gentle skill direct his early view!  
 Artful the various studies to dispense,  
 And melt the schoolman's jargon down to sense.

See the pedantic teacher, winking, dull,  
 The letter'd tyrant of a trembling school;  
 Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,  
 His lifted fasces ram the lesson down.  
 From tortur'd strains of eloquence he draws  
 Barbaric precepts and unmeaning laws,  
 By his own sense would TULLY's word expound,  
 And a new VANDAL tramples classic ground.

Perhaps a bigot to the learned page,  
 No modern custom can his thoughts engage.

His

His little farm by \* GEORGIC rules he ploughs,  
 And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs:  
 Still from ARATUS' sphere or MARO's signs  
 The future calm or tempest he divines:  
 And fears if the prognostic raven's found  
 † Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What scanty precepts! studies how confin'd!  
 Too mean to fill your comprehensive mind;  
 Unsatisfy'd with knowing when or where  
 Some Roman bigot rais'd a fane to FEAR;  
 On what green medal VIRTUE stands express'd,  
 How CONCORD's pictur'd, LIBERTY how dress'd;  
 Or with wise ken judiciously define,  
 When Pius marks the honorary coin  
 Of CARACALLA, or of ANTONINE.

Thirsting for knowledge, but to know the right,  
 Thro' judgment's optic guide th' illusive sight;  
 To let in rays on Reason's darkling cell,  
 And lagging mists of prejudice dispel;  
 For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,  
 Weigh the contemplative and active sage,  
 And cull some useful flow'r from each historic age.

Thence teach the youth the necessary art,  
 To know the judge's from the critic's part;  
 Show how ignoble is the passion, FEAR,  
 And place some patriot Roman's model near;  
 Their bright examples to his soul instil,  
 Who knew no fear, but that of doing ill.  
 Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,  
 To know the folds that from the TOGA fall,

\* This was literally the case of Dr. Weston, bishop of Exeter, who, when school-master of Eton, lost a considerable sum by the experiment. It is very remarkable, that Sir Thomas Overbury, who wrote so many years before the time

of bishop Weston, gives this instance of the character of a pedant, "He gives directions for husbandry from Virgil's Georgics, for cattle from his Bucolics, &c."

† Et sola in sicca secum spatiatum arenâ. VIRG.

The CLAVUS' breadth, the BULLA's golden round,  
 And ev'ry leaf that ev'ry VIRTUE crown'd:  
 But show how brighter in each honest breast,  
 Than o'er her shrine, the goddesses stood confess'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantastic boy,  
 Elate with pow'r, and swell'd with frantic joy,  
 'Tis not a slavish senate, fawning, base,  
 Can stamp with honest fame a worthless race:  
 Tho' the false coin proclaim him great and wise,  
 The tyrant's life shall tell that coin, it lyes.

But when your early care shall have design'd  
 To plan the soul and mould the waxen mind;  
 When you shall pour upon his tender breast  
 Ideas that must stand an age's test,  
 Oh! there imprint with strongest deepest dye  
 The lovely form of goddess LIBERTY!  
 For her in senates be he train'd to plead,  
 For her in battles be he taught to bleed.  
 Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff resounds  
 With dashing seas, fair Freedom's honest bounds;  
 Point to yon azure Carr bedrop'd with gold,  
 Whose weight the necks of Gallia's sons uphold;  
 Where proudly sits an iron-scepter'd queen,  
 And fondly triumphs o'er the prostrate scene;  
 Cry, That is empire! shun her baleful path,  
 Her words are slavery, her touch is death!  
 Thro' wounds and blood the fury drives her way,  
 And murders half to make the rest her prey.

Thus spoke each Spartan matron, as she dress'd  
 With the bright cuirass her young foldier's breast;  
 On the new warrior's tender-finew'd thigh,  
 Girt fear of shame and love of liberty.

Steel'd with such precepts, for a cause so good,  
 What scanty bands the Persian host withstood!  
 Before the sons of Greece let Asia tell  
 How fled her \* Monarch, how her millions fell!  
 When arm'd for LIBERTY, a few how brave!  
 How weak a multitude, where each a slave!  
 No welcome falchion fill'd their fainting hand,  
 No voice inspir'd of favourite command:  
 No peasant fought for wealthy lands possess'd,  
 No fond remembrance warm'd the parent's breast:  
 They saw their lands for royal riot groan,  
 And toil'd in vain for banquets, not their own;  
 They saw their infant race to bondage rise,  
 And frequent heard the ravish'd virgin's cries,  
 Dishonour'd but to cool a transient gust  
 Of some luxurious Satrap's barb'rous lust.

The greatest curses any age has known  
 Have issued from the temple or the throne.  
 Extent of ill from kings at first begins,  
 But priests must aid and consecrate their sins.  
 The tortur'd subject might be heard complain,  
 When sinking under a new weight of chain,  
 Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,  
 When tax'd to dow'r a titled concubine,  
 But the priest christens all a right divine.

When at the altar a new monarch kneels,  
 What conjur'd awe upon the people steals!  
 The chosen HE adores the precious oil,  
 Meekly receives the solemn charm, and while  
 The priest some blessed nothings mutters o'er,  
 Sucks in the sacred grease at every pore:  
 He seems at once to shed his mortal skin,  
 And feels divinity transfus'd within.

\* Xerxes.

The trembling vulgar dread the royal nod,  
And worship God's anointed more than God.

Such sanction gives the prelate to such kings!  
So mischief from those hallow'd fountains springs.  
But bend your eye to yonder haras'd plains,  
Where king and priest in one united reigns;  
See fair Italia mourn her holy state,  
And droop oppress'd beneath a papal weight:  
Where fat celibacy usurps the soil,  
And sacred sloth consumes the peasant's toil:  
The holy drones monopolize the sky,  
And plunder by a vow of poverty.  
The Christian cause their lewd profession taints,  
Unlearn'd, unchaste, uncharitable saints.

Oppression takes religion's hallow'd name,  
And priestcraft knows to play the specious game.  
Behold how each enthusiastic fool  
Of ductile piety becomes their tool:  
Observe with how much art, what fine pretence  
They hallow foppery and combat sense.

Some hoary hypocrite, grown old in sin,  
Whose thoughts of heav'n with his last hours begin,  
Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,  
And mumbling somewhat 'twixt a charm and pray'r,  
Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd lord,  
And squeezes out on the dull idol-board  
A fore-ey'd gum of tears; the flannel crew  
With cunning joy the fond repentance view,  
Pronounce him blest'd, his miracles proclaim,  
Teach the slight crowd t' adore his hallow'd name,  
Exalt his praise above the saints of old,  
And coin his sinking conscience into gold.

Or when some pontiff with imperious hand  
Sends forth his edict to excise the land,  
The tortur'd hind unwillingly obeys,  
And mutters curses as his mite he pays!  
The subtle priest th' invidious name forbears,  
Asks it for holy use or venal pray'rs;  
Exhibits all their trumpery to sale,  
A bone, a mouldy morsel, or a nail:  
Th' idolatrous devout adore the show,  
And in full streams the molten off'rings flow.

No pagan object, nothing too profane  
To aid the Romish zeal for christian gain.  
Each temple with new weight of idols nods,  
And borrow'd altars smoke to other gods.  
PROMETHEUS' vulture MATTHEW's eagle proves,  
And heav'nly cherubs sprout from heathen loves;  
Young GANYMEDE a winged angel stands  
By holy LUKE, and dictates God's commands:  
APOLLO\*, tho' degraded, still can bless,  
Rewarded with a sainthood, and an S.  
Each convert godhead is apostoliz'd,  
And JOVE himself by † PETER's name baptiz'd;  
ASTARTE shines in Jewish MARY's fame,  
Still queen of heav'n, another and the same.

While the proud priest the sacred tyrant reigns  
Of empty cities and dispeopled plains,  
Where fetter'd nature is forbid to rove  
In the free commerce of productive love,  
Behold imprison'd with her barren kind,  
In gloomy cells the votive maid confin'd;  
Faint streams of blood, by long stagnation weak,  
Scarce tinge the fading damask of her cheek;

\* St. Apollos.

† At faint Peter's an old statue of Jupiter is turned into one of faint Peter.

In vain the pines, the holy faith withstands  
 What nature dictates and what God commands.  
 But if some sanguine he, some lusty priest  
 Of jollier morals taste the tempting feast,  
 From the strong grasp if some poor babe arise,  
 Unwelcome, unindear'd, it instant dies,  
 Or poisons blasting soon the hasty joy,  
 Th' imperfect seeds of infant life destroy.

Fair modesty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,  
 From thee the muse the grosser acts must hide,  
 Nor the dark cloister's mystic rites display,  
 Whence num'rous brawny monkhoods waste away,  
 And unprolific, tho' forsworn, decay.

BRITANNIA smiling views her golden plains  
 From mitred bondage free and papal chains.  
 Her jocund sons pass each unburthen'd day  
 Securely quiet, innocently gay:  
 Lords of themselves the happy rustics sing,  
 Each of his little tenement the king.  
 Twice did usurping Rome extend her hand,  
 To re-inflave the new-deliver'd land:  
 Twice were her fable bands to battle warm'd,  
 With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murders arm'd:  
 \* With PETER's sword and MICHAEL's lance were sent,  
 And whate'er stores supply'd the church's armament.  
 Twice did the gallant Albion race repel  
 The jesuit legions to the gates of hell;  
 Or whate'er angel, friend to Britain, took  
 Or WILLIAM's or ELIZA's guardian look.

Arise, young peer! shine forth in such a cause!  
 Who draws the sword for freedom, justly draws.

\* Addit & Herculeos Arcus Hastamque Minervæ, Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Cæli.  
 Juv.

Reflect how dearly was that freedom bought;  
 For that, how oft your ancestors have fought;  
 Thro' the long series of our princes down,  
 How wrench'd some right from each too potent crown.

See abject JOHN, that vassal monarch, fee!  
 Bow down the royal neck, and crouch the supple knee!  
 Oh! prostitution of imperial state!  
 To a vile Romish priest's vile \* delegate!  
 Him the bold barons scorning to obey,  
 And be the subjects of a subject sway;  
 Heroes, whose names to latest fame shall shine,  
 Aw'd by no visions of a right divine,  
 That bond by eastern politicians wrought,  
 Which ours have learnt, and rabbi doctors taught,  
 To straiter banks restrain'd the royal will,  
 That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,  
 See † HENRY in his father's footsteps tread.  
 Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,  
 His early follies haunt his latest hour.  
 His nobles injur'd, and his realms oppress'd,  
 No violated senate's wrongs redress'd,  
 His hoary age sinks in the feeble wane  
 Of an inglorious, flighted, tedious reign.

The muse too long with idle glories fed,  
 And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,  
 The wanton fain on giddy plumes would soar  
 To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled shore;  
 Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul  
 At ‡ EDWARD's and at § HENRY's name to fall;  
 Romantic heroes! prodigal of blood;  
 What numbers stain'd each ill-disputed flood!

\* The pope's nuncio.

† Henry III.

‡ Edward I. and III.

§ Henry V.



'Tools to a clergy! warring but to feast  
 With spoils of provinces each pamper'd priest.  
 Be dumb, fond maid! thy sacred ink nor spill  
 On specious tyrants, popularly ill:  
 Nor be thy comely locks with roses dight  
 Of either victor colour, red or white.

Foil'd the affassin \* king, in union blow  
 The blended flowers on seventh HENRY's brow.  
 Peace 'lights again on the forsaken strand,  
 And banish'd plenty re-assumes the land.  
 No nodding crest the crouching infant frights,  
 No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights;  
 Reposing sabres seek their ancient place  
 To bristle round a gaping † Gorgon's face.  
 The weary'd arms grotesquely deck the wall,  
 And tatter'd trophies fret the royal ‡ hall.  
 But peace in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains  
 From a redundant horn her treasure rains!  
 She deals her gifts; but in a useless hour,  
 To glut the iron hand of griping pow'r:  
 Such LANCASTER, whom harass'd Britain saw,  
 Mask'd in the garb of antiquated law:  
 More politic than wise, more wise than great;  
 A legislator to enslave the state;  
 Coolly malicious; by design a knave;  
 More mean than false, ambitious more than brave;  
 Attach'd to interest's more than honour's call;  
 More strict than just, more covetous than all.

Not so the reveller profuse, his § son,  
 His contrast course of tyranny begun;  
 Robust of limb, and flush'd with florid grace,  
 Strength nerv'd his youth, and squar'd his jovial face.

\* Richard III.

† Medusa's head in the armory at the Tower.

‡ Westminster-hall.

§ Henry VIII.

To feats of arms and carpet-combats prone,  
 In either field the vig'rous monarch shone:  
 Mark'd out for riot each luxurious day  
 In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.  
 But shift the scene, and view what slaughters stain  
 Each frantic period of his barb'rous reign:  
 A tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,  
 By ev'ry potentate he dealt with, fool'd;  
 Sold by one \* minister, to all unjust;  
 Sway'd by each dictate of distemper'd lust;  
 Changing each worship that controul'd the bent  
 Of his adult'rous will, and lewd intent;  
 Big in unwieldy majesty and pride,  
 And smear'd with queens' and martyrs' blood, he dy'd.

Pass we the pious † youth too slightly seen;  
 The murd'rous zeal of a weak Romish ‡ queen:  
 Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,  
 Shadow the glories of ELIZA's reign,  
 Who still too great, tho' some few faults she had,  
 To catalogue with all those royal bad.

Arise, great JAMES! thy course of wisdom run!  
 Image of David's philosophic son!  
 He comes! on either hand in seemly state,  
 Knowledge and Peace his fondled handmaids wait:  
 Obscurely learn'd, elaborately dull,  
 Of quibbling cant and grace fanatic full,  
 Thron'd in full senates, on his pedant tongue,  
 These for six hours each weighty morning hung.  
 For these each string of royal pow'r he strain'd,  
 For these he sold whate'er ELIZA gain'd;  
 For these he squander'd ev'ry prudent store  
 The frugal princess had reserv'd before,  
 On pension'd sycophants and garter'd boys,  
 Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.

\* Cardinal Wolfey.

† Edward VI.

‡ Mary.

For these he let his beggar'd \* daughter roam;  
 Bubbled for these by Spanish art at home;  
 For these, to sum the blessings of his reign,  
 Poison'd one son †, and t'other sent to Spain.

Retire, strict muse, and thy impartial verse  
 In pity spare on CHARLES's bleeding herse;  
 Or all his faults in blackest note, translate  
 To tombs where rot the authors of his fate;  
 To lustful HENRIETTA's Romish shade  
 Let all his acts of lawless pow'r be laid;  
 Or to the ‡ priest more Romish still than her;  
 And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next § prince expell'd his native land  
 In vain affliction laid her iron hand;  
 Fortune, or fair or frowning, on his soul  
 Could stamp no virtue, and no vice controul;  
 Honour, or morals, gratitude, or truth,  
 Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth;  
 The care of nations left to whores or chance,  
 Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France;  
 Free to Buffoons, to Ministers deny'd,  
 He liv'd an atheist, and a bigot dy'd.

The reins of empire, or resign'd or stole,  
 Are trusted next to JAMES's weak controul.  
 Him, meditating to subvert the laws,  
 His hero || son in freedom's beauteous cause  
 Rose to chastise: \*\* unhappy still! howe'er  
 Posterity the gallant action bear.

\* Queen of Bohemia.

† Prince Henry and Charles I.

‡ Archbishop Laud.

§ Charles II.

|| William III.

\*\* Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores! VIRG.

Thus have I try'd of kings and priests to sing,  
 And all the woes that from their vices spring;  
 While victor GEORGE thunders o'er either Spain,  
 Revenges Britain and asserts the main;  
 To \* willing Indians deals our equal laws,  
 And from his country's voice affects applause;  
 † What time fair Florence on her peaceful shore,  
 Free from the din of war and battle's roar,  
 Has lap'd me trifter in inglorious ease,  
 Modelling precepts that may serve and please;  
 Yours is the task—and glorious is the plan,  
 To build the free, the sensible, GOOD MAN.

\*————— Volentes  
 Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.  
 VIRG.

† Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat  
 Parthenope, studiis Florentem ignobilis otî.  
 VIRG.

## I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR THE

## NEGLECTED COLUMN

IN THE PLACE OF

ST. MARK AT FLORENCE.

[*Written in the Year 1740.*]

**E**SCAP'D a \* race, whose vanity ne'er rais'd  
 A monument, but when themselves it prais'd,  
 Sacred to truth O! let this column rise,  
 Pure from false trophies and inscriptive lies!  
 Let no enslavers of their country here  
 In impudent relieve dare appear:  
 No pontiff by a ruin'd nation's blood  
 Lusting to aggrandize his bastard brood:  
 Be here no † Clement, ‡ Alexander seen,  
 No pois'ning § cardinal, or pois'ning || queen:

\* The family of Medici.

† Cardinal Julio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII.

‡ Alexander, the first duke of Florence, killed by Lorenzino de' Medici.

§ Ferdinand the Great was first cardinal and then became Great duke, by poisoning his elder brother Francis I. and his wife Bianca Capello.

|| Catherine of Medici, wife of Henry II. king of France.

No Cosmo, or the bigot \* duke, or † he  
 Great from the wounds of dying liberty.  
 No ‡ Lorrainer----one lying arch § suffice  
 To tell his virtues and his victories :  
 Beneath his fost'ring eye how || commerce thriv'd,  
 Beneath his smile how drooping arts reviv'd :  
 Let IT relate, e'er since his rule begun,  
 Not what he has, but what he should have done.

Level with freedom, let this pillar mourn,  
 Nor rise, before the radiant blifs return ;  
 Then tow'ring boldly to the skies proclaim  
 Whate'er shall be the patriot hero's name,  
 Who, a new BRUTUS, shall his country free,  
 And, like a GOD, shall say, LET THERE BE LIBERTY !

\* Cosmo III.

† Cosmo the Great enslaved the republics of Florence and Siena.

‡ Francis II. duke of Lorrain, which he gave up to France, against the command of his mother, and the petitions of all his subjects, and had Tuscany in exchange.

§ The triumphal arch erected to him without

the porta San Gallo.

|| Two inscriptions over the lesser arches call him " Restitutor Commercii, and Propagator Bonarum Artium," as his equestrian statue trampling on Turks, on the summit, represents the victories that he was designed to gain over that people, when he received the command of the emperor's armies, but was prevented by some fevers.

T H E  
B E A U T I E S.

A N

EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the PAINTER.

*[Written in the Year 1746.]*

**D**ESPONDING artist, talk no more  
Of beauties in the days of yore,  
Of goddeses renown'd in Greece,  
And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,  
Where every nymph that could at most  
Some single grace or feature boast,  
Contributed her favourite charm  
To perfect the ideal form.  
'Twas CYNTHIA's brow, 'twas LESBIA's eye,  
'Twas CLOE's cheek's vermilion dye;  
ROXANA lent the noble air,  
Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,  
And CUPID much too fondly press'd  
His mimic mother THAIS' breast.

Antiquity, how poor thy use!  
A single Venus to produce!  
Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,  
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;

Felibien and Fresnoy disclaim,  
 Who talk of Raphael's matchless fame,  
 Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,  
 And Carlo's each Madonna face,  
 As if no beauties now were made,  
 But Nature had forgot her trade.  
 'Twas beauty guided Raphael's line,  
 From heavenly women styl'd divine.  
 They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,  
 And what he could not taste, he drew.  
 Think you devotion warm'd his breast,  
 When Carlo with such looks express'd  
 His virgins, that her vot'ries feel  
 Emotions-----not, I'm sure, of zeal?

In Britain's isle observe the fair,  
 And curious choose your models there;  
 Such patterns as shall raise your name  
 To rival sweet Corregio's fame.  
 Each single piece shall be a test,  
 And Zeuxis' patchwork but a jest;  
 Who ransack'd Greece, and cull'd the age  
 To bring one goddess on the stage.  
 On your each canvass we'll admire  
 The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majestic Juno shall be seen  
 In \* HERVEY's glorious awful mien.  
 Where † FITZROY moves, resplendent fair;  
 So warm her bloom, sublime her air;  
 Her ebon tresses, form'd to grace,  
 And heighten while they shade her face;  
 Such troops of martial youth around,  
 Who court the hand that gives the wound;

\* Miss Lepelle Hervey, now lady Mulgrave,  
 eldest daughter of John lord Hervey.

† Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of  
 Charles second duke of Grafton.



'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confes'd,  
 Tho' \* STANHOPE's more than Paris blefs'd.  
 So † CLEVELAND shone in warlike pride,  
 By Lely's pencil deify'd:  
 So ‡ GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands;  
 The fairest work of Kneller's hands.  
 The blood that warm'd each amorous court,  
 In veins as rich still loves to sport:  
 And George's age beholds restor'd  
 What William boasted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuses, the Trojan ne'er  
 Was half so puzzled to declare:  
 Ten queens of beauty, sure I see!  
 Yet sure the true is § EMILY.  
 Such majesty of youth and air,  
 Yet modest as the village fair:  
 Attracting all, indulging none,  
 Her beauty, like the glorious sun  
 Thron'd eminently bright above,  
 Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling || CAPEL's bounteous look  
 Rich autumn's goddess is mistook.  
 With poppies and with spiky corn,  
 Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;  
 And by her side, in decent line,  
 Place charming \*\* BERKELEY, Proserpine.  
 Mild as a summer sea, serene,  
 In dimpled beauty next be seen  
 †† AYLESB'RY, like hoary Neptune's queen.

\* Lord Peterham, since earl of Harrington.

† The duchess of Cleveland like Pallas among the beauties at Windsor

‡ The duchess of Grafton among the beauties at Hampton-court.

§ Lady Emily Lenox, now duchess of Leinster.

|| Lady Mary Capel, since married to admiral Forbes.

\*\* Elizabeth Drax countess of Berkeley, since married to Robert Nugent, esq.

†† Caroline Campbell countess of Aylesbury, since married to general Henry Seymour Conway; she was only daughter of John fourth duke of Argyle.

With

With her the light-dispensing fair,  
 Whose beauty gilds the morning air,  
 And bright as her attendant sun,  
 The new Aurora, \* LYTTELTON.  
 Such † Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,  
 And in ethereal colours dip'd,  
 In measur'd dance to tuneful song  
 Drew the sweet goddess, as along  
 Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet spread,  
 The buxom hours she fairest led.

The crescent on her brow display'd,  
 In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,  
 With every charm to rule the night,  
 Like Dian, ‡ STRAFFORD woos the fight.  
 The graceful shape, the piercing eye,  
 The snowy bosom's purity,  
 The unaffected gentle phrase  
 Of native wit in all she says;  
 Eckardt, for these thy art's too faint.  
 You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine  
 On the young goddess lov'd to shine,  
 From § CARPENTER we guess, or see,  
 All-beauteous || MANNERS! beam from thee.

How pretty Flora, wanton maid,  
 By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide shade,  
 With rosy hand coquetly throwing  
 Panfies beneath her sweet touch blowing;

\* Miss Lucy Fortescue, first wife of George  
 now lord Lyttelton.

† Guido's Aurora in the Rospigliosi palace at  
 Rome.

‡ Lady Anne Campbell countess of Strafford.

§ Almeria Carpenter, since countess of Egremont.

|| Miss Manners (since married to captain Hall),  
 daughter of lord William Manners.

How blithe she look'd, let \* FANNY tell;  
Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another † goddess of the year,  
Fair queen of summer, see appear!  
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,  
Her panting bosom loofely bound,  
Ethereal beauty in her face,  
Rather the beauties of her race,  
Whence ev'ry goddess, envy-smit,  
Must own each Stonehouse meets in ‡ PITT.

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,  
How many mortals yet remain,  
Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,  
And in my numbers claim a part?  
Our sister muses must describe  
§ CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe:  
And || JULIANA with the nine  
Shall aid the melancholy line,  
To weep her dear \*\* resemblance gone,  
Where all these beauties meet in one.  
Sad fate of beauty! more I see,  
Afflicted, lovely family!  
Two beauteous nymphs here, painter, place,  
Lamenting o'er their †† sister grace,  
‡‡ One, matron-like, with sober grief,  
Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;  
While §§ t'other lovely maid appears  
In all the melting pow'r of tears:

\* Miss Fanny Maccartney, married to Mr. Greville.

† Pomona.

‡ Miss Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt. Lady Atkins, her mother, was a Stonehouse.

§ Miss Chudleigh, maid of honour.

|| Lady Juliana Farmor, since married to Mr. Pen.

\*\* Lady Sophia Farmor, countess of Granville.

†† Miss Mary Evelyn.

‡‡ Mrs. Boone.

§§ Miss Elizabeth Evelyn, since married to Peter Bathurst, esq.

The softest form, the gentlest grace,  
The sweetest harmony of face;  
Her snowy limbs and artless move  
Contending with the queen of love,  
While bashful beauty shuns the prize,  
Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

## EPILOGUE to TAMERLANE,

On the Suppression of the REBELLION.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the Character of the COMIC MUSE,  
November 4, 1746.

**B**RITONS, once more in annual joy we meet  
This genial night in freedom's fav'rite feat :  
And o'er the \* two great empires still I reign  
Of Covent-garden, and of Drury-lane.  
But ah! what clouds o'er all our realms impended!  
Our ruin artless prodigies portended.  
Chains, real chains, our heroes had in view,  
And scenes of mimic dungeons chang'd to true.  
An equal fate the Stage and Britain dreaded,  
Had Rome's young missionary spark succeeded.  
But laws and liberties are trifling treasures;  
He threaten'd that grave property, your pleasures.

For me, an idle muse, I ne'er dissembled  
My fears; but e'en my tragic sister trembled.  
O'er all her sons she cast her mournful eyes,  
And heav'd her breast more than dramatic sighs:  
To eyes well-tutor'd in the trade of grief  
She rais'd a small and well-lac'd handkerchief;

\* The two great empires of the world I know, This of Peru, and that of Mexico.

INDIAN EMPERORS.

And then with decent pause—and accent broke,  
 Her buskin'd progeny the dame bespoke:  
 “ Ah!—sons, \*our dawn is over-cast, and all  
 “ Theatric glories nodding to their fall.  
 “ From foreign realms a bloody chief is come,  
 “ Big with the work of flav'ry and of Rome.  
 “ A general ruin on his sword he wears,  
 “ Fatal alike to audience and to play'rs.  
 “ For ah! my sons, what freedom for the stage,  
 “ When bigotry with sense shall battle wage?  
 “ When monkish laureats only wear the bays,  
 “ † Inquisitors lord chamberlains of plays?  
 “ Plays shall be damn'd that 'scap'd the critic's rage,  
 “ For priests are still worse tyrants to the stage.  
 “ Cato, receiv'd by audiences so gracious,  
 “ Shall find ten Cæsars in one St. Ignatius:  
 “ And godlike Brutus here shall meet again  
 “ His evil genius in a capuchin.  
 “ For heresy the fav'rites of the pit  
 “ Must burn, and excommunicated wit;  
 “ And at one stake we shall behold expire  
 “ My Anna Bullen, and the Spanish Fryar.

“ Ev'n † Tamerlane, whose fainted name appears  
 “ Red-letter'd in the calendar of play'rs,  
 “ Oft as these festal rites attend the morn  
 “ Of liberty restor'd, and WILLIAM born—  
 “ But at that name what transports flood my eyes!  
 “ What golden vision's this I see arise!  
 “ What § youth is he with comeliest conquest crown'd,  
 “ His warlike brow with full-blown laurels bound?  
 “ What wreaths are these that vict'ry dares to join,  
 “ And blend with trophies of my fav'rite Boyne?

\* The dawn is over-cast, the morning lours,  
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
 The great, th' important day, big with the fate  
 Of Cato and of Rome. CATO.

† Cibber preside lord chancellor of plays. POPE.

‡ Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and  
 5th of November, the anniversaries of king Wil-  
 liam's birth and landing.

§ William duke of Cumberland.

" Oh! if the muse can happy aught presage,  
 " Of new deliv'rance to the state and stage;  
 " If not untaught the characters to spell  
 " Of all who bravely fight or conquer well;  
 " \* Thou shalt be WILLIAM—like the last design'd  
 " The tyrant's scourge, and blessing of mankind;  
 " Born civil tumult and blind zeal to quell,  
 " That teaches happy subjects to rebel.  
 " Nassau himself but half our vows shall share,  
 " Divide our incense and divide our pray'r:  
 " And oft as Tamerlane shall lend his fame  
 " To shadow *his*, thy rival star shall claim  
 " † Th' ambiguous laurel and the doubtful name."

\* Tu Marcellus eris.

VIRGIL.

† Conditor Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis  
 Altifoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam. JUV.

T H E  
E N T A I L\*,  
A  
F A B L E.

**I**N a fair summer's radiant morn  
**A** BUTTERFLY, divinely born,  
 Whose lineage dated from the mud  
 Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,  
 Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,  
 By various gusts of odour drawn,  
 At last establish'd his repose  
 On the rich bosom of a rose.  
 The palace pleas'd the lordly guest:  
 What insect own'd a prouder nest?  
 The dewy leaves luxurious shed  
 Their balmy essence o'er his head,  
 And with their silken tap'stry fold  
 His limbs enthron'd on central gold.  
 He thinks the thorns embattled round  
 To guard his castle's lovely mound,  
 And all the bush's wide domain  
 Subservient to his fancied reign.

\* This piece was occasioned by the author being asked [after he had finished the little castle at Strawberry-hill and adorned it with the por- traits and arms of his ancestors] if he did not design to entail it on his family?

Such



Such ample blessings swell'd the FLY!  
 Yet in his mind's capacious eye  
 He roll'd the change of mortal things,  
 The common fate of flies and kings.  
 With grief he saw how lands and honours  
 Are apt to slide to various owners;  
 Where Mowbrays dwelt how grocers dwell,  
 And how cits buy what barons sell.  
 "Great Phœbus, patriarch of my line,  
 "Avert such shame from sons of thine!  
 "To them confirm these roofs," he said;  
 And then he swore an oath so dread,  
 The stoutest wasp that wears a sword,  
 Had trembled to have heard the word!  
 "If law can rivet down entails,  
 "These manours ne'er shall pass to snails.  
 "I swear"—and then he smote his ermine—  
 "These tow'rs were never built for vermine."

A CATERPILLAR grovel'd near,  
 A subtle slow conveyancer,  
 Who summon'd, waddles with his quill  
 To draw the haughty insect's will.  
 None but his heirs must own the spot,  
 Begotten, or to be begot:  
 Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties  
 To eggs of eggs of BUTTERFLIES.

When lo! how Fortune loves to tease  
 Those who would dictate her decrees!  
 A wanton BOY was passing by;  
 The wanton child beheld the FLY,  
 And eager ran to seize the prey;  
 But, too impetuous in his play,  
 Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour,  
 And swept away the MANSION-FLOW'R.

## E P I G R A M

## On ADMIRAL VERNON

Prefiding over the Herring-Fishery, MDCCL.

**L**ONG in the senate had brave VERNON rail'd,  
And all mankind with bitter tongue assail'd:  
Sick of his noise, we wearied heav'n with pray'r  
In his own element to place the tar.  
The gods at length have yielded to our wish,  
And bade him rule o'er Billingsgate and fish.

PORTRAIT

## P O R T R A I T

O F

## JOHN EARL GRANVILLE.

Written immediately after his Death in 1763.

COMMANDING beauty, smooth'd by cheerful grace,  
Sat on each open feature of his face.  
Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, strong;  
And science flow'd spontaneous from his tongue.  
A genius, seizing systems, fighting rules;  
And void of gall, with boundless scorn of fools.  
Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,  
And Bacchus sprinkled fuel on the brand.  
His wish to counsel monarchs, or controul;  
His means—th' impetuous ardour of his soul;  
For while his views out-strip'd a mortal's span,  
Nor prudence drew, nor craft pursued the plan.  
Swift fell the scaffold of his airy pride,  
But, slightly built, diffus'd no ruin wide.  
Unhurt, undaunted, undisturb'd he fell;  
Could laugh the fame, and the same stories tell:  
And more a sage than \* he, who bade await  
His revels, till his conquests were complete,  
Our jovial statesman either sail unfurl'd,  
And drank his bottle, tho' he mis'd the world.

\* Pyrrhus.

## P O R T R A I T

D E

## JEAN COMTE DE GRANVILLE.

Traduit de l'Anglois de Monsieur WALPOLE,

Par Monsieur le Colonel DRUMGOLD.

**L**A franchise, la grace, & l'aimable gayeté  
 Adouciſſoient l'éclat de ſa male beauté.  
 Tout s'embraſoit au feu de ſa vive éloquence ;  
 Tout cedoit au torrent de ſa vaſte ſcience.  
 Laiſſant la règle & l'art aux plats manœuvriers,  
 D'un coup d'œil il perçoit des ſyſtèmes entiers.  
 Son ame étoit ſans fiel ; mais un mepris ſuprême  
 Le vengeoit mieux des ſots que la vengeance même.  
 La fiere ambition luy remit ſon flambeau,  
 Et Bacchus l'arroſa des feux de ſon tonneau.  
 Tout ſon but, ſi jamais il en eût un, fut d'être  
 Tour à tour la terreur, ou l'appui, de ſon maître.  
 Son plan, de n'écouter que la fougueuſe voix  
 Du grand cœur de qui ſeul il recevoit des loix.  
 Mais tandis que ce plan franchiſſoit les limites  
 Qu'aux projets des mortels la nature a preſcrites,  
 La prudence jamais n'en traça le deſſein,  
 Et l'intrigue jamais n'en pourſuivit la fin.  
 De ſes projets legers la trop frêle colonne  
 Fendit deſſous ſes pieds, mais ſans bleſſer perſonne.  
 Sans accident, ſans crainte, il tomba tout entier,  
 Et de ſa propre chute il rit tout le premier.  
 Plus ſage que celui, qui, trop yvre de gloire,  
 Suspendit ſes plaiſirs, pour hâter ſa victoire,  
 Il vuida ſon flacon, exempt de tout chagrin,  
 A la fanté du monde echappé de ſa main.

VERSES

## V E R S E S

Prefixed to an Edition printed at Strawberry-Hill in 1764, of the  
POEMS of ANNA CHAMBER Countess TEMPLE.

LONG had been lost enchanting Sappho's lyre,  
Its graceful warblings, and its tender fire:  
No more the guardians of the Aonian well  
To wanton hands would trust their sacred shell:  
When wand'ring thoughtless o'er the tuneful hill,  
When wand'ring thoughtless of th' inspiring rill,  
Chance guided TEMPLE to the secret shade,  
Where the shy sisters had the music laid.  
Its form unusual caught her curious eye;  
She touch'd it, and it murmur'd melody.  
Across the chords an artless sweep she flings;  
Airs, vernal airs, return the vocal strings.  
Again her fingers o'er the lines she throws;  
Spontaneous numbers from her touch arose.  
Surpris'd she hears th' unmeditated lay;  
Pleas'd and surpris'd, repeats th' harmonious play.  
"Whence flow these numbers undesign'd?" she cries.  
"Those numbers are your own:" the lyre replies.  
"The seeds of genuine poesy, tho' unknown,  
By parent Phœbus in your soul were sown:  
"Too modest to expect the growth you see,  
"To wake them into life you wanted me."

T H E  
**MAGPIE AND HER BROOD,**  
 A F A B L E,

From the Tales of BONAVENTURE DES PERIERS, Valet de Chambre  
 to the Queen of NAVARRE ;

ADDRESSED to Miss \* HOTHAM.

MDCCLXIV.

**H**OW anxious is the pensive parent's thought!  
 How blest the fav'rite fondling's early lot!  
 Joy strings her hours on pleasure's golden twine,  
 And fancy forms it to an endless line.  
 But ah! the charm must cease or soon or late,  
 When chicks and misses rise to woman's 'state,  
 The little tyrant grows in turn a slave,  
 And feels the soft anxiety she gave.  
 This truth, my pretty friend, an ancient wit,  
 Who many a jocund tale and legend writ,  
 Couch'd in that age's unaffected guise,  
 When fables were the wisdom of the wife.  
 To careless notes I've tun'd his gothic style;  
 Content, if you approve, and Suffolk smile.

\* Henrietta, only daughter of colonel Charles Henrietta countess dowager of Suffolk, miss  
 Hotham, by lady Dorothy Hobart, daughter of Hotham, then ten years old, lived at Marble-  
 John earl of Buckinghamshire, with whose sister, hill, Twickenham.

ONCE on a time a magpie led  
 Her little family from home,  
 To teach them how to earn their bread,  
 When she in quest of a new mate should roam.  
 She pointed to each worm and fly,  
 That crept on earth or wing'd the sky,  
 Or where the beetle buzz'd, she call'd.

But all her documents were vain;  
 They would not budge, the urchin train,  
 But caw'd, and cry'd, and squall'd.  
 They wanted to be back at nest,  
 Close nuzzled to mamma's warm breast;  
 And thought that she, poor soul! must sweat  
 Day after day to find them meat:

But Madge knew better things.  
 My loves, said she, behold the plains,  
 Where store of food and plenty reigns!  
 I was not half so big as you,  
 When me my honour'd mother drew  
 Forth to the groves and springs.  
 She flew away; God rest her sprite!  
 Tho' I could neither read nor write,  
 I made a shift to live.

So must you too: come, hop away:  
 Get what you can; steal what you may.  
 Th' industrious always thrive.

Lord bless us! cried the peevish chits,  
 Can babes like us live by their wits?  
 With perils compass'd round, can we  
 Preserve our lives or liberty?  
 How shall we 'scape the fowler's snare,  
 Or gard'ner's tube erect in air?

If we but pilfer plums or nuts,  
 The leaden ball will pierce our guts:  
 And then, mamma, your tender heart will bleed  
 To see your little pies lie dead.

My dears, said she, and bufs'd their callow bills,  
The wife by foresight intercept their ills :

And you of no dull lineage came.

To fire a gun it takes some time ;

The man must load, the man must prime,

And after that, take aim.

He lifts his piece, he winks his eye ;

'Twill then be time enough to fly :

You out of reach may laugh and chatter ;

To bilk a man is no great matter.

Aye ! but—But what?—Why, if the clown

Should reach a stone to knock us down—

Why, if he does, ye brats,

Must not he stoop to reach the stone ?

His posture warns you to be gone :

Birds are not kill'd like cats.

Still, good mamma, our case is hard :

The rogue, you know, may come prepar'd,

A huge stone in his fist !

Indeed ! my youngsters, Madge replies,

If you already are so wise,

Go cater where you list.



THE  
MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:  
A  
TRAGEDY.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui!

VIRGIL.

# P E R S O N S.

COUNTESS of NARBONNE.

COUNT EDMUND, her Son.

FLORIAN, his Friend.

ADELIZA, an Orphan.

BENEDICT, }  
MARTIN, } Friars.

PETER, Porter of the Castle.

MARIA, }  
ELINOR, } Damfels attending the Countess. Mutes.

CHORUS of Orphans.

CHORUS of Friars.

*The Scene lies at the Castle of Narbonne; partly on a Platform before the Gate, partly in a Garden within the Walls.*

T H E  
MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

A  
T R A G E D Y.

A C T the F I R S T.

S C E N E I.

*A Platform before the Castle.*

F L O R I A N.

**W**HAT awful silence! How these antique towers  
And vacant courts chill the suspended soul,  
Till expectation wears the cast of fear;  
And fear, half-ready to become devotion,  
Mumbles a kind of mental orison,  
It knows not wherefore. What a kind of being  
Is circumstance!  
I am a foldier; and were yonder battlements  
Garnish'd with combatants, and cannon-mounted,  
My daring breast would bound with exultation,  
And glorious hopes enliven this drear scene.  
*Now* dare not I scarce tread to my own hearing,  
Lest echo borrow superstition's tongue,  
And seem to answer me, like one departed.

I met

I met a peasant, and enquir'd my way:  
 The carle, not rude of speech, but like the tenant  
 Of some night-haunted ruin, bore an aspect  
 Of horror, worn to habitude. He bade  
 God bless me; and pass'd on. I urg'd him farther:  
 Good master, cried he, go not to the castle;  
 There sorrow ever dwells and moping misery.  
 I press'd him yet—None there, said he, are welcome,  
 But now and then a mass-priest, and the poor;  
 To whom the pious Countess deals her alms,  
 On covenant, that each revolving night  
 They beg of heav'n the health of her son's soul  
 And of her own: but often as returns  
 The twentieth of September, they are bound  
 Fast from the midnight watch to pray till morn.—  
 More would he not disclose, or knew not more.  
 —What precious mummery! Her son in exile,  
 She wastes on monks and beggars his inheritance,  
 For his soul's health! I never knew a woman  
 But lov'd our bodies or our souls too well.  
 Each master whim maintains its hour of empire;  
 And obstinately faithful to its dictates,  
 With equal ardour, equal importunity,  
 They tease us to be damn'd or to be fav'd.  
 I hate to love or pray too long.

## S C E N E II.

PORTER of the Castle, FLORIAN.

PORTER.

Methought

I heard a stranger's voice—What lack you, sir?

FLORIAN.

Good fellow, who inhabits here?

PORTER.

P O R T E R.

I do.

F L O R I A N.

Belike this castle is not thine.

P O R T E R.

Belike so:

But be it whose it may, this is no haunt  
For revellers and gallants—Pass your way.

F L O R I A N.

Thou churl! Is this your Gallic hospitality?  
Thy lady, on my life, would not thus rudely  
Chide from her presence a bewilder'd knight.

P O R T E R.

Thou know'st my lady then?—Thou know'st her not.  
Canst thou in hair-cloths vex those dainty limbs?  
Canst thou, on reeking pavements and cold marble,  
In meditation pass the livelong night?  
Canst mortify that flesh, my rosy minion,  
And bid thy rebel appetite refrain  
From goblets foaming wine, and costly viands?  
These are the deeds, my youngster, must draw down  
My lady's ever-heav'n-directed eye.

F L O R I A N.

In sooth, good friend, my knighthood is not school'd  
In voluntary rigours—I can fast,  
March supperless, and make cold earth my pillow,  
When my companions know no choicer fare;  
But seldom roost in churches, or reject  
The ready banquet, or a willing fair one.

P O R T E R.

Angels defend us! what a reprobate!  
 Yon mould'ring porch for sixteen years and more  
 Has not been struck with such unhallow'd founds.  
 Hence to thy lewd companions!

F L O R I A N.

Father greybeard,  
 I cry you mercy; nor was't my intention  
 To wound your reverence's faint-like organs.  
 But come, thou hast known other days—canst tell  
 Of banquetings and dancings—'Twas not always thus.

P O R T E R.

No, no—time was—my lord, the count of Narbonne,  
 A prosp'rous gentleman, were he alive,  
 We should not know these moping melancholies.  
 Heav'n rest his soul! I marvel not my lady  
 Cherishes his remembrance, for he was  
 Comely to fight, and wondrous goodly built.  
 They say his son count Edmund's mainly like him.  
 Would these old arms, that serv'd his grandfather,  
 Could once enfold him! I should part in peace.

F L O R I A N.

What, if I bring thee tidings of count Edmund?

P O R T E R.

Mercy befall me!—now my dream is out.  
 Last night the raven croak'd, and from the bars  
 Of our lodge-fire flitted a messenger—  
 I knew no good would follow—Bring you ill tidings,  
 Sir gentleman?

F L O R I A N.

(This is a solemn fool,  
 Or solemn knave)—Shouldst thou indeed rejoice

[*Aside.*

To

To see count Edmund? Would thy noble mistress  
Spring with a mother's joy to clasp her son?

P O R T E R.

Oh! no, no, no.—He must not here—alas!  
He must not here set foot—But tell me, stranger,  
I prithee say, does my old master's heir  
Still breathe this vital air? Is he in France?  
Is he within some ten, or twenty leagues,  
Or fifty? I am hearty yet, have all my limbs,  
And I would make a weary pilgrimage  
To kiss his gracious hand, and at his feet  
Lay my old bones—for here I ne'er must see him.

[Weeps.]

F L O R I A N.

Thou good old man, forgive a soldier's mirth.  
But say, why Narbonne's heir from Narbonne's lands  
Is banish'd, driven by a ruthless mother?

P O R T E R.

Ah! sir, 'tis hard indeed—but spare his mother;  
Such virtue never dwelt in female form.  
Count Edmund—but he was indeed a stripling,  
A very lad—it was the trick of youth,  
And we have all our sins, or we have had;  
Yet still no pardon—Think'st thou not my lord,  
My late kind master, ere he knew my lady,  
Wist not what woman was?—I warrant him—  
But so—count Edmund being not sixteen,  
A lusty youth, his father's very image—  
Oh! he has play'd me many a trick—Good sir,  
Does my young master ever name old Peter?  
Well!—but I prate—you must forgive my age;  
I come to th' point—Her name was Beatrice;  
A roguish eye—she ne'er would look on me,  
Or we had sav'd full many a woeful day!  
Mark you me well?

G 2

F L O R I A N.

F L O R I A N.

I do.

P O R T E R.

This Beatrice—

But hark! my lady comes—Retire a while  
Beyond those yews—anon I'll tell you more.

F L O R I A N.

May I not greet her?

P O R T E R.

For my office, no:

'Twere forfeit of my badge to hold a parley  
With one of near thy years.

[FLORIAN *withdraws*.

[*The COUNTESS in weeds, with a crucifix in her hand, issues from the castle, accompanied by two maidens, and passes over the stage. When she is gone FLORIAN returns.*]

'Tis ever thus.

At break of morn she hies to yonder abbey,  
And, prostrate o'er some monumental stone,  
Seems more to wait her doom, than ask to shun it.  
The day is pass'd in minist'ring to wants  
Of health or means; the closing eve, beholds  
New tears, new pray'rs, or haggard meditation.  
But if cold moonshine, deep'ning every frown  
Of these impending towers, invite her steps,  
She issues forth.—Beshrew me, but I tremble,  
When my own keys discharge the drawbridge chains,  
And rattle thro' the castle's farmost vaults.  
Then have I seen this sad, this sober mourner,  
With frantic gesture and disorder'd step—  
But hush—who moves up yonder avenue?  
It is—no—stay—i'faith! but it is he,  
My lady's confessor, with friar Martin—



Quick hie thee hence—Should that fame meddling monk  
Observe our conf'rence, there were fine work toward.

F L O R I A N.

You will not leave your tale unfinished?

P O R T E R.

Mafs! but I will—A tale will pay no stipend.  
These fifty winters have I borne this staff,  
And will not lose my porridge for my prating.

F L O R I A N.

Well! but count Edmund—wo't not hear of him?

P O R T E R.

Aye, bless his name! at any leisure hour.  
This ev'ning, ere the shutting of the gates,  
Loiter about yon grange; I'll come to thee.  
So now, begone—away.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

S C E N E III.

B E N E D I C T, M A R T I N.

B E N E D I C T.

Ay! fift her, fift her—

As if I had not prob'd her very foul,  
And wound me round her heart—I tell thee, brother,  
This woman was not cast in human mould.  
Ten such would foil a council, would unbuild  
Our Roman church—In her devotion's real.  
Our beads, our hymns, our saints, amuse her not:  
Nay, not confession, not repeating o'er  
Her darling sins, has any charms for her.  
I have mark'd her praying: not one wand'ring thought  
Seems to steal meaning from her words.—She prays  
Because she feels, and feels, because a finner.

M A R T I N.

MARTIN.

What is this secret sin; this untold tale,  
That art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse?  
Loss of a husband, sixteen years enjoy'd,  
And dead as many, could not stamp such sorrow.  
Nor could she be his death's artificer,  
And now affect to weep it—I have heard,  
That chafing, as he homeward rode, a stag,  
Chaf'd by the hounds, with sudden onset slew  
Th' adventurous count.

BENEDICT.

'Twas so; and yet, my brother,  
My mind has more than once imputed blood  
To this incessant mourner. Beatrice,  
The damsel for whose sake she holds in exile  
Her only son, has never, since the night  
Of his incontinence, been seen or heard of.

MARTIN.

'Tis clear, 'tis clear; nor will her prudent tongue  
Accuse its owner.

BENEDICT.

Judge not rashly, brother.  
I oft have shifted my discourse to murder:  
She notes it not. Her muscles hold their place,  
Nor discompos'd, nor firm'd to steadiness.  
No sudden flushing, and no falt'ring lip:  
Nor, tho' she pities, lifts she to her eyes  
Her handkerchief, to palliate her disorder.  
There the wound rankles not.—I fix'd on love,  
The failure of the sex, and aptest cause  
Of each attendant crime—

MARTIN.

Ay, brother, there  
We master all their craft. Touch but that string—

BENEDICT.

## B E N E D I C T.

Still, brother, do you err. She own'd to me,  
 That, tho' of nature warm, the passion love  
 Did ne'er anticipate her choice. The count,  
 Her husband, so ador'd and so lamented,  
 Won not her fancy, till the nuptial rites  
 Had with the sting of pleasure taught her passion.  
 This, with such modest truth, and that truth heighten'd  
 By conscious sense, that holds deceit a weakness,  
 She utter'd, I would pawn my order's credit  
 On her veracity.

## M A R T I N.

Then whither turn  
 To worm her secret out?

## B E N E D I C T.

I know not that.  
 She will be silent, but she scorns a falsehood.  
 And thus while frank on all things, but her secret,  
 I know, I know it not.

## M A R T I N.

Till she disclose it,  
 Deny her absolution.

## B E N E D I C T.

She will take none :  
 Offer'd, she scoffs it; and, withheld, demands not :  
 Nay, vows she will not load her sinking soul  
 With incantations.

## M A R T I N.

This is heresy ;  
 Rank heresy ; and holy church should note it.

## B E N E D I C T.

Be patient, brother—Tho' of adamant  
 Her reason, charity dissolves that rock,  
 —And surely we have tasted of the stream.

Nay,

Nay, one unguarded moment may disclose  
 This mystic tale—Then, brother, what a harvest,  
 When masters of her bosom-guilt!—Age too  
 May numb her faculties.—Or soon, or late,  
 A praying woman must become our spoil.

MARTIN.

Her zeal may falter.

BENEDICT.

Not in solitude.

I nurse her in new horrors; form her tenants  
 To fancy visions, phantoms; and report them.  
 She mocks their fond credulity—but trust me,  
 Her memory retains the colouring.  
 Oft times it paints her dreams; and ebon night  
 Is no logician. I have known her call  
 For lights, ere she could combat its impressions.  
 I too, tho' often scorn'd, relate my dreams,  
 And wondrous voices heard; that she may think me  
 At least an honest bigot; nor remember  
 I tried to practise on her fears, and foil'd  
 Give o'er my purpose.

MARTIN.

This is masterly.

BENEDICT.

Poor mastery! when I am more in awe  
 Of my own penitent, than she of me.  
 My genius is command; art, but a tool  
 My groveling fortune forces me to use.  
 Oh! were I seated high as my ambition,  
 I'd place this naked foot on necks of monarchs,  
 And make them bow to creeds myself would laugh at\*.

\* Alluding to Sixtus quintus.

MARTIN.

## MARTIN.

By humbler arts our mighty fabric rose.  
 Win pow'r by craft; wear it with ostentation;  
 For confidence is half-security.  
 Deluded men think boldness, conscious strength;  
 And grow the slaves of their own want of doubt.  
 Gain to the holy see this fair domain;  
 A crimson bonnet may reward your toils,  
 And the rich harvest prove at last your own.

## BENEDICT.

Never, while Edmund lives. This steady woman  
 Can ne'er be pious with so many virtues.  
 Justice is interwoven in her frame;  
 Nor will she wrong the son she will not see.  
 She loves him not; yet mistress of his fortunes,  
 His ample exhibition speaks her bounty.  
 She destines him whate'er his father's love  
 Gave blindly to her will. Her alms, her charities,  
 Usurp'd from her own wants, she sets apart  
 A scanty portion only for her ward,  
 Young Adeliza.

## MARTIN.

Say her son were dead,  
 And Adeliza veil'd—

## BENEDICT.

I press the latter  
 With fruitless ardour. Often as I urge it,  
 She pleads the maiden's flushing cheek, and nature,  
 That speaks in characters of glowing rose  
 Its modest appetites and timid wishes.  
 Her sex, she says, when gratified, are frail;  
 When check'd, a hurricane of boundless passions.  
 Then, with sweet irony and sad, she wills me  
 Ask my own breast, if cowls and scapularies  
 Are charms all powerful to subdue desire?

MARTIN.

'Twere wiser school the maiden: lead the train  
Of young ideas to a fancied object.  
A mental spouse may fill her hov'ring thoughts,  
And bar their fixing on some earthly lover.

BENEDICT.

This is already done—but Edmund's death  
Were hopes more solid—

MARTIN.

First report him dead:  
His letters intercepted—

BENEDICT.

Greatly thought,  
Thou true son of the church!—And lo! where comes  
Our patroness—Leave me; I will not lose  
An instant. I will sound her inmost soul,  
And mould it to the moment of projection. [Exit MARTIN.  
[BENEDICT retires within the castle.

## S C E N E IV.

COUNTESS, TWO MAIDENS.

COUNTESS.

Haste thee, Maria, to the western tower,  
And learn if th' aged pilgrim dozes yet.  
You, Elinor, attend my little orphans,  
And when their task is done, prepare their breakfast.  
But scant th' allowance of the red-hair'd urchin,  
That maim'd the poor man's cur—Ah! happy me! [The damsels go in.  
If sentiment, untutor'd by affliction,  
Had taught my temperate blood to feel for others,  
Ere pity, perching on my mangled bosom,

Like flies on wounded flesh, had made me shrink  
 More with compunction than with sympathy!  
 Alas! must guilt then ground our very virtues?  
 Grow they on sin alone, and not on grace?  
 While Narbonne liv'd, my fully-fated soul  
 Thought none unhappy—for it did not think!  
 In pleasures roll'd whole summer furs away;  
 And if a pensive visage cross'd my path,  
 I deem'd the wearer envious or ill-natur'd.  
 What anguish had I blessedly redress'd,  
 But that I was too blest'd!—Well! peace is fled,  
 Ne'er to return! nor dare I snap the thread  
 Of life, while misery may want a friend.  
 Despair and hell must wait, while pity needs  
 My ministry—Eternity has scope  
 Enough to punish me, tho' I should borrow  
 A few short hours to sacrifice to charity.

## S C E N E V.

BENEDICT, COUNTESS.

BENEDICT.

I fought you, lady.

COUNTESS.

Happily I'm found.

Who needs the widow's mite?

BENEDICT.

None ask your aid.

Your gracious foresight still prevents occasion:  
 And your poor beadsman joys to meet your presence,  
 Uncumber'd with a suit. It pains my soul,  
 Oft as I tax your bounty, lest I seem  
 A craving or immodest almoner.

H 2

COUNTESS.

## C O U N T E S S.

No more of this, good father. I suspect not  
 One of your holy order of dissembling:  
 Suspect not me of loving flattery.  
 Pass a few years, and I shall be a corpse—  
 Will flattery then new clothe my skeleton,  
 Fill out these hollow jaws? Will't give me virtues?  
 Or at the solemn audit pass for truth,  
 And varnish o'er my stains?

## B E N E D I C T.

The church could seal  
 Your pardon—but you scorn it. In your pride  
 Consists your danger. Yours are Pagan virtues:  
 As such I praise them—but as such condemn them.

## C O U N T E S S.

Father, my *crimes* are Pagan; my belief  
 Too orthodox to trust to erring man.  
 What! shall I, foul with guilt, and self-condemn'd,  
 Presume to kneel, where angels kneel appal'd,  
 And plead a priest's certificate for pardon?  
 While he, perchance, before my blasted eyes  
 Shall sink to woes, endless, unutterable,  
 For having fool'd me into that presumption.

## B E N E D I C T.

Is he to blame, trusting to what he grants?

## C O U N T E S S.

Am I to blame, not trusting what he grants?

## B E N E D I C T.

Yet faith—

## C O U N T E S S.

I have it not—Why shakes my soul

With



With nightly terrors? Courage such as mine  
 Would start at nought but guilt. 'Tis from within  
 I tremble. Death would be felicity,  
 Were there no retrospect. What joys have I?  
 What pleasure softens, or what friendship soothes  
 My aching bosom?—I have lost my husband:  
 My own decree has banish'd my own son.

B E N E D I C T.

Last night I dreamt your son was with the blessed.

C O U N T E S S.

Would heav'n he were!

B E N E D I C T.

Do you then wish his death?

C O U N T E S S.

Should I not wish him blest?

B E N E D I C T.

Belike he is:

I never knew my Friday's dreams erroneous.

C O U N T E S S.

Nor I knew superstition in the right.

B E N E D I C T.

Madam, I must no longer hear this language.  
 You do abuse my patience. I have borne,  
 For your soul's health, and hoping your conversion,  
 Opinions most deprav'd. It ill befits  
 My holy function to give countenance,  
 By lending ear, to such pernicious tenets.  
 The judgments hanging o'er your destin'd head  
 May reach ev'n me.—I see it! I am rapt  
 Beyond my bearing! My prophetic soul  
 Views the red falchion of eternal justice  
 Cut off your sentenc'd race—Your son is dead!

C O U N T E S S.

## C O U N T E S S.

Father, we no prophetic dæmon bear  
 Within our breast, but conscience. *That* has spoken  
 Words more tremendous than this acted zeal,  
 This poetry of fond enthusiasm  
 Can conjure up. It is the still small voice  
 That breathes conviction. 'Tis that voice has told me,  
 'Twas my son's birth, not his mortality\*,  
 Must drown my soul in woe.—Those tears are shed.

## B E N E D I C T.

Unjust, uncharitable as your words,  
 I pardon them. Illy of me you deem;  
 I know it, lady. 'Tis humiliation:  
 As such I bow to it—yet dear I tender  
 Your peace of mind. Dismiss your worthless servant:  
 His pray'rs shall still be yours.

## C O U N T E S S.

Forgive me, father:  
 Discretion does not guide my words. I meant  
 No insult on your holy character.

## B E N E D I C T.

No, lady; choose some other monitor,  
 Whose virtues may command your estimation.  
 Your useless beadle shall behold with joy  
 A worthier man mediate your peace with heav'n.

## C O U N T E S S.

Alas! till reconcil'd with my own breast,  
 What peace is there for me?

\* On the death of the comte de Vermandois, Must I weep for his death before I have done his mother, the duchess de la Valiere said, weeping for his birth?

B E N E D I C T.

## B E N E D I C T.

In th' neighb'ring district

There lives a holy man, whose sanctity  
Is mark'd with wondrous gifts. Grace smiles upon him:  
Conversion tracks his footsteps: miracles  
Spring from his touch: his sacred casuistry  
Pours balm into despair. Consult with him.  
Unfold th' impenetrable mystery,  
That sets your soul and you at endless discord.

## C O U N T E S S.

Consult a holy man! Inquire of him!  
—Good father, wherefore? What should I inquire\*?  
Must I be taught of him, that guilt is woe?  
That innocence alone is happiness?  
That martyrdom itself shall leave the villain  
The villain that it found him? Must I learn  
That minutes stamp'd with crimes are past recall?  
That joys are momentary; and remorse  
Eternal? Shall he teach me charms and spells,  
To make my sense believe against my sense?  
Shall I think practices and penances  
Will, if he say so, give the health of virtue  
To gnawing self-reproach?—I know they cannot.  
Nor could one risen from the dead proclaim  
This truth in deeper sounds to my conviction.  
We want no preacher to distinguish vice  
From virtue. At our birth the god reveal'd  
All conscience needs to know. No codicil  
To duty's rubric here and there was plac'd  
In some faint's casual custody. Weak minds  
Want their soul's fortune told by oracles

\* Imitated from Cato's speech in Lucan, beginning, *Quid queri, Labiene, jubes?*

And

56 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

And holy jugglers. Me, nor oracles,  
Nor prophets, death alone can certify,  
Whether, when justice's full due's exacted,  
Mercy shall grant one drop to flake my torment.  
—Here, father, break we off; you to your calling;  
I to my tears and mournful occupation.

[*Exeunt.*

*End of the first Act.*

A C T

## A C T the S E C O N D.

*The SCENE continues.*

Count EDMUND, FLORIAN.

E D M U N D.

**D**OUBT not, my friend; 'Time's pencil, hardhips, war,  
Some taste of pleasure too, have chas'd the bloom  
Of ruddy comeliness, and stamp'd this face  
With harsher lineaments, that well may mock  
The prying of a mother's eye;—a mother,  
Thro' whose firm nerves tumultuous instinct's flood  
Ne'er gush'd with eager eloquence, to tell her,  
This is your son! your heart's own voice proclaims him.

F L O R I A N.

If not her love, my lord, suspect her hatred.  
Those jarring passions spring from the same source:  
Hate is distemper'd love.

E D M U N D.

Why should she hate me?

For that my opening passion's swelling ardour  
Prompted congenial necessary joy,  
Was that a cause?—Nor was she then so rigid.  
No sanctified dissembler had possess'd  
Her scar'd imagination, teaching her,  
That holiness begins where nature ends.  
No, Florian, she herself was woman then;  
A sensual woman. Nor satiety,  
Sickness and age and virtue's frowardness,  
Had so obliterated pleasure's relish—  
She might have pardon'd what she felt so well.

VOL. I.

I

FLORIAN.

## F L O R I A N.

Forgive me, Edmund; nay, nor think I preach,  
 If I, God wot, of morals loose enough,  
 Seem to condemn you. You have often told me,  
 The night, the very night that to your arms  
 Gave pretty Beatrice's melting beauties,  
 Was the same night on which your father died.

## E D M U N D.

'Tis true—And thou, sage monitor, dost thou  
 Hold love a crime so irremissible?  
 Wouldst thou have turn'd thee from a willing girl,  
 To sing a requiem to thy father's soul?  
 I thought my mother busied with her tears,  
 Her faintings, and her masses, while I stole  
 To Beatrice's chamber.—How my mother  
 Became appriz'd, I know not: but her heart,  
 Never too partial to me, grew estrang'd.  
 Estrang'd!—Aversion in its fellest mood  
 Scowl'd from her eye, and drove me from her sight.  
 She call'd me impious; nam'd my honest lewdness,  
 A prophanation of my father's ashes.  
 I knelt and wept, and, like a puling boy,  
 For now my blood was cool, believ'd, confess'd  
 My father's hov'ring spirit incens'd against me.  
 This weak confession but inflam'd her wrath;  
 And when I would have bath'd her hand with tears,  
 She snatch'd it back with horror.

## F L O R I A N.

'Twas the trick  
 Of over-acted sorrow. Grief fatigues;  
 And each collateral circumstance is seiz'd  
 To cheat th' uneasy feeling. Sable chambers,  
 The winking lamp, and pomp of midnight woe,  
 Are but a specious theatre, on which

Th' in-

Th' inconstant mind with decency forgets  
 Its inward tribute. Who can doubt the love  
 Which to a father's shade devotes the son?

[*Ironically.*]

E D M U N D.

Still must I doubt; still deem some mystery,  
 Beyond a widow's pious artifice,  
 Lies hid beneath aversion so relentless.  
 All my inheritance, my lordships, castles,  
 My father's lavish love bequeath'd my mother.  
 Chose she some second partner of her bed,  
 Or did she waste her wealth on begging saints,  
 And rogues that act contrition, it were proof  
 Of her hypocrisy, or lust of fame  
 In monkish annals. But to me her hand  
 Is bounteous, as her heart is cold. I tell thee,  
 Bating enjoyment of my native soil,  
 Narbonne's revenues are as fully mine,  
 As if I held them by the strength of charters.

F L O R I A N.

Why set them on the hazard then, when she  
 Who deals them may revoke? Your absence hence  
 The sole condition.

E D M U N D.

I am weary, Florian,  
 Of such a vagrant life. . Befits it me,  
 Sprung from a race of heroes, Narbonne's prince,  
 To lend my casual arm's approved valour  
 To quarrels, nor my country's nor my own?  
 To stain my sword with random blood?—I fought  
 At Buda 'gainst the Turk—a holy war,  
 So was it deem'd—I smote the turban'd race:  
 Did zeal, or did ambition nerve my blow?  
 Or matter'd it to me, on Buda's domes  
 Whether the crescent or the cross prevail'd?  
 Mean time on alien climes I dissipated

Wealth from my subjects wrung, the peasant's tribute,  
 Earn'd by his toil. Mean time in ruin laid  
 My mould'ring castles—Yes, ye moss-grown walls!  
 Ye tow'rs defenceless!—I revisit ye  
 Shame-stricken.—Where are all your trophies now?  
 Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,  
 That spoke the grandeur of my house, the homage  
 Of neigh'ring barons? Thus did Thibalt, Raoul,  
 Or Clodomir, my brave progenitors,  
 Creep like a spy, and watch to thrid your gates  
 Unnotic'd? No; with martial attributes,  
 With waving banners and enlivening fifes,  
 They bade your portal wide unfold its jaws,  
 And welcome them and triumph.

## F L O R I A N.

True, my lord:  
 They reign'd the monarchs of a score of miles;  
 Imperial lords of ev'ry trembling cottage  
 Within their cannon's mandate. Deadly feuds  
 For obsolete offences, now array'd  
 Their livery'd banditti, prompt to deal  
 On open valleys and unguarded herds,  
 On helpless virgins and unweapon'd boors,  
 The vengeance of their tribe. Sometimes they dar'd  
 To scowl defiance to the distant throne,  
 Imprison'd, canton'd inaccessiblely  
 In their own rock-built dungeons—Are these glories  
 My Edmund's foul ambitions to revive?  
 Thus would he bless his vassals?

## E D M U N D.

Thy reproof,  
 My friend, is just. But had I not a cause,  
 A tender cause, that prompted my return?  
 This cruel parent, whom I blame, and mourn,  
 Whose harshness I resent, whose woes I pity,



Has won my love, by winning my respect.  
 Her letters! Florian; such unstudied strains  
 Of virtuous eloquence! She bids me, yes,  
 This praying Magdalen enjoins my courage  
 To emulate my great forefather's deeds;  
 Tells me, that shame and guilt alone are mortal;  
 That death but bars the possibility  
 Of frailty, and embalms untainted honour.  
 Then blots and tears efface some half-told woe  
 Lab'ring in her full bosom. I decypher'd  
 In one her blessing granted, and eras'd.  
 And yet what follow'd, mark'd anxiety  
 For my soul's welfare. I must know this riddle.  
 I must, will comfort her. She cannot surely,  
 After such perils, wounds by her command  
 Encounter'd, after sixteen exil'd years  
 Spurn me, when kneeling—Think'st thou 'tis possible?

## F L O R I A N.

I would not think it; but a host of priests  
 Surround her. They, good men, are seldom found  
 To plead the cause of pity. Self-denial,  
 Whose dissonance from nature's kindest laws  
 By contradicting wins on our perverseness,  
 Is rank fanaticism's belov'd machine.  
 Oh! 'twill be heroism, a sacrifice,  
 To curb the torrent of maternal fondness!  
 You shall be beggar'd, that the saint your mother  
 May, by cowl'd sycophants and canting jugglers,  
 Be hail'd, be canoniz'd a new Teresa.  
 Pray be not seen here: let's again to th' wars.

## E D M U N D.

No, Florian: my dull'd soul is sick of riot;  
 Sick of the thoughtless jollity of camps,  
 Where revelry subsists on desolation,  
 And shouts of joy contend with dying groans.

62 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

Our sports are fleeting; snatch'd, perhaps, not granted.  
'Tis time to bid adieu to vagrant pleasure,  
And fix the wanderer love. Domestic bliss—

F L O R I A N.

Yes, your fair pensioner, young Adeliza,  
Has sober'd your inconstancy. Her smiles  
Were exquisite—to rule a family!  
So matron-like an air—She must be fruitful.

[*Ironically.*]

E D M U N D.

Pafs we this levity—'Tis true, the maiden  
Is beauty's type renew'd. Like blooming Eve  
In nature's young simplicity, and blushing  
With wonder at creation's opening glow,  
She charms, unknowing what it is to charm.

F L O R I A N.

This is a lover's language—Is she kind?

E D M U N D.

Cold as the metal bars that part her from me;  
She listens, but replies not to my purpose.

F L O R I A N.

How gain'd you then admittance?

E D M U N D.

This whole month,  
While waiting your arrival, I have haunted  
Her convent's parlour. 'Tis my mother's wish  
To match her nobly. Hence her guardian abbess  
Admits such visitors as claim her notice  
By worthy bearing, and convenient splendor.  
O Florian, union with that favour'd maiden  
Might reconcile my mother—Hark! what found— [A chapel bell rings.

F L O R I A N.

FLORIAN.

A summons to some office of devotion.

My lord, weigh well what you project—

[Singing within.]

EDMUND.

I hear

Voices that seem approaching—Hush! they sing.

Listen!

FLORIAN.

No; let us hence: you will be known.

EDMUND.

They cannot know me—See!

## S C E N E II.

FLORIAN, EDMUND, MARTIN, ORPHANS.

[A procession of children of both sexes, neatly clothed in a white and blue uniform, issue from the castle, followed by friar MARTIN, and advance towards the stage door. They stop, and the children repeat the following hymn, part of which they should have sung within the castle.]

I.

Throne of justice! lo! we bend.  
Thither dare our hopes ascend,  
Where seraphs, wrapt in light'ning rays,  
Dissolve in mercy's tender blaze?

II.

Hear us! harmless orphans hear!  
For her who dries our falling tear.  
Hush her sorrows; calm her breast:  
Give her, what she gives us; rest.

## III.

Guard our spotless souls from sin!  
 Grant us virtue's palm to win!  
 Clothe the penitent with grace;  
 And guilt's foul spots efface! efface!

E D M U N D.

I'll speak to them.

Sweet children—or, thou sanctified conductor,  
 Give me to know what solemn pilgrimage,  
 What expiation of offences past,  
 Thus sadly ye perform? In whose behoof  
 To win a blessing, raise these little suppliants  
 Their artless hands to heav'n? Pray pardon too  
 A soldier's curiosity.

M A R T I N.

The dew

Of grace and peace attend your steps! You seem  
 A stranger, or you could but know, sir knight,  
 That Narbonne's pious countess dwells within:  
 A lady most disconsolate. Her lord,  
 Her best-beloved, by untimely fate  
 Was snatch'd away in lusty life's full 'vantage—  
 But no account made up! no absolution!  
 Hence scant the distance of a mile he fell.  
 His weeping relict o'er his spot of doom  
 A goodly cross erected. Thither we,  
 At his year's mind, in sad and solemn guise,  
 Proceed to chant our holy dirge, and offer  
 Due intercession for his soul's repose.

E D M U N D.

'Tis fitly done. And dar'd a voice profane  
 Join in the chorus of your holy office,  
 Myself would kneel for Narbonne's peace.

M A R T I N.

MARTIN.

Young fir,  
It glads my foul to hear fuch pious breathings  
From one, whose occupation rarely fcans  
The diftance 'twixt enjoyment and the tomb.  
Say, didft thou know the count?

EDMUND.

I knew his fon.

MARTIN.

Count Edmund? Where fojourns he?

EDMUND.

In the grave.

MARTIN.

Is Edmund dead? Say, how?

EDMUND.

He fell at Buda:

And not to his difhonour.

MARTIN.

(Welcome founds!

[*Aside.*

I must know more of this)—Proceed, my children;  
Short of the crofs I'll overtake your fteps.

ORPHAN GIRL.

Oh! father, but I dare not pafs without you  
By the church-porch. They fay the count fits there,  
With clotted locks, and eyes like burning ftars.  
Indeed I dare not go.

Other CHILDREN.

Nor I. Nor I.

M A R T I N.

My loves, he will not harm fuch innocents.

But wait me at the bridge: I'll straight be with ye.

*[Children go out reluctantly.]*

F L O R I A N.

I marvel, father, gravity like yours

Should yield assent to tales of fuch complexion;

Permitting them in baby fantasy

To strike their dangerous root.

M A R T I N.

I marvel not,

That levity like yours, unhallow'd boy,

Should spend its idle shaft on serious things.

Your comrade's bearing warrants no fuch licence.

F L O R I A N.

Think'st thou, because my friend with humble fervour

Kneels to Omnipotence, each gossip's dream,

Each village-fable, domineers in turn

His brain's distemper'd nerves? Think'st thou a soldier

Must by his calling be an impious braggart?

Or, being not, a superstitious slave?

True valour, owning no preheminece

In equals, dares not wag presumption's tongue

Against high heav'n.

M A R T I N.

In us respect heav'n's servants.

F L O R I A N.

Monks may reach heav'n, but never came from thence.

*[Violent storm of thunder and lightning.]*

M A R T I N.

Will this convince thee? Where's the gossip's dream,

The village-fable, now? Hear heav'n's own voice

Condemn impiety!

F L O R I A N.

FLORIAN.

Hear heav'n's own voice  
Condemn imposture!

EDMUND.

Here end your dispute.  
The storm comes on.

MARTIN.

Yes, you do well to check  
Your comrade's profanation, lest swift justice  
O'ertake his guilt, and stamp his doom in thunder.

FLORIAN.

Father, art thou so read in languages  
Thou canst interpret th' inarticulate  
And quarreling elements? What says the storm?  
Pronounces it for thee or me? Do none  
Dispute within the compass of its bolt  
But we? Is the same loud-voic'd oracle  
Definitive for fifty various brawls?  
Or but a flock of clouds to all but us?  
"What if two drunkards at this instant hour  
"Contend for preference of taste, one ranking  
"The vines of Burgundy before the juice  
"That dances in a foam of brilliant bubbles  
"From Champagne's berries, think'st thou thunder speaks  
"In favour of the white or ruby grape?"

MARTIN.

What mockery! I resign thee to thy fate.

[*Going.*]

[*The ORPHAN-CHILDREN run in terrified.*]

First ORPHAN.

O father, save us! save us, holy father!

K 2

MARTIN.

M A R T I N.

What means this panic?

First O R P H A N.

Oh! a storm so dreadful!

Some demon rides in th' air.

M A R T I N.

Undoubtedly.

Could ye distinguish aught?

First O R P H A N.

I fell to earth,

And said the pray'r you taught me against spectres.

M A R T I N.

'Twas well—But none of you, had none the courage  
To face the fiend?

Second O R P H A N.

I wink'd, and saw the lightning

Burst on the monument. The shield of arms

Shiver'd to splinters. Ere I could repeat

An Ave-Mary, down with hideous crash

The cross came tumbling—Then I fled—

M A R T I N.

Retire;

This is unholy ground. Acquaint the Countess.

I will not tarry long. [*Ex. children.*] Thou mouth accurst, [*To FLORIAN.*

Repent, and tremble! Wherefore hast thou drawn

On Narbonne's plains, already visited

By long calamity, new storms of horror?

The seasons change their course; th' afflicted hind

Bewails his blasted harvest. Meteors ride

The troubled sky, and chase the darken'd sun.

Heav'n vindicates its altars: tongues licentious

Have



Have scoff'd our holy rites, and hidden sins  
 Have forc'd th' offended elements to borrow  
 Tremendous organs! Sixteen fatal years  
 Has Narbonne's province groan'd beneath the hand  
 Of desolation—for what crimes we know not!  
 To edge suspended vengeance art thou come?

EDMUND, *preventing* FLORIAN.

My friend, reply not.—Father, I lament  
 This casual jarring—let us crave your pardon.  
 I feel your country's woes: I lov'd count Edmund;  
 Revere his father's ashes. I will visit  
 The ruin'd monument—and at your leisure  
 Could wish some conference with you.

MARTIN.

(This is well:

*[Aside,*

I almost had forgotten)—Be it so.  
 Where is your haunt?

EDMUND.

A mile without the town;  
 Hard by St. Bridget's nunnery.

MARTIN.

There expect me.

*Afide.*] (I must to Benedict)—Heav'n's peace be with you! *[Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

COUNTESS, PORTER.

PORTER.

Return, my gracious lady. Tho' the storm  
 Abates its clamours, yonder angry clouds  
 Are big with spouting fires—Do not go forth.

COUNTESS.

## C O U N T E S S.

Wretches like me, good Peter, dread no storms.  
 'Tis delicate felicity that shrinks,  
 When rocking winds are loud, and wraps itself  
 Infultingly in comfortable furs,  
 Thinking how many naked objects want  
 Like shelter and security. Do thou  
 Return; I'll seek the monument alone.

## P O R T E R.

No, my good lady; never be it said  
 That faithful Peter his dear mistress left  
 Expos'd to tempests. These thin-sprinkled hairs  
 Cannot hold long. If in your service shed,  
 'Twere a just debt—Hark! sure I heard a groan!  
 Pray let us in again.

## C O U N T E S S.

My honest servant,  
 Thy fear o'er-pow'rs thy love. I heard no groan;  
 Nor could it 'scape a sense so quick as mine  
 At catching misery's expressive note:  
 'Tis my soul's proper language.—Injur'd shade!  
 Shade of my Narbonne! if thy scornful spirit  
 Rode in yon whirlwind, and impell'd its bolt  
 Implacable! indignant! 'gainst the cross  
 Rais'd by thy wretched wife—behold she comes  
 A voluntary victim! Re-assemble  
 Thy lightnings, and accept her destin'd head.

## P O R T E R.

For pity! gracious dame, what words are these!  
 In any mouth less holy they would seem  
 A magic incantation. Goblins rise  
 At sounds less pow'rful. Last year's 'clipse fell out,  
 Because your maidens cross'd a gipsy's palm  
 To know what was become of Beatrice.

## C O U N T E S S.

And didst thou dare inform them where she dwells?

## P O R T E R.

No, on my duty—True, they think I know;  
 And so thinks Benedict, your confessor.  
 He says, she could not pass the castle-gates  
 Without my privy.—Well! I had a task  
 To say him nay. The honour of my keys,  
 My office was at stake. No, father, said I,  
 None pass the drawbridge without Peter's knowledge.  
 How then to beat him from his point?—I had it—  
 Who knows, quoth I, but sudden malady  
 Took off the damsel? She might, or might not,  
 Have sepulture within the castle-walls.

## C O U N T E S S.

Peace, fool!—And thus thy shrewd equivocation  
 Has stain'd my name with murder's foul suspicion.  
 —O peace of virtue! thy true votaries  
 Quail not with ev'ry blast! I cloak my guilt!  
 Things foreign rise and load me with their blackness.  
 Erroneous imputation must be borne;  
 Left, while unravelling the knotty web,  
 I lend a clue may vibrate to my heart.  
 —But who comes here?—Retire we and observe. [ *They withdraw.*

## S C E N E IV.

FLORIAN, COUNTESS, PORTER.

## F L O R I A N.

'Tis not far off the time the porter will'd me  
 Expect him here. My friend, indulging grief,  
 Chose no companion of his pensive walk.  
 Yes, I must serve thee. May my prosp'rous care  
 Restore thee to thy state, and aid thy love  
 To make the blooming Adeliza thine!

C O U N T E S S,

COUNTESS, *apart to the* PORTER.

Methought he spoke of love and Adeliza.  
Who may it be?

P O R T E R.

I never heard his name.

COUNTESS, *approaching.*

Stranger, did chance or purpose guide thy steps  
To this lone dwelling?

[PORTER makes signs to FLORIAN not to discover their former interview.]

F L O R I A N.

Pardon, gentle lady,

If, curious to behold the pious matron  
Whom Narbonne's plains obey, I sought this castle,  
And deem my wish indulg'd in viewing thee.

C O U N T E S S.

Me! stranger? Is affliction then so rare  
It occupies the babbling Fame?—Oh! no.  
My sorrows are not new. Austerities  
And rigid penance tempt no curious eyes.  
Nor speaks your air desire of searching out  
The house of mourning. Rather should you seek  
Some unfeign'd beauty, some unpractis'd fair one,  
Who thinks the first soft sounds she hears, are love.  
There may be such at Narbonne: none dwell here,  
But melancholy, sorrow, and contrition.

F L O R I A N.

Pleasure has charms; but so has virtue too.  
One skims the surface, like the swallow's wing,  
And scuds away unnotic'd. T'other nymph,  
Like spotless swans in solemn majesty,  
Breasts the full surge, and leaves long light behind.

C O U N T E S S.

## C O U N T E S S.

Your courtly phrase, young knight, bespeaks a birth  
Above the vulgar. May I ask, how old  
Your residence in Narbonne? whence your race?

## F L O R I A N.

In Brabant was I born: my father's name,  
The baron of St. Orme. I wait at Narbonne  
My letters of exchange, while passing homewards  
To gather my late sire's no mean succession.

## C O U N T E S S.

Dead is your father, and unwet your cheek?  
Trust me, young sir, a father's guardian arm  
Were well worth all the treasures it withheld.  
A mother might be spar'd.

## F L O R I A N.

Mothers like thee

Were blessings.

## C O U N T E S S.

Curfes!

## P O R T E R.

Lady, 'tis the hour

Of pray'r. Shall I ring out the chapel-bell?

## C O U N T E S S.

Stranger, I'm fummon'd hence. Within these walls  
I may not speak with thee: my solemn purpose  
Admits no converse with unsteady youth.  
But at St. Bridget's nunnery, to-morrow,  
If you can spare some moments from your pastime,  
In presence of the abbess, I would talk with thee.

## F L O R I A N.

Madam, I shall not fail.

VOL. I.

L

C O U N T E S S.

C O U N T E S S.

Good angels guard thee!

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS and PORTER.]

## S C E N E V.

F L O R I A N, *alone.*

So, this is well. My introduction made,  
It follows that I move her for her son.  
She seems of gentler mould than fame bespoke her;  
Nor wears her eye the saucy superiority  
Of bigot pride. Who knows but she may wish  
To shake the trammels of enthusiasm off,  
And reconcile herself to easier paths  
Of simple goodness? Women oft wear the mask  
Of piety to draw respect, or hide  
The loss of it. When age dispells the train  
That waits on beauty, then religion blows  
Her trumpet, and invites another circle;  
Who, full as false as the preceding crew,  
Flatter her problematic mental charms:  
While snuffing incense, and devoutly wanton,  
The Pagan goddess grows a Christian faint,  
And keeps her patent of divinity.  
Well! Edmund, whatso'er thy mother be,  
I'll put her virtue or hypocrisy  
To the severest test.—Countess, expect me! [Exit.

*End of the second Act.*

A C T

## A C T the T H I R D.

## S C E N E I.

*A small Garden within the Castle, terminated by a long Cloister,  
beyond which appear some Towers.*

C O U N T E S S, *alone.*

**T**HE monument destroy'd!—Well! what of that?  
 Were ev'ry thunderbolt address'd to me,  
 Not one would mis' me. Fate's unerring hand  
 Darts not at random. Nor, as fractious children  
 Are chid by proxy, does it deal its wrath  
 On stocks and stones to frighten, not chastise us.  
 Omens and prodigies are but begotten  
 By guilt on pride. We know the doom we merit;  
 And self-importance makes us think all nature  
 Bufied to warn us when that doom approaches.  
 Fie! fie! I blush to recollect my weakness.  
 My Edmund may be dead: the house of Narbonne  
 May perish from this earth: poor Adeliza  
 May taste the cup of woe that I have drug'd:  
 But lightnings play not to announce our fate:  
 No whirlwinds rise to prophesy to mites:  
 Nor, like inquisitors, does heav'n drefs up  
 In flames the victims it intends to punish;  
 Making a holiday for greater sinners.  
 —Greater! oh! impious! Were the faggots plac'd  
 Around me, and the fatal torch applied,  
 What wretch could view the dreadful apparatus,  
 And be a blacker criminal than I am?  
 —Perhaps my virtues but enhance my guilt.

L 2

Penance

Penance attracts respect, and not reproach.  
 How dare I be esteem'd? Be known my crimes!  
 Let shame anticipate the woes to come!  
 —Hah! monster! wouldst disclose the frightful scene?  
 Wouldst teach the vicious world unheard-of sins,  
 And be a new apostle of perdition?  
 —My Edmund too! has not a mother's hand  
 Afflicted him enough? Shall this curs'd tongue  
 Brand him with shame indelible, and sting  
 His honest bosom with his mother's scorpions?  
 Shall Adeliza hear the last of horrors,  
 Ere her pure breast, that sighs for sins it knows not,  
 Has learn'd the rudiments of human frailty?  
 No, hapless maid—

*Enter a SERVANT.*

Madam, young Adeliza  
 Entreats to speak with you. The lady abbess  
 Sickens to death.

C O U N T E S S.

Admit her.—Now, my soul,  
 Recall thy calm; support alone thy torments;  
 And envy not the peace thou ne'er must know.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

## S C E N E II.

C O U N T E S S, A D E L I Z A.

Approach, sweet maid. Thy melancholy mien  
 Speaks thy compassionate and feeling heart.  
 'Tis a grave lesson for thy blooming years,  
 A scene of dissolution! But when Death  
 Expands his pinions o'er a bed so holy,  
 Sure he's a welcome guest.

A D E L I Z A.

Oh! do not doubt it.  
 The pious matron meets him like a friend



Expected long. And if a tender tear,  
 At leaving your poor ward, melts in her eye,  
 And downward sinks its fervent ecstacy;  
 Still does impatience to be gone, betray  
 Her inward satisfaction. Yesternight,  
 As weeping, praying, by her couch I knelt,  
 Behold, my Adeliza, mark, she said,  
 How happy the death-bed of innocence\*!  
 Oh! lady, how those sounds affected me!  
 I wish'd to die with her—and oh! forgive me,  
 If in that moment I forgot my patroness!

## C O U N T E S S.

It was a wish devout. Can that want pardon?  
 But to confess it, speaks thy native candour.  
 Thy virtuous, thy ingenuous truth disdains  
 To hide a thought—

A D E L I Z A, *falling at her feet.*

Oh! can I hear this praise,  
 And not expire in blushes at thy feet?

## C O U N T E S S.

What means this passion?

A D E L I Z A.

Ah! recall thy words:

Thy Adeliza merits no encomium.

## C O U N T E S S.

Thou art too modest. Praise is due to truth.  
 Thou shouldst not seek it; nor should I withhold it.

A D E L I Z A.

For pity, spare me.—No, my honour'd mistress,  
 I merit not—oh! no, my guilty heart  
 Deserves thy frowns—I cannot speak—

\* Dr. Young relates that Mr. Addison, on his death-bed, spoke in this manner to his pupil lord Warwick.

C O U N T E S S.

## C O U N T E S S.

Be calm:

Thou know'st no guilt. Unfold thy lab'ring breast,  
Say, am not I thy friend? Me canst thou fear?

## A D E L I Z A.

Can I fear aught beside? fear aught but goodness?  
Has not thy lavish bounty cloth'd me, fed me?  
Hast thou not taught me virtue? Whom on earth  
But such a benefactress, such a friend,  
Can Adeliza fear? Alas! she knows  
No other friend! and christian fortitude  
Dreads not a foe.—Methinks I would have said  
That christian innocence—but shame restrain'd  
My conscious tongue—I am *not* innocent.

## C O U N T E S S.

Thou dearest orphan, to my bosom come,  
And vent thy little sorrows. Purity  
Like thine affrights itself with fancied guilt.  
I'll be thy confessor; and trust me, love,  
Thy penance will be light.

## A D E L I Z A.

In vain you cheer me.

Say, what is guilt, but to have known a thought  
I blush'd to tell thee? to have lent mine ear,  
For three long weeks, to sounds I did not wish  
My patroness should hear! Ah! when till now  
Have I not hoped thy presence, thought it long,  
If two whole days detain'd thee from our mats?  
When have I wept, but when thou hast refus'd  
To let thy Adeliza call thee mother?  
I know I was not worthy of such honour,  
Too splendid for a child of charity.  
I now am most unworthy! I, undone,

Have not desir'd thy presence; have not thought it  
 Long, if two days thou hast declin'd our mas.  
 Other discourse than thine has charm'd mine ear;  
 Nor dare I now presume to call thee mother!

## C O U N T E S S.

My lovely innocence, restrain thy tears.  
 I know thy secret; know, why beats and throbs  
 Thy little heart with unaccustom'd tumult.

## A D E L I Z A.

Impossible.—Oh! let me tell thee all—

## C O U N T E S S.

No; I will tell it thee. Thou hast convers'd  
 With a young knight—

## A D E L I Z A.

Amazement! Who inform'd thee?  
 Pent in her chamber, sickness has detain'd  
 Our abbess from the parlour. There I saw him,  
 Oft as he came alone.

## C O U N T E S S.

He talk'd of love;  
 And woo'd thee for his bride.

## A D E L I Z A.

He did.

## C O U N T E S S.

(Tis well: [*Afide.*  
 This is the stranger I beheld this morning.)  
 His father dead, he hastes to take possession  
 Of his paternal fortunes—Is't not so?

## A D E L I Z A.

He sorrows for a father—something too  
 He utter'd of a large inheritance  
 That should be his—In truth I mark'd it not.

C O U N T E S S.

## C O U N T E S S.

But when he spoke of love, thy very soul  
 Hung on his lips. Say, canst thou not repeat  
 Each word, each syllable? His accent too  
 Thou notedst: still it rings upon thine ear.  
 And then his eyes—they look'd such wondrous truth;  
 Art thou not sure he cannot have deceiv'd thee?

## A D E L I Z A.

Alas! my noble mistress, thou dost mock  
 Poor Adeliza—What can I reply?

## C O U N T E S S.

The truth. Thy words have ever held its language.  
 Say, dost thou love this stranger? Hast thou pledg'd  
 Thy faith to him?

## A D E L I Z A.

Angels forbid! What faith have I to give?  
 Can I dispose of aught without thy leave?

## C O U N T E S S.

Insinuating softness!—still thou turnest  
 Aside my question. Thou dost love this stranger.

## A D E L I Z A.

Yes, with such love as that I feel for thee.  
 His virtues I revere: his earnest words  
 Sound like the precepts of a tender parent:  
 And, next to thee, methinks I could obey him.

## C O U N T E S S.

Ay, as his wife.

## A D E L I Z A.

Oh! never. What, to lose him,  
 As thou thy Narbonne?

## C O U N T E S S.

Check not, Adeliza,

Thy

Thy undevelop'd passion. Should this stranger  
 Prove what my wish has form'd, and what his words  
 Report him, it would bless my woeful days  
 To see thee plac'd above the reach of want,  
 And distant from this residence of sorrow.

## A D E L I Z A.

What! wouldst thou send me from thee? Oh! for pity!  
 I cannot, will not leave thee. If thy goodness  
 Withdraw its bounty, at thy castle-gate  
 I'll wait, and beg those alms thy gracious hand  
 To none refuses. I shall see thee pass,  
 And, pass'd, will kiss thy footsteps—Wilt thou spurn me?  
 Well then, I'll die and bless thee.—Oh! this stranger!  
 'Tis he has done this; he has drawn thy anger  
 On thy poor ward!—I'll never see him more.

## C O U N T E S S.

Be calm, my lovely orphan! hush thy fears.  
 Heav'n knows how fondly, anxiously I love thee!  
 The stranger's not to blame. Myself will task him,  
 And know if he deserves thee. Now retire,  
 Nor slack thy duty to th' expiring faint.  
 A lover must not weigh against a friend.  
 And lo! where comes the friar. 'Twere not fit  
 He knew my purpose. Benedict, I fear,  
 Has views on this side heav'n.

[*Ex.* ADELIZA.]

## S C E N E III.

## C O U N T E S S, B E N E D I C T.

## B E N E D I C T.

The dew of grace

Rest on this dwelling!

## C O U N T E S S.

Thanks, my ghostly friend.

But sure, or I mistake, in your sad eye  
I spell affliction's signature. What woes  
Call for the scanty balm this hand can pour?

B E N E D I C T.

You, lady, and you only, need that balm.

C O U N T E S S.

To tutor my unapt and ill-school'd nature  
You come then—Good my confessor, a truce  
With doctrines and authority. If aught  
Can medicate a foul unbound like mine,  
Good deeds must operate the healthful change,  
And penance cleanse it to receive the blessing.  
Shall I for faith, shall I, for but believing  
What 'tis my int'rest to believe, efface  
The stains, which, tho' believing, I contracted?

B E N E D I C T.

Lady, your subtle wit, like daring infants,  
Sports with a weight will crush it—But no more.  
It is not mine to argue, but pronounce.  
The church, on rock of adamant establish'd,  
Now inch by inch disputes not its domain.  
Heav'n's law promulg'd, it rests obedience follow.  
And when supreme It taxes that obedience,  
Not at impracticable, vain perfection,  
But rates its prodigality of blessings  
At the slight credence of its pow'r to grant them;  
Shall man with stoic pride reject the boon,  
And cry, We will do more, we will deserve it\*?

C O U N T E S S.

Deserve it!—Oh! have all your fainted hosts,  
Your choirs of martyrs, or your clouds of cherubim,

\* We will do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

Portius in CATO.

Deserv'd to feel the transport but of hope?  
 Away; nor tell me of this holy juggle  
 'Twixt faith and conscience. Shall the latter roam.  
 Wasting and spoiling with a ruffian hand,  
 While her accomplice faith, wrapt up at home  
 In proud security of self-existence,  
 Thinks that existence shall absolve them both?

## B E N E D I C T.

'Twas not to war with words, so heav'n's my judge,  
 That your poor rated servant sought your presence.  
 I came with charitable friendly purpose  
 To soothe—But wherefore mitigate your griefs?  
 You mock my friendship, and miscall my zeal.  
 Since then to counsel, comfort, and reproof  
 Obdurate—learn the measure of your woes:  
 Learn, if the mother's fortitude can brave  
 The bolt the woman's arrogance defied.

## C O U N T E S S.

The mother! saidst thou?

## B E N E D I C T.

Yes, imperious dame:  
 Yes, 'twas no vision rais'd by dreams and fumes,  
 Begot 'twixt nightly fear and indigestion:  
 Nor was it artifice and pious fraud,  
 When but this morning I announc'd thy Edmund  
 Was number'd with the dead.

## C O U N T E S S.

Priest, mock me not!  
 Nor dally with a mother's apprehension.  
 Lives, or lives not, my son?

## B E N E D I C T.

Woman, heav'n mocks thee!

84 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

On Buda's plain thy slaughter'd Edmund lies.  
An unbeliever's weapon cleft his heart;  
But 'twas thy unbelief that pois'd the shaft,  
And sped its aim.

C O U N T E S S.

To heav'n's high will I bow me.  
Oh! may its joys be open to his soul,  
Tho' clos'd to mine for ever!

B E N E D I C T.

Then you lov'd him!

C O U N T E S S.

Lov'd him!—Oh! nature, bleeding at my heart,  
Hearest thou this? Lov'd him!—Ha! whither!—rage,  
Be dumb—Now listen, monk, nor dare reply  
Beyond my purpose. In the grave, thou say'st,  
My Edmund sleeps—How didst thou learn his fate?

B E N E D I C T.

No angel whisper'd it; no dæmon spoke it.  
Thou, by the self-same means I learn'd, may'st learn it.

C O U N T E S S.

Be brief.

B E N E D I C T.

Then—But what boots his life or death  
To a poor taunted friar?—Benedict,  
Leave this proud mistress of the fleeting hour,  
Ere the destroying angel's kindling brand  
Smokes in the tow'rs of Narbonne.

C O U N T E S S.

Hold! presumptuous!  
I am thy mistress yet: nor will I brook  
Such insolent reproof. Produce thy warrant,  
Affure my Edmund's death—or dread his vengeance!

Severely



Severely shall he question ev'ry throb  
His agonizing mother now endures.

B E N E D I C T.

My warrant is at hand. [Goes out, and returns with EDMUND.]

S C E N E IV.

COUNTESS, BENEDICT, EDMUND.

B E N E D I C T.

This gentleman  
Beheld thy Edmund breathless on the ground.

C O U N T E S S.

Hah! is this forcery? or is't my husband? [Swoons.]

E D M U N D.

Stand off, and let me clasp her in my arms!  
'The flame of filial fondness shall revive  
The lamp of life, repay the breath she gave,  
And waken all the mother in her soul.

B E N E D I C T.

Hah! who art thou then?

E D M U N D.

Do not my fears tell thee?  
Look up! O ever dear! behold thy son!  
It is thy Edmund's voice; blest, if thy eyes  
Awake to bless him.—Soft! her pulse returns;  
She breathes!—Oh! speak. Dear parent, mother, hear!  
'Tis Edmund.—Friar, wherefore is this horror?  
Am I then deadly to her eyes?—Dumb still!  
Speak, tho' it be to curse me.—I have kill'd her!  
My brain grows hot—

B E N E D I C T.

My lord, restrain your passion;  
See! she revives—

E D M U N D.

EDMUND.

Oh! if these lips, that quiver  
 With dread of thy disdain, have force to move thee  
 With nature's, duty's, or affection's voice,  
 Feel how I print thy hand with burning zeal,  
 Tho' tortur'd at this awful interval!  
 Art thou, or not, a mother?

COUNTESS.

Hah! where am I?  
 Why do you hold me? Was it not my Narbonne?  
 I saw him—on my soul I did.

EDMUND.

Alas!  
 She raves—Recall thy wand'ring apprehension—  
 It was no phantom: at thy feet behold—

COUNTESS.

Hah! whom? quick, answer—Narbonne, dost thou live?  
 Or comest to transport me to perdition?

BENEDICT.

Madam, behold your son: he kneels for pardon.  
 And I, I innocent, I ignorant  
 Of what he was, implore it too.

COUNTESS.

Distraction!  
 What means this complicated scene of horrors?  
 Why thus assail my splitting brain?—Be quick—  
 Art thou my husband wing'd from other orbs  
 To taunt my soul? What is this dubious form,  
 Impres'd with ev'ry feature I adore,  
 And ev'ry lineament I dread to look on?  
 Art thou my dead or living son?

EDMUND.

E D M U N D.

I am

Thy living Edmund. Let these scalding tears  
Attest th' existence of thy suff'ring son.

C O U N T E S S.

Ah! touch me not.

E D M U N D.

How?—In that cruel breast

Revive then all sensations, but affection?  
Why so ador'd the memory of the father,  
And so abhor'd the presence of the son?  
But now, and to thy eyes I seem'd my father—  
At least for that resemblance-sake embrace me.

C O U N T E S S.

Horror on horror! Blasted be thy tongue!  
What sounds are those?

B E N E D I C T.

Lady, tho' I excuse not

This young lord's disobedience, his contrition  
Bespeaks no rebel principle. I doubt not,  
Your blessing first obtain'd and gracious pardon,  
But soon as morning streaks the ruddy East,  
He will obey your pleasure, and return  
To stranger climes.

E D M U N D.

'Tis false; I will not hence.

I have been fool'd too long, too long been patient.  
Nor are my years so green as to endure  
The manacles of priests and nurseries.  
Am I not Narbonne's prince? Who shall rule here  
But Narbonne? Have I sapp'd my country's laws,  
Or play'd the tyrant? Who shall banish me?  
Am I a recreant knight? Has cowardice  
Disgrac'd the line of heroes I am sprung from?  
Shall I then skulk, hide my inglorious head?

Or does it please your worship's gravity  
 Dispatch me on some fleevelfs pilgrimage,  
 Like other noble fools, to win you empires;  
 While you at home mock our credulity,  
 The masters of our wealth, our states, and wives?

## C O U N T E S S.

*Aside.*] (Brave youth! there spoke his fire. How my soul yearns  
 To own its genuine offspring!)—Edmund, hear me!  
 Thou art my son, and I will prove a mother.  
 But I'm thy sovereign too. This state is mine.  
 Learn to command, by learning to obey.  
 Tho' frail my sex, I have a soul as masculine  
 As any of thy race. This very monk,  
 Lord as thou thinkest of my ductile conscience,  
 Quails—look if 'tis not true—when I command.  
 Retire thee to the village. 'Tis not ripe  
 As yet my purpose—Benedict, attend me.  
 To-morrow, Edmund, shalt thou learn my pleasure.

[*Ex.* COUNTESS and BENEDICT.

E D M U N D, *alone.*

Why, this *is* majesty. Sounds of such accent  
 Ne'er struck mine ear till now. Commanding sex!  
 Strength, courage, all our boasted attributes,  
 Want estimation; ev'n the preheminance  
 We vaunt in wisdom, seems a borrow'd ray,  
 When virtue deigns to speak with female organs.  
 Yes, O my mother, I *will* learn t'obey:  
 I *will* believe, that, harsh as thy decrees,  
 They wear the warrant of benign intention.  
 Make but the blooming Adeliza mine,  
 And bear, of me unquestion'd, Narbonne's sceptre;  
 Till life's expiring lamp by intervals  
 Throws but a fainter and a fainter flash,  
 And then relumes its wasted oil no more.

[*Exit.*

*End of the third Act.*

A C T

## ACT the FOURTH.

*The SCENE continues.*

BENEDICT, MARTIN.

MARTIN.

I KNOW thy spirit well; know how it labours,  
 When curb'd, and driv'n to wear the mask of art.  
 But till this hour I have not seen thy passions  
 Boil o'er the bounds of prudence. So impetuous,  
 And so reserv'd!

BENEDICT.

Mistake me not, good brother:

I want no confidence: I know thy faith.  
 But can I to thy naked eye unfold  
 What I dare scarce reveal to my own bosom?  
 I would not know one half that I suspect,  
 Till I have acted as if not suspecting.

MARTIN.

How, brother! thou a casuist! and apply  
 To thy own breast those damning subtleties,  
 Which cowards with half-winking consciences  
 Purchase of us, when they would sin secure,  
 And hope the penalty will all be ours!

BENEDICT.

Brother, this moment is too big with action  
 To waste on bootless curiosity.  
 When I try sins upon the touchstone conscience,  
 It is for others' use, not for my own.

90 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

'Tis time enough to make up our account,  
When we confess, and kneel for absolution.

M A R T I N.

Still does thy genius soar above mankind!  
How many fathers of our holy church  
In Benedict I view!

B E N E D I C T.

No flattery, brother.

'Tis true the church owes Benedict some thanks.  
For her, I have forgot I am a man.  
For her, each virtue from my breast I banish.  
No laws I know but her prosperity;  
No country, but her boundless acquisitions.  
Who dares be true to country, king or friend,  
If enemies to Rome, are Benedict's foes.

M A R T I N.

Has it then gone so far? Does she speak out?  
Is Edmund too infected with like errors?

B E N E D I C T.

Both, brother, both are thinking heretics.  
I could forgive them, did some upstart sect  
With sharper rigours charm their headlong zeal.  
But they, in sooth, must *reason*—Curfes light  
On the proud talent! 'twill at last undo us.  
When men are gorged with each absurdity  
Their subtle wits can frame, or we adopt;  
For very novelty they will fly to sense,  
And we shall fall before that idol, fashion.

M A R T I N.

Fear not a reign so transient. Statesmen too  
Will join to stem the torrent: or new follies  
Replace the old. Each chieftain that attacks us  
Must grow the pope of his own heresy.  
E'en stern philosophy, if once triumphant,

Shall

Shall frame some jargon, and exact obedience  
 To metaphysic nonsense worse than ours.  
 The church is but a specious name for empire,  
 And will exist wherever fools have fears.  
 Rome is no city; 'tis the human heart;  
 And there suffice it if we plant our banners.  
 Each priest cannot command—and thence come sects.  
 Obdurate Zeno and our great Augustine  
 Are of one faith, and differ but for power.

## B E N E D I C T.

So be it—Therefore interest bids us crush  
 This cockatrice and her egg: or we shall see  
 The singing faints of Savoy's neighb'ring vale  
 Fly to the covert of her shadowy wings,  
 And foil us at our own dexterity.  
 Already to those vagrants she inclines;  
 As if the rogues, that preach reform to others,  
 Like idiots, minded to reform themselves.

## M A R T I N.

Be cautious, brother: you may lose the lady.

## B E N E D I C T.

She is already lost—or ne'er was ours.  
 I cannot dupe, and therefore must destroy her:  
 Involve her house in ruin so prodigious,  
 That neither she nor Edmund may survive it.

## M A R T I N.

How may this be accomplish'd?

## B E N E D I C T.

Ask me not.  
 From hints long treasur'd up, from broken phrase  
 In phrensy dropp'd, but vibrating from truth:  
 Nay, from her caution to explain away

92 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

What the late tempest of her soul had utter'd,  
I guess her fatal secret—Or, no matter—  
Say, I do not—by what she has forbidden,  
I know what should be done.—Then haste thee, brother;  
Facilitate count Edmund's interview  
With Adeliza; nourish their young passion—  
Curse them—and if you can—why—join their hands.

MARTIN.

I tremble!

BENEDICT.

Daftard, tremble, if we fail.

What can we fear, when we have ruin'd them?

*(A deep-toned voice is heard.)*

Forbear!

BENEDICT.

Ha! whence that sound?

*(Voice again.)* Forbear!

BENEDICT.

Again!

Comes it from heav'n or hell?

*(Voice again.)* Forbear!

MARTIN.

Good angels,

Protect me!—Benedict, thy unholy purpose—

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

BENEDICT, MARTIN, ADELIZA, FRIARS.

[*A procession of friars chanting a funeral anthem, and followed by ADELIZA, advance slowly from a cloister at the end of the stage.*]

*The ANTHEM.*

Forbear! forbear! forbear!  
 The pious are heav'n's care.  
 Lamentations ill become us,  
 When the good are ravish'd from us.  
 The pangs of death but smoothe the way  
 To visions of eternal day.

B E N E D I C T.

[*Aside to MARTIN.*]

Now, man of aspin conscience! lo! the gods,  
 That sentence Benedict's unholy purpose!  
 Art thou a priest? Wast thou initiated  
 In each fond mummery that subdues the vulgar,  
 And standest thou appall'd at our own thunders?

M A R T I N.

Who trembled first? It was thy guilty conscience  
 That gave th' alarm to mine.

B E N E D I C T.

Peace, dotard, peace!

Nor when the lamb is nigh, must eagles wrangle.  
 Fair faint, give us to know why flow these tears;  
 Why sighs that gentle bosom; and why chant ye  
 That heav'n-invoking foul-dissolving dirge?

[*To ADELIZA.*]

A D E L I Z A.

Ah! holy father, art thou then to learn  
 The pious abbess is at peace? We go  
 To bear her parting blessing to the Countess.

B E N E D I C T.

## B E N E D I C T.

It must not be. Occasions of much import  
Engross her faculties. By me she wills you  
Restrain your steps within the cloister's pale,  
Nor grant access but to one stranger knight.

## A D E L I Z A.

Is't possible? Can my dear mistress bar  
Her faithful handmaid from her gracious presence?  
Shall I not pour my sorrows in her bosom,  
And moisten it with grief and gratitude?  
Two friends were all poor Adeliza's wealth.  
Lo! one is gone to plead the orphan's cause.  
My patroness, like Tobit's guardian spirit\*,  
Confirms my steps, and points to realms of glory.  
She will not quit me in this vale of bondage;  
She must be good, who teaches what is goodness.

## B E N E D I C T.

(Indeed! my pretty prattler!—Then am I  
As found a faint as e'er the rubric boasted.  
—Ha! 'tis the Countess—now for my obedience.)  
Young lady, much I marvel at these murmurs.  
Just sense and sober piety still dictate  
The Countess's commands. With truth I say it,  
My sins diminish, as I copy her.

[*Afide.*[*To ADELIZA.*

## S C E N E III.

COUNTESS, ADELIZA, BENEDEICT, MARTIN.

## C O U N T E S S.

What voices heard I? Does my rebel son  
Attempt against my peace?—Hah! Adeliza!

\* Alluding to a picture of Salvator Rosa, in which the story is thus told.

I charg'd—

I charg'd thee guard thy convent—wherefore then  
This disobedience?

B E N E D I C T.

Madam, I was urging  
The fitness of your orders; but vain youth  
Scoff'd my importunate rebuke.

A D E L I Z A.

Oh! no.

I am the thing you made me. Crush me, spurn me,  
I will not murmur. Should you bid me die,  
I know 'twere meant in kindness.

C O U N T E S S.

Bid *thee* die!

My own detested life but lingers round thee!  
Ha! what a glance was there! It spoke resemblance  
To all I hate, adore—My child, retire:  
I am much discompos'd—the good old abbess  
Claims thy attendance.

A D E L I Z A.

Mercy crown her foul!

She needs no duty we can pay her now.

C O U N T E S S.

How! art thou desolate? not a friend left  
To guard thy innocence?—Oh! wretched maid!  
Must thou be left to spoilers? or worse, worse,  
To the fierce onset of thy own dire passions?  
Oh! is it come to this?

A D E L I Z A.

My noble mistress,

Can Adeliza want a ministring angel,  
When shelter'd by thy wing?—Yet Benedict  
Says, I must shun this hospitable roof.  
Indeed I thought it hard.

## C O U N T E S S.

Did Benedict,  
Did he audacious dare forbid my child,  
My little orphan, to embrace her——Curfes  
Swell in my throat——Hence—or they fall on thee.

## A D E L I Z A.

Alas! for pity! how have I offended?

## B E N E D I C T.

Madam, it is the pupil of your care,  
Your favour'd child—

## C O U N T E S S.

Who told thee so? Be dumb  
For ever—What, art thou combin'd with Edmund,  
To dash me down the precipice? Churchman, I tell thee,  
I view it with impatience. I could leap  
And meet the furies—but must *she* fall with me?

## B E N E D I C T.

*Aside.*] (Yes, and thy Edmund too)—Be patient, lady:  
This fair domain, thou know'ft, acknowledges  
The sovereignty of the church. Thy rebel fon  
Dares not attempt—

## C O U N T E S S.

Again I bid thee peace.  
There is no question of lord Edmund. Leave us:  
I have to talk with her alone.

## B E N E D I C T.

[*Aside to MARTIN.*

(Now tremble

At voices supernatural; and forfeit  
The spoils the tempest throws into our lap.)

[*Ex.* BENELECT and MARTIN.

## S C E N E IV.

COUNTESS, ADELIZA.

C O U N T E S S.

Now, Adeliza, summon all thy courage.  
 Retrace my precepts past: nor let a tear  
 Profane a moment that's worth martyrdom.  
 Remember, patience is the christian's courage.  
 Stoics have bled, and demigods have died.  
 A christian's task is harder—'tis to suffer.

A D E L I Z A.

Alas! have I not learnt the bitter lesson?  
 Have I not borne *thy* woes? What is to come  
 Can tax my patience with a ruder trial?

C O U N T E S S.

Oh! yes, thou must do more. Adversity  
 Has various arrows. When the soul is steel'd  
 By meditation to encounter sorrow,  
 The foe of man shifts his artillery,  
 And drowns in luxury and careless softness  
 The breast he could not storm. Canst thou bear wealth,  
 And pleasure's melting couch? Thou hast known virtue  
 But at a scanty board. She has awak'd thee  
 To chilling vapours in the midnight vault,  
 And beckon'd thee to hardships, tears, and penance.  
 Wilt thou acknowledge the divine instructress,  
 When syren pleasures lap thee in delights?

A D E L I Z A.

If such the witchery that waits on guilt,  
 Why should I seek th' enchantress and her wiles?  
 The virgin veil shall guard my spotless hours,  
 Assure my peace, and saint me for hereafter.

VOL. I.

O

C O U N T E S S.

## C O U N T E S S.

It cannot be—  
 To Narbonne thou must bid a last adieu,  
 And with the stranger knight depart a bride.

## A D E L I Z A.

Unhappy me! too sure I have o'erburthen'd  
 Thy charity, if thou wouldst drive me from thee.  
 Refrain thy alms, dear lady. I have learnt  
 From our kind sister-hood the needle's art.  
 My needle and thy smiles will life support.  
 Pray let me bring my last embroidery;  
 'Tis all by my own hand. Indeed I meant it  
 For my kind lady's festival.

## C O U N T E S S.

Great justice!

Does this stroke pierce not deep enough? These tears,  
 Wrung from my vital fondness, scald they not  
 Worse than the living coal that fears the limbs?

## A D E L I Z A.

Alas! thou hearest not! What grief o'erwhelms thee?  
 Why darts thy eye into my inmost soul;  
 Then vacant, motionless, arrests its course,  
 And seems not to perceive what it reads there?  
 My much-lov'd patroness!

## C O U N T E S S.

O Adeliza,

Thy words now flake, and now augment my fever!  
 But oh! ere reason quits this lab'ring frame,  
 While I dare weep these tears of anguish o'er thee,  
 Unutterable, petrifying anguish!  
 Hear my last breath. Avoid the scorpion pleasure.  
 Death lurks beneath the velvet of his lip,

And

And but to think him over, is perdition!  
 —O retrospect of horror!—To the altar!  
 Haste, Adeliza,—vow thou wilt be wretched!

A D E L I Z A.

Dost thou then doom me to eternal sorrows?  
 Hast thou deceiv'd me? Is not virtue, happiness?

C O U N T E S S.

I know not that. I know that guilt is torture.

A D E L I Z A.

Sure pestilence has flapp'd his baleful wing,  
 And shed its poison o'er thy faintlike reason!  
 When thou so patient, holy, so resign'd,  
 Doubtest of virtue's health, of virtue's peace.  
 —But 'tis to try me—Look upon this relic:  
 'Twas the good abbess's bequest. 'Twill chase  
 The fiend that walks at twilight.

C O U N T E S S.

How she melts me!

What have I said?—My lovely innocence,  
 Thou art my only thought—Oh! wast thou form'd  
 The child of sin?—and dare I not embrace thee?  
 Must I with eager ecstasy gaze on thee,  
 Yet curse the hour that stamp'd thee with a being?

A D E L I Z A.

Alas! was I then born the child of sin?  
 Who were my parents? I will pray for them.

C O U N T E S S.

Oh! if the bolt must come, here let it strike me!

*[Flinging herself on the ground.]*

Nature! these feelings were thy gift. Thou knowest  
 How ill I can resist thy forceful impulse.

If these emotions are imputed to me,  
I have one sin I cannot yet repent of!

A D E L I Z A.

Oh! raise thee from the earth. Shall I behold thee  
Prostrate, embracing an unfriended beggar?  
Or dost thou mock me still? What is my lot?  
Wilt thou yet cherish me? Or do the great  
Exalt us but in sport, lend us a taste,  
A vision of enjoyment, and then dash us  
To poverty, more poignant by comparison?  
Sure *I* could never wanton with affliction!

C O U N T E S S.

Ah! canst thou doubt this conflict of the soul?  
Mock thee!—Oh! yes, there are such savage natures,  
That will deride thy woes—and thou must bear it—  
With foul reproach will gall thy spotless soul,  
And taunt thee with a crime past thy conceiving.  
Oh! 'tis to shield thee from this world of sorrows,  
That thou must fly, must wed, must never view  
The towers of Narbonne more; must never know  
The doom reserv'd for thy sad patroness!

A D E L I Z A.

Who threatens thy dear life? Recall thy son.  
His valiant arm will stem a host of foes,  
Replace thy lord, and woo thee to be happy.

C O U N T E S S.

Hah! little imp of darkness! dost thou wear  
That angel form to gird me with upbraidings?  
Fly, ere my rage forget distinction, nature,  
And make a medley of unheard-of crimes.  
Fly, ere it be too late—

A D E L I Z A.

For pity!

C O U N T E S S.



## C O U N T E S S.

Hence!

Pity would bid me stab thee, while the charm  
Of ignorance locks thee in its happy slumbers.

## A D E L I Z A.

Alas! she raves—I will call help.

[Exit.]

C O U N T E S S, *alone.*

[After a long pause, in which she looks tenderly after ADELIZA.]

She's gone.

—That pang, great God, was my last sacrifice!—  
Now recollect thyself, my soul! consummate  
The pomp of horror with tremendous coolness.  
'Tis fit that reason punish passion's crime.  
—Reason!—alas! 'tis one of my convulsions!  
Now it empow'rs me past myself; now leaves me  
Exhausted, spiritless, eyeing with despair  
The heights I cannot reach. Then madness comes,  
Imperial fool! and promises to waft me  
Beyond the grin of scorn——But who sits there,  
Supereminent?—'Tis conscience!——Phrensy shield me!  
I know the foe—See! see! he points his lance!  
He plunges it all flaming in my soul,  
And down I sink, lost in eternal anguish!

[Runs out.]

## S C E N E V.

## B E N E D I C T, A D E L I Z A.

## A D E L I Z A.

She is not here. Shall we not follow her?  
Such agonies of passion! Sure some dæmon  
Assaults her. Thou shalt pray by her. Indeed  
I tremble for her life.

B E N E D I C T.

## B E N E D I C T.

Thou know'st her not.

Her transport is fictitious. 'Tis the coinage  
Of avarice and caprice. Dost thou not see  
Her bounty wearies? While thy babbling years  
Wore the trick of novelty, thou wast her plaything.  
The charity of the great must be amus'd.  
Mere merit forfeits it; affliction kills it.  
The sick must jest and gambol to attract  
Their pity.—Come, I'll warrant, thou hast wept,  
And told her heav'n would register each ducat  
Her piety had spar'd to clothe and feed thee.  
Go to; thou hast estrang'd her; and she means  
To drive thee hence, lest thou upbraid her change.

## A D E L I Z A.

Upbraid my patroness! I! I upbraid her,  
Who see her now the angel that she will be!  
How knew I virtue, goodness, but from her?  
Her lessons taught me heav'n; her life reveal'd it.  
The wings of gratitude must bear me thither,  
Or I deserve not Paradise.

## B E N E D I C T.

Thou art young.

Thy novice ear imbibes each silver sound,  
And deems the music warbled all by truth.  
Grey hairs are not fool'd thus. I know this Countess:  
An errant heretic. She scoffs the church.  
When did her piety adorn our altars?  
What holy garments glisten with her gifts?  
The fabric of our convent threatens ruin—  
Does she repair it?—No. On lazy lepers,  
On soldiers maim'd and swearing from the wars  
She lavishes her wealth—But note it, young one;  
Her days are number'd; and thou shalt do wisely  
To quit her ere the measure is complete.

A D E L I Z A.

Alas! she bids me go. She bids me wed  
The stranger knight that woo'd me at our parlour.

B E N E D I C T.

And thou shalt take her at her word. Myself  
Will join your hands—And lo! in happy hour  
Who comes to meet her boon.

S C E N E VI.

E D M U N D, B E N E D I C T, A D E L I Z A.

E D M U N D.

In tears!—That cowl  
Shall not protect th' injurious tongue, that dares  
Insult thy innocence—for sure, thou dear one,  
Thou hast no sins to weep.

B E N E D I C T.

My gracious lord,  
Yourself and virgin coyness must be chidden,  
If my fair scholar wears the mien of sadness.  
'Tis but a blush that melts in modest showers.

E D M U N D.

Unriddle, priest. My soul is too impatient,  
To wait th' impertinence of flow'ry dialect.

B E N E D I C T.

Then briefly thus. The Countess wills me join  
Your hand with this fair maiden's—Now, my lord,  
Is my poor language nauseous?

E D M U N D.

Is it possible?

Doft

Dost thou consent, sweet passion of my soul?  
May I then clasp thee to my heart?

A D E L I Z A.

Forbear!

It must not be—Thou shalt not wed a beggar.

E D M U N D.

A beggar! Thou art riches, opulence.  
The flaming ruby and the dazzling di'mond,  
Set in the world's first diadem, could not add  
A ray to thy least charm—For pity, grant me  
To breathe my warmth into this marble hand.

A D E L I Z A.

Never!—This orphan, this abandon'd wanderer,  
Taunted with poverty, with shameful origin,  
Dower'd with no lot but scorn, shall ne'er bestow  
That, her sole portion, on a lordly husband.

B E N E D I C T.

My lord, the Countess is my gracious mistress:  
My duty bade me to report her words.  
It seems her charities circumscribe her wishes.  
This goodly maiden has full long experienc'd  
Her amplest bounty. Other piteous objects  
Call for her largesse. Lovely Adeliza  
Plac'd in your arms can never feel affliction.  
This the good Countess knows—

E D M U N D.

By my fire's soul  
I will not thank her. Has she dar'd to scorn thee,  
Thou beauteous excellence?—Then from this hour  
Thou art her equal. In her very presence  
I will espouse thee. Let us seek the proud one!  
—Nay, no resistance, love!

B E N E D I C T.

(By heav'n all's lost, [*Aside.*  
Should they meet now)—My lord, a word. The maiden [*Aside to EDMUND.*  
Is tutor'd to such awe, she ne'er will yield  
Consent, should but a frown dart from the Countess.  
But now, and she enjoin'd your marriage. Better  
Profit of that behest—

E D M U N D.

I tell thee, monk,  
My haughty soul will not—

B E N E D I C T.

Pray be advis'd.  
Heav'n knows how dear I tender your felicity.  
The chapel is few paces hence—Nay, lead her  
With gentle wooing, nor alarm her fears.  
Arriv'd there, I will speedily pronounce  
The solemn words—

E D M U N D.

Well, be it so. My fair one,  
This holy man advises well. To heaven  
We will address our vows, and ask its pleasure.  
Come, come; I will not be refus'd—

A D E L I Z A.

Yes, heav'n!  
To thee I fly; thou art my only refuge. [*Exeunt.*

*End of the fourth Act.*

## A C T the F I F T H.

*The SCENE continues.**Enter B E N E D I C T.*

**T**HE business is dispatch'd. Their hands are join'd.  
 The puling moppet struggled with her wishes;  
 Invok'd each saint to witness her refusal:  
 Nor heeded, tho' I swore their golden harps  
 Were tun'd to greet her hymeneal hour.  
 Th' impetuous count, fir'd with th' impure suggestion,  
 As if descending clouds had spread their pillows  
 To meet the pressure of his eager transports,  
 Would have forerun the rites. The maid, affrighted  
 At such tumultuous unaccustom'd onset,  
 Sunk lifeless on the pavement. Hastily  
 I mumbled o'er the spell that binds them fast,  
 Like an invenom'd robe, to scorch each other  
 With mutual ruin——Thus am I reveng'd.  
 Proud dame of Narbonne, lo! a bare-foot monk  
 Thus pays thy scorn, thus vindicates his altars.  
 Nor, while this woollen frock shall wrap our order,  
 Shall e'en the lili'd monarchs of our realm  
 Be plac'd so high, but a poor friar's knife\*  
 Shall fell their tow'ring grandeur to the earth,  
 Oft as they scant obedience to the church.

\* Alluding to the assassinations of Henry III. and IV.

S C E N E

## SCENE II.

BENEDICT, PORTER.

PORTER.

Ah! woe of woes! Good father, haste thee in,  
 And speak sweet words of comfort to our mistress.  
 Her brain is much disturb'd—I fear some spell,  
 Or naughty bev'rage—Will you not in and pray by her?  
 In sooth she needs your pray'rs.

BENEDICT.

She scorns my pray'rs.

[*Coldly.*]

PORTER.

Oh! no; but now she call'd for you. Pray seek her.

BENEDICT.

I can administer no comfort to her.

PORTER.

Yes, yes, you can. They say the foul fiend dreads  
 A scholar.—Tut, your holy wit can pose him,  
 Or bind him to the red waves of the ocean.  
 Oh! he afflicts her gentle spirit, and vomits  
 Strange menaces and terrible from her mouth!  
 Then he is fullen; gags her lab'ring lips,  
 And she replies not—

BENEDICT.

Goodman exorcist,

Thy pains are unavailing. Her sins press her.  
 Guilt has unhing'd her reason.

PORTER.

Befrew thy heart,

Thou dost asperse her. I know those are paid  
 For being fairs that—

B E N E D I C T.

Stop that tongue profane:  
 Thou art infected with her heresies.  
 "Judgments already have o'erta'en thy mistress.  
 "Thou at thy peril leave her to her fate."

P O R T E R.

"Father, belike there is a different heaven  
 "For learned clerks and such poor men as I am.  
 "Me it behoves to have such humble virtues  
 "As suit my simple calling. To my masters  
 "For raiment, food, for salary, and protection  
 "My honest heart owes gratitude. They took me  
 "From drudgery to guard their honour'd persons.  
 "Why am I call'd a man of worship? Why,  
 "As up the chancel I precede my lady,  
 "Do th' vassals of the castle, rang'd in rows,  
 "Bow e'en to Peter?—Why? but, by the rood,  
 "Because she plac'd this silver-garnish'd staff  
 "In Peter's hand. Why, but because this robe,  
 "Floating with seemly tufts, was her gift too.  
 "For honours of such note owe I not thanks?  
 "Were my life much to sacrifice for hers?"

B E N E D I C T.

"Peace with thy saucy lecture, or harangue  
 "Thy maudling fellows o'er the hall's dull embers  
 "With this thy gossiping morality."—  
 Now answer—Mentions she her son?

P O R T E R.

Ah me!  
 I had forgotten—this old brain—'Tis true,  
 'Tis very true—she raves upon her son,  
 And thinks he came in vision.

B E N E D I C T.



B E N E D I C T.

'Twas no vision.

P O R T E R.

How!—heav'nly fathers!

B E N E D I C T.

He has spoken with her.

P O R T E R.

And I not see him!—Go to; it could not be.  
How did he pass the gate?

B E N E D I C T.

I tell thee, Edmund,

Thy quondam master's son has seen his mother;  
Is but few paces hence.

P O R T E R.

Oh! joyous sounds!

Where is my noble lord?

B E N E D I C T.

Here—and undone.

## S C E N E III.

F L O R I A N, B E N E D I C T, P O R T E R.

F L O R I A N.

Sure the foul fogs, that hang in lazy clouds  
O'er yonder moat, infect the moping air,  
And steam with phrensy's melancholy fumes.  
But now and I met Edmund—With a voice  
Appall'd and hollow like a parricide's,  
He told me he was wedded. When I asked  
To see his bride, he groan'd, and said his joys  
Were blasted e'er accomplish'd. As he urg'd  
His suit, the maiden's tears and shrieks had struck

110 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

On his sick fancy like his mother's cries!  
 Th' idea writhing from his brain, had won  
 His eye-balls, and he thought he saw his mother!  
 —This ague of contagious bigotry  
 Has gain'd almost on me. Methinks yon monk  
 Might fell me with a chaplet.—Edmund left me  
 Abruptly—I must learn this mystery.

[To BENEDICT.]

[To PETER.]

Health to your rev'rence—Hah! my new acquaintance!  
 In tears, my good old friend! What, has the cricket  
 Chirp'd ominously?—Come, away with sorrow:  
 Joy marks this day its own.

P O R T E R.

A joyful day!

The twentieth of September!—Note it, fir,  
 Note it for th' uglieft of the calendar.  
 'Twas on this day—ay, this day sixteen years  
 The noble count came to his death!

F L O R I A N.

No matter.

Th' arrival of a nobler younger count  
 Shall mock prognostics past, and paint the year  
 With smiling white, fair fortune's fav'rite livery.  
 But tell me, father, tell me, has the Countess  
 Pardon'd her son's return? Has she receiv'd him  
 With th' overflowings of a mother's joy?  
 Smiles she upon his wishes?—As I enter'd  
 Methought I heard an hymeneal accent.  
 And yet, it seems, the favour of your countenance  
 Wears not the benediction of rejoicing.

[To BENEDICT.]

B E N E D I C T.

The Countess must unfold her book of fate.  
 I am not skill'd to read so dark a volume.

F L O R I A N.

Oracular as the Delphic god!—Good Peter,

Thy

Thy wit and mine are more upon a level.  
 Resolve me, has the Countess seen lord Edmund?  
 Say, did she frown and chide? or bathe his cheek  
 With tears as warm as leaping blood?

## P O R T E R.

Ah! master,

You seem too good to mock our misery.  
 A soldier causes woe, but seldom jeers it.  
 Or know'st thou not—(And sure 'twill pity thee!)  
 The gracious Countess, our kind lady—(Indeed  
 I trust they will return)—is strangely chang'd!

## F L O R I A N.

By my good sword, thou shalt unriddle, priest.  
 What means this tale? What mintage is at work  
 To coin delusion, that this fair domain  
 May become holy patrimony? Thus  
 Teach you our matrons to defraud their issue  
 By artificial fits and acted ravings?  
 I have beheld your juggles, heard your dreams.  
 Th' imposture shall be known. These sixteen years  
 Has my friend Edmund pin'd in banishment:  
 While masses, mumblings, goblins and processions  
 Usurp'd his heritage, and made of Narbonne  
 A theatre of holy interludes  
 And fainted frauds. But day darts on your spells.  
 Th' enlighten'd age eschews your vile deceits,  
 And truth shall do mankind and Edmund justice.

## B E N E D I C T.

Unhallow'd boy, I scorn thy contumely.  
 In camps and trenches vent thy lewd reproaches,  
 Blaspheming while ye tremble. Heav'n's true soldiers,  
 Endu'd with more than mortal courage, defy  
 Hosts numerous as the Pagan chivalry  
 Pour'd forth to crush the church's rising glories.

112 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

—But this is an enlighten'd age!—Behold  
The triumphs of your sect! to yonder plains  
Bend thy illumin'd eye! The Vaudois there,  
Writhing in flames, and quiv'ring at th' approach  
Of Rome's impending knife, attest the blessings  
Conferr'd on their instructed ignorance!

FLORIAN.

Monstrous! unparallel'd! Are cries and groans  
Of butcher'd conscientious men the hymns  
With which you chant the victories of the church?  
Do you afflict and laugh? stab and huzza?  
—But I am dallying with my own impatience—  
Where is this mother? I will tent her soul;  
And warn thee, if I find suggestion's whisper  
Has practis'd to the detriment of my friend,  
Thy caitiff life shall answer to my sword,  
Tho' shrin'd within the pillars of the Vatican.

BENEDICT.

Judge heaven betwixt us!  
If, ere the dews of night shall fall, thou see'st not  
The cup of wrath pour'd out, and triple woes  
O'ertake unheard-of crimes; call me false prophet,  
Renounce my gods, and join thee to the impious!  
Thou in thy turn, if truth lives on my lips,  
Tremble! repent!—behold! the hour approaches!

SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, FLORIAN, BENEDICT, PORTER.

COUNTESS.

I dare not shoot the gulf—Ha! Benedict!  
Thou art a priest, thy mission should be holy,  
If thou belie'st not heav'n—Quick, do thy work!  
If there is pow'r in pray'r, teach me some sounds

To

To charm my senses, lest my coward flesh  
 Recoil, and win the mastery o'er my will.  
 —'Tis not the wound; it is the consequence!  
 See! see! my Narbonne stands upon the brink,  
 And snatches from the readiest fury there  
 A blazing torch! he whirls it round my head,  
 And asks where are my children!

P O R T E R.

Split, my heart,

At this sad sight!

F L O R I A N.

Stand off! thou'rt an accomplice.

Madam, it was your morning's gracious pleasure  
 I should attend you. May I hope your pardon,  
 If I anticipate—

C O U N T E S S.

Ha! Who art thou?

F L O R I A N.

Have you forgot me, lady?

C O U N T E S S.

Memory

Is full. A head distract as mine can hold  
 Two only objects, guilt and eternity!

F L O R I A N.

No more of this. Time has abundant hours  
 For holy meditation. Nor have years  
 Trac'd such deep admonition on your cheek,  
 As call for sudden preparation.

C O U N T E S S.

Prayer

[Wildly.]

Can do no more: its efficacy lost—  
 What must be, must be soon—He will return.

VOL. I.

Q

F L O R I A N.

FLORIAN.

He is return'd, your son—have you not seen him?

COUNTESS.

Would I had never!

FLORIAN.

Come, this is too much.

This villainous monk has step'd 'twixt you and nature;  
And misreported of the noblest gentleman  
That treads on christian ground.—Are you a mother?  
Are legends dearer to you than your son?  
Think you 'tis piety to gorge these miscreants,  
And drive your child from your embrace?

COUNTESS.

Ye faints!

This was the dæmon prompted it—Avaunt!  
He beckons me—I will not—Lies my lord  
Not bleeding in the porch? I'll tear my hair  
And bathe his wounds.—Where's Beatrice!—monster! monster!  
She leads the dæmon—See! they spread the couch!  
No, I will perish with my Narbonne—Oh!  
My strength, my reason faint—darkness furrounds me!  
To-morrow?—Never will to-morrow come!  
Let me die here!

*[Sinks on a bench.]*

FLORIAN.

This is too much for art.

Chill damps fit on her brow: her pulse replies not.

BENEDICT.

No; 'tis fictitious all—'twas I inspir'd  
The horrors she has been so kind to utter  
At my suggestion.

FLORIAN.

That insulting sneer

Speaks more the devil than if thy words were serious.

Be her distraction counterfeit or real,  
Her sex demands compassion or assistance.  
But she revives!

C O U N T E S S.

Is death then past? My brain  
Beats not its wonted tempest—In the grave  
There is peace then!

F L O R I A N.

Her agony abates.  
Look up and view your friends.

C O U N T E S S.

Alas! I fear me,  
This is life still!—Am I not in my castle?  
Sure I should know this garden—Good old Peter!  
My honest servant, thou I see wilt never  
Quit thy poor mistress!—Kind old man, he weeps!

P O R T E R.

Indeed it is for joy—How fares my lady?

C O U N T E S S.

Exhausted, Peter, that I have not strength  
To be distracted—Hah! your looks betray  
Tremendous innuendoes!—Gracious heaven!  
Have I said aught—has wildness—Trust me, sirs,  
In these sad fits my unhing'd fancy wanders  
Beyond the compass of things possible.  
Sometimes an angel of excelling brightness  
I seem to whirl the orbs and launch the comet.  
Then hideous wings with forked points array me,  
And I suggest strange crimes to shuddering matrons—  
Sick fancy must be pardon'd.

B E N E D I C T.

(Artful woman!

Thou subtle emblem of thy sex, compos'd

[*Aside.*

116 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

Of madness and deceit—But since thy brain  
Has lost its poize, I will send those shall shake it  
Beyond recovery of its reeling bias.)

[Exit.

[COUNTESS makes a sign to PETER to retire.

S C E N E V.

COUNTESS, FLORIAN.

COUNTESS.

This interval is well—'tis thy last boon,  
Tremendous Providence! and I will use it  
As 'twere th' elixir of descending mercy:  
Not a drop shall be waste—accept my thanks!  
Preserve my reason! and preserve my child!  
—Stranger, thy years are green; perhaps may mock  
A woman's words, a mother's woe!—but honour,  
If I believe this garb, is thy profession.  
Hast thou not dealt in blood?—Then thou hast heard  
The dying groan, and sin's despairing accent.  
Struck it not on thy soul? Recall it, sir!  
What then was thy sensation, feel for me!

FLORIAN.

I shudder! listen, pity, and respect thee!

COUNTESS.

Resolve my anxious heart. Tho' vagrant pleasure,  
Th' ebriety of youth, and worse than passion,  
Example, lead thee to the strumpet vice;  
Say, if, beneath the waves of dissipation,  
The germ of virtue blossoms in thy soul.

FLORIAN.

A soldier's honour is his virtue. Gownmen  
Wear it for show, and barter it for gold,  
And have it still. A soldier and his honour  
Exist together, and together perish.



## C O U N T E S S.

I do believe thee. Thus my Narbonne thought.  
 Then hear me, child of honour! Canst thou cherish  
 Unblemish'd innocence? Wilt thou protect it?  
 Wilt thou observe its wand'rings? call it back,  
 Confine it to the path that leads to happiness?  
 Hast thou that genuine heroism of soul  
 To hug the little fondling sufferer,  
 When nestling in thy bosom, drown'd in blushes,  
 Nor cast her from thee, while a grinning world  
 Reviles her with a mother's foul misdeeds?

## F L O R I A N.

My arm is sworn to innocence distressed:  
 Point out the lovely mourner.

## C O U N T E S S.

'Tis enough.  
 Nor suffer th' ebbing moments more enquiry.  
 My orphan shall be thine—Nay, start not, fir,  
 Your loves are known to me. Wealth past th' ambition  
 Of Gallia's proudest baron shall endow her.  
 Within this casket is a monarch's ransom.  
 Ten thousand ducats more are lodg'd within.  
 All this is thine with Adeliza's hand.

## F L O R I A N.

With Adeliza!

## C O U N T E S S.

Ha! dost thou recoil?  
 Dost thou not love her?

## F L O R I A N.

I love Adeliza!  
 Lady, recall thy wand'ring memory.

## C O U N T E S S.

Dost thou reject her? and has hope beguil'd me

In this sad only moment? Hast thou dar'd  
 With ruffian insolence gaze on her sweetness,  
 And mark it for an hour of wanton dalliance?  
 Oh! I will guard my child, tho' gaping dæmons  
 Howl with impatience!

F L O R I A N.

Most rever'd of matrons,  
 Tho' youth and rosy joy flush on my cheek,  
 Tho' the licentious camp and rapine's holiday  
 Have been my school; deem not so reprobate  
 My morals, that my eye would note no distance  
 Between the harlot's glance and my friend's bride.

C O U N T E S S.

Thy friend! what friend?

F L O R I A N.

Lord Edmund—

C O U N T E S S.

What of him?

F L O R I A N.

Is Adeliza's lord—her wedded bridegroom.

C O U N T E S S.

Confusion! phrensy! Blast me, all ye furies!  
 Edmund and Adeliza! when? where? how?  
 Edmund wed Adeliza! Quick, unfay  
 The monstrous tale—Oh! prodigy of ruin!  
 Does my own son then boil with fiercer fires  
 Than scorch'd his impious mother's madding veins?  
 Did reason reassume its shatter'd throne,  
 But as spectators of this last of horrors?  
 Oh! let my dagger drink my heart's black blood,  
 And then present my hell-born progeny  
 With drops of kindred sin!—*that* were a torch  
 Fit to light up such loves! and fit to quench them!

F L O R I A N.

FLORIAN.

What means this agony? Didst thou not grant  
The maiden to his wishes?

COUNTESS.

Did I not couple  
Distinctions horrible? plan unnatural rites  
To grace my funeral pile, and meet the furies  
More innocent than those I leave behind me?

FLORIAN.

Amazement!—I will hasten——Grant, ye pow'rs!  
My speed be not too late!

[Exit.

COUNTESS.

Globe of the world,  
If thy frame split not with such crimes as these,  
It is immortal!

## S C E N E VI.

COUNTESS, EDMUND, ADELIZA.

[EDMUND and ADELIZA enter at the opposite door from which  
FLORIAN went out. They kneel to the COUNTESS.]

EDMUND.

Dear parent, look on us, and bless your children!

COUNTESS.

My children! Horror! horror! Yes, too sure  
Ye are my children!—Edmund, loose that hand;  
'Tis poison to thy soul!—Hell has no venom  
Like a child's touch!—Oh! agonizing thought!  
—Who made this marriage? whose unhallow'd breath  
Pronounc'd the incestuous sounds?

EDMUND.

E D M U N D.

Incest! good heavens!

C O U N T E S S.

Yes, thou devoted victim! let thy blood  
 Curdle to stone! perdition circumvents thee!  
 Lo! where this monster stands! thy mother! mistress!  
 The mother of thy daughter, sister, wife!  
 The pillar of accumulated horrors!  
 Hear! tremble!—and then marry, if thou darest!

E D M U N D.

Yes, I do tremble, tho' thy words are phrensy.  
 So black must be the passions that inspir'd it,  
 I shudder for thee! pitying duty shudders!

C O U N T E S S.

For me!—O Edmund, I have burst the bond  
 Of every tie.—When thou shalt know the crimes,  
 In which this fury did involve thy youth,  
 It will seem piety to curse me, Edmund!  
 Oh! impious night!—Hah! is not that my lord?  
 He shakes the curtains of the nuptial couch,  
 And starts to find a son there!

[Wildly.]

E D M U N D.

Gracious heaven!

Grant that these shocking images *be* raving!

A D E L I Z A.

Sweet lady, be compos'd—Indeed I thought  
 This marriage was thy will—But we will break it—  
 Benedict shall discharge us from our vows.

C O U N T E S S.

Thou gentle lamb, from a fell tyger sprung,  
 Unknowing half the miseries that await thee!

—Oh!

—Oh! they are innocent——Almighty pow'r!—

*[Kneels, but rises again hastily.]*

Ha! dare I pray? for others intercede?

I pray for them, the cause of all their woe!

—But for a moment give me leave, despair!

For a short interval lend me that reason

Thou gavest, heav'n, in vain!—It must be known

The fullness of my crime; or innocent these

May plunge them in new horrors. Not a word

Can 'scape me, but will do the work of thunder,

And blast those moments I regain from madness!——

Ye know how fondly my luxurious fancy

Doted upon my lord. For eighteen months

An embassy detain'd him from my bed.

A harbinger announc'd his near return.

Love dress'd his image to my longing thoughts

In all its warmest colours—but the morn,

In which impatience grew almost to sickness,

Presented him a bloody corpse before me.

I rav'd—The storm of disappointed passions

Affail'd my reason, fever'd all my blood.

Whether too warmly press'd, or too officious

To turn the torrent of my grief aside,

A damsel, that attended me, disclos'd

Thy suit, unhappy boy!

E D M U N D.

What is to come?

Shield me, ye gracious pow'rs, from my own thoughts!

My dreadful apprehension!

C O U N T E S S.

Give it scope!

Thou canst not harbour a foreboding thought

More dire, than I conceiv'd, I executed.

Guilt rush'd into my soul—my fancy saw thee

Thy father's image—

EDMUND.

Swallow th' accursed fount!

Nor dare to fay—

COUNTESS.

Yes, thou polluted fount!

Grief, disappointment, opportunity,  
Rais'd such a tumult in my madding blood,  
I took the damsel's place; and while thy arms  
Twin'd, to thy thinking, round another's waist,  
Hear, hell, and tremble!—thou didst clasp thy mother!

EDMUND.

Oh! execrable!

[ADELIZA faints.

COUNTESS.

Be that swoon eternal!

Nor let her know the rest—She is thy daughter,  
Fruit of that monstrous night!

EDMUND.

Infernal woman!

[Draws his dagger.

My dagger must repay a tale like this!  
Blood to distemper'd—No—I must not strike—  
I dare not punish what you dar'd commit.

COUNTESS.

[Seizing his dagger.

Give me the steel—my arm will not recoil.  
Thus, Edmund, I revenge thee!

[Stabs herself.

EDMUND.

Help! ho! help!

For both I tremble, dare not succour either!

COUNTESS.

Peace! and conceal our shame—Quick, frame some legend.  
They come!

SCENE

## S C E N E VII.

COUNTESS, EDMUND, ADELIZA, FLORIAN,  
BENEDICT, ATTENDANTS.

C O U N T E S S.

Affist the maid—An accident— [*They bear off ADELIZA.*  
By my own hand—Ha! Benedict!—But no!  
*I* must not turn accuser!

B E N E D I C T.

Mercy, heaven!

Who did this deed?

C O U N T E S S.

Myself.

B E N E D I C T.

What was the cause?

C O U N T E S S.

Follow me to yon gulph, and thou wilt know.  
*I* answer not to man.

B E N E D I C T.

Bethink thee, lady—

C O U N T E S S.

Thought ebbs apace—O Edmund, could a blessing  
Part from my lips, and not become a curse,  
*I* would—Poor Adeliza—'tis accomplish'd!

[*Dies.*

B E N E D I C T.

My lord, explain these horrors. Wherefore fell  
Your mother? and why faints your wife?

E D M U N D.

My wife!

Thou damning priest! *I* have no wife—thou know'st it—  
Thou gavest me indeed—No—rot my tongue

R 2

Ere

124 THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

Ere the dread sound escape it!—Bear away  
That hateful monk—

BENEDICT. [*As he goes out, to FLORIAN.*  
Who was the prophet now?

Remember me!

EDMUND.

O Florian, we must haste  
To where fell war assumes its ugliest form:  
I burn to rush on death!

FLORIAN.

I dare not ask;  
But stiffen'd with amazement I deplore—

EDMUND.

O tender friend! I must not violate  
Thy guiltless ear—Ha! 'tis my father calls!  
I dare not see him!

[*Wildly.*

FLORIAN.

Be compos'd, my lord,  
We are all your friends—

EDMUND.

Have I no kindred here?  
They will confound all friendship! interweave  
Such monstrous union—

FLORIAN.

Good my lord, resume  
Your wonted reason. Let us in and comfort  
Your gentle bride—

EDMUND.

Forbid it, all ye pow'rs!  
O Florian, bear her to the holy sisters.  
Say, 'twas my mother's will she take the veil.  
I never must behold her!—never more  
Review this theatre of monstrous guilt!  
No; to th' embattled foe I will present  
This hated form—and welcome be the sabre  
That leaves no atom of it undefac'd!

POSTSCRIPT.



# P O S T S C R I P T.

FROM the time that I first undertook the foregoing scenes, I never flattered myself that they would be proper to appear on the stage. The subject is so horrid, that I thought it would shock rather than give satisfaction to an audience. Still I found it so truly tragic in the two essential springs of terror and pity, that I could not resist the impulse of adapting it to the scene, though it should never be practicable to produce it there. I saw too that it would admit of great situations, of lofty characters, and of those sudden and unforeseen strokes, which have singular effect in operating a revolution in the passions, and in interesting the spectator. It was capable of furnishing, not only a contrast of characters, but a contrast of vice and virtue in the same character: and by laying the scene in what age and country I pleased, pictures of ancient manners might be drawn, and many allusions to historic events introduced to bring the action nearer to the imagination of the spectator. The moral resulting from the calamities attendant on an unbounded passion, even to the destruction of the criminal person's race, was obviously suited to the purpose and object of tragedy.

The subject is more truly horrid than even that of Oedipus: and yet I do not doubt but a Grecian poet would have made no scruple of exhibiting it on the theatre. Revolting as it is, a son assassinating his mother, as Orestes does, exceeds the guilt that appears in the foregoing scenes. As murder is the highest crime that a man can commit against his fellow beings, parricide is the deepest degree of murder. No age but has suffered such guilt to be represented on the stage. And yet I feel the disgust that must arise at the catastrophe of this piece; so much is our delicacy more apt to be shocked than our good-nature. Nor will it be an excuse that I thought the story founded on an event in real life.

I had heard, when very young, that a gentlewoman, under uncommon agonies of mind, had waited on archbishop Tillotson, and besought his counsel. Many years before, a damsel that served her, had acquainted her

that she was importuned by the gentlewoman's son to grant him a private meeting. The mother ordered the maiden to make the assignation, when, she said, she would discover herself, and reprimand him for his criminal passion: but being hurried away by a much more criminal passion herself, she kept the assignation without discovering herself. The fruit of this horrid artifice was a daughter, whom the gentlewoman caused to be educated very privately in the country: but proving very lovely, and being accidentally met by her father-brother, who had never had the slightest suspicion of the truth, he had fallen in love with and actually married her. The wretched guilty mother, learning what had happened, and distracted with the consequence of her crime, had now resorted to the archbishop to know in what manner she should act. The prelate charged her never to let her son and daughter know what had passed, as they were innocent of any criminal intention. For herself, he bade her almost despair.

Some time after I had finished the play on this ground-work, a gentleman to whom I had communicated it, accidentally discovered the origin of the tradition in the novels of the queen of Navarre, vol. 1. nov. 30. and to my great surprize I found a strange concurrence of circumstances between the story as there related, and as I had adapted it to my piece: for though I believed it to have happened in the reign of king William, I had, for a purpose mentioned below, thrown it back to the eve of the reformation; and the queen, it appears, dates the event in the reign of Louis XII. I had chosen Narbonne for the scene; the queen places it in Languedoc. These rencounters are of little importance; and perhaps curious to nobody but the author.

In order to make use of a canvas so shocking, it was necessary as much as possible to palliate the crime, and raise the character of the criminal. To attain the former end, I imagined the moment in which she had lost a beloved husband, when grief, disappointment, and a conflict of passions might be supposed to have thrown her reason off its guard, and exposed her to the danger under which she fell. Strange as the moment may seem for vice to have seized her, still it makes her less hateful, than if she had coolly meditated so foul a crime. I have endeavoured to make her very fondness for her husband in some measure the cause of her guilt.

But as that guilt could not be lessened without destroying the subject itself, I thought that her immediate horror and consequential repentance were essential towards effectuating her being suffered on the stage. Still more was necessary: the audience must be prejudiced in her favour; or an uniform sentiment of disgust would have been raised against the whole piece. For this reason I suppressed the story till the last scene; and bestowed every ornament of sense, unbogoted piety, and interesting contrition, on the character that was at last to raise universal indignation; in hopes that some degree of pity would linger in the breasts of the audience; and that a whole life of virtue and penance might in some measure atone for a moment, though a most odious moment, of a depraved imagination.

Some of my friends have thought that I have pushed the sublimity of sense and reason, in the character of the Countess, to too great a height, considering the dark and superstitious age in which she lived. They are of opinion that the excess of her repentance would have been more likely to have thrown her into the arms of enthusiasm. Perhaps it might—but I was willing to insinuate that virtue could and ought to leave more lasting stings in a mind conscious of having fallen; and that weak minds alone believe or feel that conscience is to be lulled asleep by the incantations of bigotry. However, to reconcile even the seeming inconsistency objected to, I have placed my fable at the dawn of the reformation; consequently the strength of mind in the Countess may be supposed to have borrowed aid from other sources, besides those she found in her own understanding.

Her character is certainly new, and the cast of the whole play unlike any other that I am acquainted with. The incidents seem to me to flow naturally from the situation; and with all the defects in the writing, of many of which I am conscious, and many more no doubt will be discovered, still I think, as a tragedy, its greatest fault is the horror which it must occasion in the audience; particularly in the fairer, more tender, and less criminal part of it.

It will be observed that, after the discovery of her son, the Countess is for some moments in every scene disordered in her understanding by the violent  
impression

impression of that interview, and from the guilt that is ever uppermost in her mind. Yet she is never quite mad—still less does she talk like Belvidera of

“Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber;”

which is not being mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage; or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head discomposed by misfortune is that of king Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had phrensy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet.

The villainy of Benedict was planned to divide the indignation of the audience, and to intercept some of it from the Countess. Nor will the blackness of his character appear extravagant, if we call to mind the crimes committed by catholic churchmen, when the reformation not only provoked their rage, but threatened them with total ruin.

I have said that terror and pity naturally arose from the subject, and that the moral is just. These are the merits of the story, not of the author. It is true also, that the rules laid down by the critics are strictly inherent in the piece—remark, I do not say, observed; for I had written above three acts before I had thought of, or set myself to observe those rules; and consequently it is no vanity to say that the three unities reign throughout the whole play. The time necessary is not above two or three hours longer than that of the representation; and at most does not require half of the four-and-twenty hours granted to poets by those their masters. The unity of place is but once shifted, and that merely from the platform without the castle to the garden within it, so that a single wall is the sole infringement of the second law—and for the third, unity of action, it is so entire, that not the smallest episode intervenes. Every scene tends to bring on the catastrophe, and the story is never interrupted or diverted from its course. The return of Edmund and his marriage necessarily produce the denouement.

If the critics are pleased with this conformity to their laws, I shall be glad they have that satisfaction. For my own part, I set little value on such merit, which was accidental, and is at best mechanic, and of a subordinate kind; and more apt to produce improbable situations than to remove them.

I wish I had no more to answer for in the faults of the piece, than I have merit to boast in the mechanism. I was desirous of striking a little out of the common road, and to introduce some novelty on our stage. Our genius and cast of thinking are very different from the French; and yet our theatre, which should represent manners, depends almost entirely at present on translations and copies from our neighbours. Enslaved as they are to rules and modes, still I do not doubt, but many both of their tragic and comic authors would be glad they dared to use the liberties that are secured to our stage. They are so cramped by the rigorous forms of composition, that they would think themselves greatly indemnified by an ampler latitude of thought. I have chalked out some paths that may be happily improved by better poets and men of more genius than I possess; and which may be introduced in subjects better calculated for action than the story I have chosen.

The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal in number to the great men we have produced in other walks. Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakespeare; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a placid pleasing kind of dignity in Rowe, and even shone in his *Jane Shore*. It trod in sublime and classic fetters in Cato, but void of nature, or the power of affecting the passions. In Southern it seemed a genuine ray of nature and Shakespeare; but falling on an age still more Hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragicomedies. It turned to tuneful nonsense in the *Mourning Bride*; grew stark mad in Lee; whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Young; yet in both was still a poet's cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton, who were afraid it should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timid, but amiable hand—and then it languished. We have not mounted again above the two last.



# FUGITIVE PIECES.

## E P I T A P H

*On the Cenotaph of Lady WALPOLE, erected in the Chapel of Henry VII.  
in Westminster-Abbey, in July, 1754.*

To the Memory

O F

Catherine Lady Walpole,

Eldest Daughter of JOHN SHORTER, Esq. of Bybrook in Kent,

A N D

First Wife of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, afterwards EARL of ORFORD,

Horace,

Her youngest Son,

Confecrates this MONUMENT.

She had beauty and wit

Without vice or vanity,

And cultivated the arts

Without affectation.

She was devout,

Though without bigotry to any sect ;

And was without prejudice to any party,

Though the Wife of a Minister,

Whose power She esteemed

But when She could employ it to benefit the miserable,

Or to reward the meritorious.

She loved a private life,

Though born to shine in public ;

And was an ornament to Courts,

\* Untainted by them.

She died AUGUST 20, 1737.

\* Mr. Pope said, " She was untainted by a Court."

A

S C H E M E

FOR RAISING A

Large Sum of Money for the Use of the Government,

By laying a TAX on

MESSAGE-CARDS and NOTES.

*First printed in N<sup>o</sup> II. of the Museum, April, 1746.*

To the Keeper of the MUSEUM.

S I R,

**A**S you have opened a *Museum* for literary *Curiosities*, I think the following paper may merit a place in your repository, which I ask it for upon the genuine foot of a *rarity*. The notion I have of a *Museum*, is an hospital for every thing that is *singular*; whether the thing have acquired singularity, from having escaped the rage of Time; from any natural oddness in itself; or from being so insignificant, that nobody ever thought it worth their while to produce any more of the same sort. Intrinsic value has little or no property in the merit of *curiosities*. Misers, though the most intense of all *collectors*, are never allowed to be *virtuosoes*, because guineas, dollars, ducats, &c. are too common to deserve the title of *rarities*; and unless one man could attain to the possession of the whole specie, he would never be said to have a fine *collection* of money. Neither \* sir Gilded Heathen, nor the late † princefs of Mildenheim, were ever esteemed *virtuosoes*. A ‡ physician

\* Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

† Duchefs of Marlboroughs

‡ Dr. Kennedy, who wrote on the coins of Carausius.

who



who lives in a garret, and does not get a guinea in a week, is more renowned for the possession of an illegible *Carausus*, than doctor Mithridate, who unloads his pocket every night of twenty or thirty new *Lima* guineas.

To instance in two sorts of things, which I said had pretensions to places in a *Museum*. If the learned world could be so happy as to discover a *Roman's* old shoe (provided that the *Literati* were agreed it were a shoe, and not a leathern casque, a drinking vessel, a balloting box, or an empress's head-attire), such shoe would immediately have the *entrée* into any collection in Europe; even though it appeared to be the shoe of the most vulgar artisan in Rome, and not to have belonged to any beau of classic memory. And the reason is plain; not that there is any intrinsic value in an old shoe, but because an old Roman shoe would be a *Unique*; a term which you, sir, who have erected a *Museum*, know perfectly well is a patent of *Antiquity*. Natural oddity is another kind of merit which I mentioned. Monstrous births, hermaphrodites, petrifications, &c. are all true members of a collection. A man perfectly virtuous might be laid up in a *Museum*, not for any intrinsic worth, but for being a *rarity*; and a *dealer* might honestly demand five hundred pounds for such a man of sir Hans Sloane or doctor Meade. A third sort (and I will not run into any more descriptions) are things become *rare* from their insignificance. Of this species was that noble collection of foolish tracts in the Harleian library, puritanical sermons, party pamphlets, voyages, &c. which being too stupid to be ever re-printed, grew valuable, as they grew scarce. So modern a thing as a queen Anne's farthing has risen to the dignity of a curiosity, merely because there were but a few of them struck. Some industrious artists, who would have the greatest scruple of counterfeiting the current coin of the kingdom, have been so blinded by the love of *virtù*, as to imitate these rare farthings, looking upon them solely as *curiosities*. I just mention this for the sake of those laborious medallists; because the present honourable attorney-general, though a very learned man, is no *antiquarian*, and might possibly be of an opinion, that those admirable copies would come under the penalties of the statute against clipping and coining.

But to come to my point. It is under this last denomination, sir, that I apply to you for a place in your *Museum*. A scheme for raising money may (as I fear the age is too obstinate in their luxury to suffer their follies to be taxed) be admitted into a *collection*, as well as some of those pieces which I  
mentioned

mentioned to have filled the Harleian shelves; especially as it will have a double title to a rarity. First, from never having been thought of by any other person; and secondly, as it will give posterity some light into the customs of the present age. It is this merit that has preserved the works of the elder Pliny, an author who in his own time, I suppose, was upon a little better foot than the editors of the Daily Advertisers, the Vade-Mecums, and the Magazines. We are glad to know now how much a luxurious Roman laid out on a supper, a slave or a villa, a mistress or a tame carp; how much Pompey expended on a public show; or to read the order of a procession. But though this author now elbows Virgil and Horace, and equally employs the spectacles of the Gronoviuses and the Hardouins, I am persuaded his works at Rome were never advanced above being read in the steward's parlour. But hereafter I expect, that Mr. \* Salmon, † Sylvanus Urban, and myself, shall be as good classics as Mr. Pope and Mr. Prior.

One of the latest and most accepted fashions is the *sending Cards and Notes*: a custom that might perhaps escape the knowledge of posterity, if you and I, sir, did not jointly transmit an account of it down to them. No business, that is no business, is now carried on in this great city, but by this expedient. How Congreve, Farquhar, and the comic writers of the last age would be chagrined, to find that half the wit of their plays is already obsolete! ‡ Foible and Archer are grown dull characters by the disuse of verbal messages. But thank heaven! the age has made great progress in literature, and all those fatal mistakes and irreparable quarrels that formerly happened in the polite world, by ladies trusting long messages to the faithless memory of servants, are now remedied by their giving themselves the trouble to transmit their commands to cards and paper; at once improving themselves in spelling, and adjusting the whole ceremonial of engagements, without the possibility of errors. Not to mention the great encouragement given to the stationary trade, by the large demands for crow-quills, paper, wafers, &c. commodities that are all the natural produce of this country.

I know a celebrated § legislator and reformer of manners, who not being so deeply read in the fashions as he is in the vices of the age, was unhappily

\* Author of A Modern History, The Chronological Diary, &c.

† The name assumed by the editor of The Gentleman's Magazine.

‡ Characters in The Way of the World, and Beaux Stratagem.

§ Mr. T. Carew.

drawn into a mistake by his ignorance of this custom. About two years ago, this gentleman had thoughts of enforcing and *letting out* the laws against gaming; and being very nice and exact in his method of proceeding, he was determined to lay before parliament, a calculation of the numbers of gamers, games, and circulation of money played for in the cities of London and Westminster. In order to this, he first went to an eminent card-maker, and enquired into the ebb and flow of his business; and with great secret satisfaction was informed, that the tradesman sold, upon a moderate computation, twenty dozen packs of cards in a week, more than he used to do a few years ago. The honest reformer was excessively pleased with his discovery; for a real zealot is never so happy as when he finds vice grown to so monstrous a height, that every body will allow it necessary to be regulated. But he was terribly puzzled when the card-maker told him, that at least two thirds of the number were *blank cards*, or cards without pips. To satisfy his surprize, he even ventured himself into a celebrated gaming-house at this end of the town; to find out in what game the libertines of this age had so far refined upon their ancestors, as to be able to practise with pipeless cards. In short, it was not till some time after, that he discovered that these *blank cards* were on purpose to write messages. He then exclaimed against the extravagance of our women, who would not condescend to use their old cards to write upon, but were at the expence of clean ones; but it was proved to him, that a woman of moderate fashion could not possibly have cards enough used at her house to serve her for messages, and that therefore it was cheaper to purchase blank cards, because, not being stamped, they pay no duty, and are consequently half in half cheaper to the consumer. For example; supposing a lady has but one assembly a month, to which she invites four hundred persons; many disappointing her, six persons belonging to each table, two or three sets playing with the same cards, and several not playing at all, we may reckon that she never has above ten tables, to which allowing two packs, she, at that rate, can use but twenty packs a month: now I shall easily make it appear, that *that* number cannot supply her with decent materials for messages. For instance,

20 packs at 52 cards per pack . . . . . 1040.

Now she must send cards to invite all these people, which will employ four hundred of the thousand and odd; and allowing her to send but twenty private messages every morning, in howd'ye's, appointments, disappointments,

&c. and to make but ten visits every *night* before she settles for the *evening*, at each of which she must leave her name on a card, the account will stand thus :

|                                      |   |   |   |            |
|--------------------------------------|---|---|---|------------|
| Messages to 400 people               | - | - | - | 400        |
| 20 Messages a day, will be per month | - | - | - | 560        |
| 10 Visits a night, will be per month | - | - | - | 280        |
|                                      |   |   |   | Total 1240 |

Which, without including extraordinary occasions, as a quarrel, with all its train of consequences, explanations, cessation of hostilities, renewal of civilities, &c. makes her debtor to two hundred cards more than she is creditor for. I know it may be objected, that a good œconomist will cut one card into three names ; but if she lives in a good part of the town, and chooses to insert the place of her abode under her name, that will be impossible. Before I quit this article of leaving one's name, I must mention a story of a Frenchman, from whose nation we are said to borrow this custom, who being very devout and very well bred, went to hear mass at the church of a particular saint in Paris ; but some reparations being making to the church, which prevented the celebration of divine service, the gentleman, to show he had not been wanting in his duty, left his name on a card for the saint on his altar.

I shall now proceed to acquaint you with my scheme, which is, to lay a tax on *cards* and *notes* ; the latter of which are only a more voluminous kind of *cards*, and more sacred ; because a footman is allowed to read the former, but is depended upon for never opening the latter. Indeed, if the parti-coloured gentry's honour were not to be trusted, what fatal accidents might arise ! for there is not a young lady in London under five-and-twenty, who does not transact all her most important concerns in this way. She does not fall in love, she does not change her lover or her fan, her party or her stay-maker, but she notifies it to twenty particular friends by a *note* ; nay, she even enquires or trusts by note where the only good lavender-water in town is to be sold. I cannot help mentioning to the honour of these fair virgins, that after the fatal day of Fontenoy, they all wrote their notes on Indian paper, which being red, when inscribed with Japan ink, made a melancholy military kind of elegy on the brave youths who occasioned the fashion, and were often the honourable subject of the epistle.

I think the lowest computations make the inhabitants of this great metropolis to be eight hundred thousand. I will be so very moderate as to suppose that not above twenty thousand of these are obliged to *send cards*, because I really have not yet heard that this fashion has spread much among the lower sort of people; at least I know, that my own fishmonger's wife was extremely surpris'd last week at receiving an invitation to an assembly at Billingsgate, written on a very dirty queen of clubs. Therefore, as it is the indispensable duty of a legislature to impose taxes where they will fall the lightest, nobody will dispute the gentleness of this duty, which I would not have exceed one penny per *card*. I shall recur to my former computation of a lady's sending 1240 *cards* per month, or 16,120 per annum, which multiplied by 20,000, and reduced to pounds sterling, fixes the produce of the duty at £.1,343,333 6s. 8d. a year for the cities of London and Westminster only. But should this appear too enormous a sum to be thrown into the scale of ministerial influence, I beg it may be considered that for near four months in the year this tax will produce little or nothing, by the dispersion of the nobility and gentry, and the disuse of visits and assemblies; and I cannot think that what may be raised by this tax in all the rest of the kingdom, will replace the deficiency of one third which may fail in the capital.

I have not reckoned notes, because it will be time enough to consider them when the bill is brought in, as well as to what province of the great officers of the crown this duty shall belong. Whether the sum of a penny may bring it under the inspection of the tribunal in Lombard-street, or whether the business negotiated may not subject it to the lord chamberlain's office: for as to the groom-porter, the claim which I foresee he will put in under the notion of transactions with cards, I think it will be of no weight. A friend of mine, to whom I communicated my scheme, was of opinion, that wherever the duty was collected, the office would be a court of record; because, as I propose that all engagements should be registered, it would be an easy matter to compile a diary of a lady of quality's whole life. One caveat I must put in, which is, that the tax being to be laid chiefly on people of fashion, it may not be allowed to members of either house to frank their wives' *cards*, which would almost entirely annihilate this supply for the service of the government.

I propose too, that printed *cards* (a late improvement) should be liable to the stamp-duties; for though this practice has not hitherto made great progress, yet such industry is used to evade acts of parliament, that I am persuaded we should no longer hear of written cards, though the greater part of the card must necessarily be left blank to insert the name and quality of the person invited, the day appointed, and the business to be performed.

The most of a *message card* that ever I have seen printed was as follows:

“*Lady M. M. or N. N’s-----to-----and-----she  
-----of-----company on-----to-----.*”

I shall add two other cards with these blanks filled up, to shew that the rest of the message cannot be certain enough to be left to the printer.

“*Lady M. M. or N. N’s humble service to her grace the duchess of T. and begs the honour of her company on Monday five weeks to drink tea.*”

“*Lady M. M. or N. N’s compliments to Mrs. B. and desires the favour of her company to-morrow to play at whist.*”

I have a secret satisfaction in thinking how popular I shall be with the gentlemen of the upper gallery, who, by this establishment of posts for *cards* and *notes*, will get all their mornings to themselves, and have time to dress themselves for the play, or even to read the play on which they are to pass their judgment in the evening. Indeed this toil of theirs has already been somewhat abridged by the indefatigable care and generosity of that learned and exact lady, the lady *Northriding*, who introduced the use of visiting maps: every lady has now a particular map of her own visits, accurately engraved for a trifling expence, and can send her cards, or bid her coachman drive methodically to all her acquaintance, who, by this invention, are distributed into squares, parishes, hundreds, &c.

I do not know how far it may be necessary to license the *cards* of foreign ministers; but as those illustrious personages pretty steadily adhere to the dignity of their character, and do not frequently let themselves down to

divert the natives of the country, if my poor assistance should be required by the legislature in drawing up the bill, I should not be against granting this immunity to the representatives of so many great monarchs and princes. But I am entirely against any other exceptions, unless of some fair and noble ladies, who I hear intend to give balls on the approaching birth-day of the \* *Royal Youth*, who has so gloriously delivered his country and beauteous countrywomen from their apprehensions of a race of barbarous mountaineers; and who is now extirpating rebellion in the very heart of those inhospitable mountains.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DESCARTES.

\* The duke of Cumberland.





## ADVERTISEMENT\*.

*This Day is published, in Ten Volumes in Folio,*

T H E

## HISTORY OF GOOD-BREEDING,

F R O M T H E

C R E A T I O N O F T H E W O R L D,

T O T H E

P R E S E N T T I M E S :

As set forth in

F O R M S · A N D C E R E M O N I E S.

And appointed to be used in

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*At her Feet he bowed.*      JUDGES, chap. v. ver. 27.

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DUBLIN, Printed; LONDON, Re-printed;

For † CLEMENT QUOTEHERALD, at the Sign of *Champion Dimock*, in *Ave-Maria-Lane*.

\* Published in number V. of the *Museum*,  
May, 1746.

† Sir Clement Cotterel was master of the  
ceremonies.



## TABLE OF THE CONTENTS.

## B O O K I.

## C H A P. I.

*O*F Good Breeding in general. *Its Use and Abuse.*

## C H A P. II.

*Of Ceremonies : Why some are abolished, and some retained.*

## C H A P. III.

*Of their Origin and Antiquity.*

## C H A P. IV.

*Of Brutality : Why sometimes taken for Wit. Some Endeavours to prove, that Bluntness and Beastliness are no Marks of Courage.*

## C H A P. V.

*A critical Enquiry, whether the Black Prince discouraged all Good Breeding, except when in actual War with France.*

## C H A P. VI.

*Origin of Curt'sies : Eve's to her Shadow in a Fountain.*

## C H A P. VII.

*Institution of Duchesses ; the Serpent calling Eve, Your Grace.*

## C H A P. VIII.

*A Digression on illegitimate Princes ; and why they contract all the Dignity of the Father, and none of the Baseness of the Mother.*

## C H A P. IX.

*Enquiry whether Adam called Eve, Madam, or My Dear, before Company : The latter Opinion condemned by the Council of Nice.*

C H A P.

## C H A P. X.

*Which went first out of the Door of Paradise, Adam or Eve.*

## B O O K II.

## C H A P. I.

*A Description of Noah's living en Famille in the Ark. Some Reflections on his Wife for not washing her Face and Hands, though they had such Plenty of Water. A severe Censure on married Folks, who break Wind before one another.*

## C H A P. II.

*Origin of Visits. The Queen of Sheba's to Solomon. Quære, If ever he returned it.*

## C H A P. III.

*The Invention of Bows ascribed to Semiramis, by Herodotus.*

## C H A P. IV.

*On Duels. The Practice defended: Highly commendable to take away a Man's Life for treading on your Toe, even by Accident. Challenges may be refused by Crowned Heads; or from any Inferior. More honourable to be beat by one that is no Gentleman, than to fight him.*

## C H A P. V.

*Rules when to take or give the Wall; and when to give or take a Box on the Ear.*

## C H A P. VI.

*Compliments no Lies. Whether it is lawful to be denied; St. Austin thinks not. Porters excommunicated by Pope Pius.*

## C H A P. VII.

*On the Folly of being well-bred to Persons in Want or Affliction.*

## C H A P. VIII.

*Nothing so ill-bred, as to persist in any thing that is out of fashion. Taste and Fashion synonymous Terms.*

## C H A P. IX.

*Good Breeding different in different Ages: For instance, Formality and Punctilio the Height of Good Breeding in Queen Anne's Reign; a Dissolution of all Civility in King George's.*

## B O O K III.

## C H A P. I.

*The Nature and End of Dancing. The Duty of it proved from the Example of King David, and others. What Persons are qualified to give Balls.*

## C H A P. II, III, IV, V, and VI.

*Rules to be observed at Balls: and in general, at all public Meetings.*

## C H A P. VII.

*Dissertation on School-Mistresses. By whom first incorporated.*

## C H A P. VIII.

*Whether Superiors, or Inferiors, are to bow and curtsey first. Whether a Knight's Wife may take any thing ill of a Duchess; and how impertinent any Peerefs may be. At what Age a handsome Woman should grow civil; and at what Age they have been known to grow so.*

## C H A P. IX.

*On what Occasions it may be civil to be rude to Women: When well-bred to talk Bawdy: Whether Bishops should at Christenings. With many other curious Particulars, on Marriages, Maidenheads, Widows, Hoops, Fans, Wigs, Snuff-boxes, Entertainments, &c. As also Directions for forgetting one's Friends, &c. &c. To which is annexed, a curious Sermon of Bishop Latimer against selling Bargains.*

## The W O R L D\*.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

NUMB. VI. *Thursday, February 8, 1753.*

To Mr. F I T Z - A D A M.

† *Totum mundum agit histrio.*

S I R,

AS you have chosen the whole world for your province, one may reasonably suppose, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the theatre. Most of your predecessors have bestowed their favourite pains upon it: the learned and the critics (generally two very distinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to decide a question which seems to me so impossible to be determined, as which have most merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or such as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and customs. The only preference that I shall pretend to give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome, relates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the daily progress we make towards *nature*. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether ‡ Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furnished

\* A periodical paper, undertaken by Mr. E. Moore, author of several plays and poems. The World has been re-printed in six volumes, 12mo.

† The play-house motto reversed: "Totus mundus agit histriorem."

‡ In Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

by

by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick ; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor ; and having perceived that art was become so perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water\*.

I know there are persons of a systematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you, that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and were in raptures last year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice : the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the time approaching, when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama : the inimitable serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous ostrich in the Sorcerer, shall be replaced by real monsters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly escaped being damned, on my lady Maxim's observing very judiciously, *That the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not smell at all like one.*

When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who essayed to introduce a taste for real nature in his *Cæsar in Egypt*, and treated the audience with real—not swans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original geniuses, was treated ill by a barbarous age : yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how, much about that æra, the great Senefino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydracæ, so far forgot himself in the heat of conquest, as to stick his sword into one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach ; a puerility so renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

\* In the pantomime of the Genii.

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading short, as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore, he fell prostrate, and lay for some time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his side. In the present state of things, the worst that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the stage, I shall observe that this pursuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one should least expect to meet it, in our fashions. The fair part of the creation are shedding all covering of the head, display their unveiled charming tresses, and, if I may say so, are daily *moulting* the rest of their clothes. What lovely fall of shoulders, what ivory necks, what snowy breasts in all the pride of nature, are continually divested of art and ornament!

In gardening, the same love of nature prevails. Cleft hedges, avenues, regular platforms, straight canals, have been for some time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent \*, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation; but, like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinsel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a sect he pushed his discipline to the deformity of holiness: not content with banishing symmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemishes, and planted † dead trees and mole-hills, in opposition to parterres and quincunxes.

The last branch of our fashions into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts;—a subject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this

\* Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love. POPE.

† In Kensington garden, and Carlton garden.



paper, as I see them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the whole table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or \* seas of silver tissue; and at length the whole system of Ovid's metamorphosis succeeded to all the transformations which † Chloe and other great professors had introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china-shops were the only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their house-keeper.— At last even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and if the present taste continues, Rybrack and other neglected statuaries, who might have adorned Grecian salons, though not Grecian desserts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated ‡ confectioner (so the architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: “*Imaginez-vous, said he, que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!*”

I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in desserts, in which foreigners have surpassed any thing yet performed in this sumptuous island. The former was a duke of Wirtemberg, who, so long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a dessert, in which was a representation of mount Ætna, which vomited out real fireworks over the heads of the com-

\* The French ambassador, the duke de Mirepoix, gave a dessert in which was the story of Perseus and Andromeda; the sea was silver tissue covered with barley-sugar.

† A famous French cook, who lived with the duke of Newcastle.

‡ Lord Albemarle's.

pany during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gascony, who on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, among many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a deffert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moving by clockwork, of the whole labour of the dauphines and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JULIO.

The

## The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

NUMB. VIII. *Thursday, February 22, 1753.**Date obolum Belisario.*

A Philosopher, as I am, who contemplates the world with serious reflection, will be struck with nothing in it more than its vicissitudes. If he has lived any time, he must have had ample opportunities of exercising his meditation on the vanity of all sublunary conditions. The change of empires, the fall of ministers, the exaltation of obscure persons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the first passages in history which made an impression upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionysius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach school at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cause of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppression, and to be taught to know one's self), I could not help feeling that sort of superstitious pity which attends royalty in distress. Who ever perused the stories of Edward the second, Richard the second, or Charles the first, but forgot their excesses, and sighed for their catastrophe? In this free-spirited island there are not more hands ready to punish tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common case: we are Romans in resisting oppression, very women in lamenting oppressors!

If (and I think it cannot be contested) there is generosity in these sensations, ought we not doubly to feel such emotions, in cases where regal virtue is become the sport of fortune? This island ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty, as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an asylum for the martyrs of so bad a cause, Britain ought to shelter such princes as have been victims for liberty—whenever so great a curiosity is seen, as a prince contending on the honest side.

How must I blush then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch, an unhappy monarch! now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city!—a monarch, whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is THEODORE king of Corsica! a man, whose claim to royalty is as indisputable as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects: the only kind of title allowed in the excellent *gothic* constitutions, from whence we derive our own; the same kind of title which endears the present royal family to Englishmen; and the only kind of title against which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince (on whose history I shall not at present enlarge), after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscarried, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or solicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown. At last, when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement—not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corsicans. Here for some months he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown, than Charles the fifth, Casimir of Poland, or any of those visionaries, who wantonly resigned theirs to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiets, of a cloister. THEODORE, though resigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almost lifted our James the second to the supreme honour of monkish sainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his

courtiers at St. Germain, he wished for a speedy peace between France and Great Britain; “for then,” said he, “we shall get English horses easily.”

The veracity of an historian obliges me not to disguise the bad situation of his Corsican majesty’s revenue, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King’s-Bench: and so cruelly has Fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of parliament he was examined before a committee of the house of commons, on the hardships to which the prisoners in that gaol had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor could not continue to supply an establishment, which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excises, no lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king, to grant him its protection and compassion. If political reasons forbid the open espousal of his cause, pity commands the assistance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at present that our gallant youth should offer themselves as volunteers in his service, nor do I expect to have a small fleet fitted out at the expence of particular persons to convey him and his hopes to Corfica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raising a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age, nor would Asiatic monarchs have blushed to receive a tribute from the united efforts of genius and art. Let it be said, that the same humane and polite age raised a monument to Shakespeare, a fortune for Milton’s \* grand-daughter, and a subsidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute

\* *Comus* was acted at Drury-lane, April 5, 1750, for the benefit of Mrs. Foster, Milton’s only surviving descendant.

their parts. The incomparable actor who so exquisitely touches the passions and distresses of self-dethroned Lear (a play which from some similitude of circumstances I should recommend for the benefit) will, I dare to say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Louis le Grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's-Bench as renowned for Garrick's generosity to king THEODORE, as the Savoy is for Edward the third's treatment of king John of France!

In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty is opened at Tully's head in Pall-mall, where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay their contributions to Robert Doddsley, who is appointed high-treasurer and grand-librarian of the island of Corsica for life—posts, which, give me leave to say, Mr. Doddsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles:

A bookfeller of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,  
Would not have been lord treas'rer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee that the partisans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed small and inconsiderable; yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their conviction. Let them but consider, that though THEODORE had such a flaw (in their estimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn king THEODORE'S cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded\* sir Robert Filmer:—at the same

\* Author of the Patriarchal Scheme, refuted by Mr. Locke.

time declaring by my censorial authority all persons Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica: and I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of king William to see my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to set an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

*N. B.* Two pieces of king THEODORE's coin\*, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high-treasurer aforesaid, and will be shown by the proper officer of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's head above mentioned. They are very great curiosities, and not to be met with in the most celebrated collections in this kingdom.

\* These coins are rudely executed on copper. The legend round the reverse seems to have been, RE PER IL BONO PUBLICO. The other piece is the half of this.



*As a SUPPLEMENT to the foregoing Paper, the following Particulars will not be improper.*

**T**HEODORE ANTONY BARON NEWHOFF, more remarkable for being the only one of his profession [of adventurers] who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corsica, was born at Metz about the year 1696, and after a variety of intrigues, scrapes, and escapes, in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and lost a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1737. I saw him soon after his last arrival: he was a comely middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity, which he acted in the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the lowest shifts of his industry: an instance of the former appeared during his last residence at Florence, where being reduced to extreme poverty, some English gentlemen made a collection for and carried to him. Being apprised of their coming, and having only one chamber in a little miserable lodging, he squeezed his bed to one side, and placed a chair under the canopy, where he sat to receive the charity.

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for some time received benefactions from the earl of Granville, the countess of Yarmouth, and others, and after being arrested, some merchants in the city promoted a subscription for him; but he played so many tricks, and counterfeited so many bonds and debts, that they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when the preceding paper was published for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raised by it and sent to his prison: he pretended to be much disappointed at not receiving more: his debts, he said, amounted to £.1500. He sent in a few days to Mr. Doddsley, the publisher of *The World*, to desire the subscription might be opened again; which being denied, he sent a lawyer to Mr. Doddsley to threaten to prosecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented several contributions.—

“*Precibusque minas Regaliter addit.*”

OVID.



In May 1756, this extraordinary event happened: THEODORE, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the act of insolvency, and printed the following petition in the Public Advertiser:

“ *An Address to the Nobility and Gentry of Great-Britain, in the Behalf of*  
THEODORE BARON DE NEWHOFF:

THE baron through a long imprisonment being reduced to very great extremities, his case is earnestly recommended for a contribution to be raised, to enable him to return to his own country, having obtained his liberty by the late act of parliament. In the late war in Italy the baron gave manifest proofs of his affection for England; and as the motives of his coming here are so well known, it is hoped all true friends to freedom will be excited to assist a brave though unfortunate man, who wishes to have an opportunity of testifying his gratitude to the British nation.

Those who are pleased to contribute on this occasion, are desired to deposit their benefactions in the hands of sir Charles Asgill, alderman, and company, bankers in Lombard-street, or with messieurs Campbell and Coutts, bankers in the Strand.”

THEODORE however remained in the liberties of the Fleet till December 1756, when taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portuguese minister's in Audley-street; but not finding him at home, the baron prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a taylor's in Chapel-street, Soho, who having formerly known him, and pitying his distress, harboured him in his house. THEODORE fell ill there the next day, and, dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of saint Anne in that parish.

A strong peculiarity of circumstances accompanied him to the last: his manner of obtaining his liberty was not so extraordinary as what attended *it*. Going to Guild-hall to demand the benefit of the act, he was asked, “What effects he had?” He answered, “Nothing but the kingdom of Corfica.” It was accordingly registered for the benefit of his creditors.

So singular a destiny was thought worthy of a memorial, that might point out the chief adventures and even the place of interment of this remarkable personage.

perfonage. The author of this memoir erected a marble near his grave, with a crown, taken from one of his coins, and with this infcription:

Near this PLACE is interred

Theodore King of Corfica,

Who died in this PARISH, December 11, 1756,

Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench-Prifon

By the Benefit of the Act of Infolvency;

In Confequence of which HE Registered

His Kingdom of Corfica

For the USE of his CREDITORS.

The GRAVE, great Teacher, to a Level brings  
 Heroes and Beggars, Galley-flaves and Kings.  
 But THEODORE this Moral learn'd, ere dead;  
 FATE pour'd its Lessons on his *living* Head,  
 Bestow'd a KINGDOM, and deny'd him BREAD.

## The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

NUMB. X. *Thursday, March 8, 1753.*

**T**HE great men, who introduced the reformation into these kingdoms, were so sensible of the necessity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by some external objects, by somewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of visionary saints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preserved the holy festivals, which had been consecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid observance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the discretion of the almanack.

The Fanatics in the reign of Charles the first loudly condemned the retention of this practice, and were such successful preachers, as to procure obedience to the doctrines they taught; that is, they infused greater bigotry into their congregations against rules, than the warmest enthusiasts of former times had been able to propagate for the observation of times and seasons. But as most contradictions run into extremes, it must be allowed that the Presbyterians soon grew as superstitious as the most high-flown zealots of the Established Church. King James the first had endeavoured to turn Sunday into a weekly wake by the book of Sports: the Presbyterians used it often for a fast-day\*. In the court of king Charles, Christmas was a season of

\* One of Dr. Calamy's fast-sermons was preached on Christmas-day, 1644, before the house of lords.

masques and revels: under the Covenant it was still a masquerading time; for devotion may be as much disguised by hypocritic sorrow and sackcloth, as by painted vizors and harlequin jackets.

In so enlightened an age as the present, I shall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the observation of certain festivals is something more than a mere political institution. I cannot however help thinking that even nature itself concurs to confirm my sentiment. Philosophers and free-thinkers tell us that a general system was laid down at first, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any subsequent events, or to favour and authorize any human institutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons who urged how great the harmony was in the old establishment between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them so), and what a confusion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for instance, was not to be celebrated when stubble geese are in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for good king Charles on a false thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park in honour of Whitsuntide; and at length be choosing king and queen for twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London Prentice at Bartholomew-fair.

Cogent as these reasons may seem, yet I think I can confute them from the testimony of a standing miracle, which, not having submitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be said to put a supernatural negative on the wisdom of this world. My readers no doubt are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glastonbury\*, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popish imposture, has notably exerted itself as the most protestant plant in the universe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by pope Gregory the thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper spirit of opposition adhered to the

\* A very sensible sermon was published on the old Christmas. Several advertisements were this occasion, without a name; it having been printed pro & contra. pretended that the Glastonbury thorn blew on

old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæsar, who was by no means a papist. \* Near two years ago the popish calendar was brought in ; ( I hope by persons well-affected ! ) certain it is that the Glastonbury thorn has preserved its † *inflexibility*, and observed its old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on the parliamentary Christmas-day—Not a bud was to be seen !—On the true Nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to spurn at such authority. Had I been consulted (and mathematical studies have not been the most inconsiderable of my speculations), instead of turning the calendar topsy-turvy by fantastic calculations, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Somersetsshire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Christmas-day, which should always have been kept as the Glastonbury thorn should blow.

Many inconveniencies, to be sure, would follow from this system ; but as holy things ought to be the first consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniencies should be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Christmas-day : and consequently the apprehension of the year's becoming inverted by sticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the course of the sun varies, astronomers may find out some way to adjust that : but it is preposterous, not to say presumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day, when the Glastonbury thorn, which certainly must know times and seasons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be heresy.

Nor is Christmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity among Englishmen, equally marked by a marvellous concomitance of circumstances, and which I venture to prognosticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the present system. The day I mean is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms, that such an infatuation attends the first day of that month, as no foresight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful on that day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it ; usurers have lent their money on bad security ; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows ; mathematicians have missed the longitude ; alchemists the philosopher's stone ; and politicians preferment, on that day.

\* This bill was brought in by lord Chesterfield and lord Macclesfield, the latter of whom published his speech on that occasion.

† This alludes to sir George Vandeput, can-

didate for Westminster, who advertised this year, That he would persist *inflexibly* in the part he had taken, but in two days gave up the election.

What confusion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are disappointed of their peculiar holiday ! The country was formerly disturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Easter : and no wise man will tell me, that it is not as reasonable to fall out for the observance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits arising from a regulated calendar make amends for an occasion of new sects ? How many warm men may resent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would have submitted to the custom of being made fools on the old computation ! If our clergy come to be divided about folly's anniversary, we may well expect all the mischiefs attendant on religious wars ; and we shall have reason to wish that the Glastonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Christmas.

Prudentius \* was so great a zealot for the observation of certain festivals, as to believe that the very damned have a holiday, or remission from their torments, on the anniversary of the Resurrection. I will not say that we ought to follow *their* reckoning, nor shall I defend the orthodoxy of the tenet. I only mention it to show how many interests may be affected by this regulation, and how impossible it is to make adequate provisions against all the unforeseen mischiefs that may ensue from disturbing the established computation.

There are many other inconveniencies, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with those I have mentioned. I shall only hint at a whole system overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no provision, that I have heard of, made by the legislature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which bestows such ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is astonishing that the late act of parliament should have overlooked that useful branch of our poetry, which consists in couplets, saws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and seasons. Why was not a new set of distichs provided by the late reformers ? or at least a clause inserted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or some beneficed genius, to prepare and new-cast the established rhymes for public use ? Were our astronomers so ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would serve for their new-fangled calendar ? Could they imagine that † faint Swithin would ac-

\* A christian poet.

faint Swithin's-day. O. S. it will rain for forty

† There is a vulgar notion, that if it rains on subsequent days.

commodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculations? Who that hears the following verses, but must grieve for the shepherd and husbandman, who may have all their prognostics confounded, and be at a loss to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient sages sung,

“ If saint Paul be fair and clear,  
 “ Then will betide a happy year;  
 “ But if it either snow or rain,  
 “ Then will be dear all kinds of grain:  
 “ And if the wind doth blow aloft,  
 “ Then wars will vex the realm full oft.”

I have declared against meddling with politics, and therefore shall say nothing of the important hints contained in the last lines: yet if \* certain ill-boding appearances abroad should have an ugly end, I cannot help saying that I shall ascribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled asleep by resting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended conversion of saint Paul; whereas it was very blustering on that festival, according to the good old account, as I honestly, though vainly, endeavoured to convince a great minister of state, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day: I must entreat my readers and admirers to be very particular in their observations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will transmit to me, or my secretary Mr. Doddsley, a faithful and attested account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of those days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miscarry in attempts to surprise, or baffle any snares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the side of the old first of April; nay, I much question whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the false April-fool-day. I should take it very kind, if any of my friends who may happen to be sharpers, would try their success on the fictitious festival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myself that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to discountenance good old practices and venerable superstitions.

\* Alludes to the stoppage of the payment on the Silesian loan, by the king of Prussia.

## The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

NUMB. XIV. *Thursday, April 5, 1753.*

I DO not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as superior to such little arts of fame. Compliments, which I should be obliged to shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce *ex cathedra* that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning and taste, than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man who is not the most self-sufficient person alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of queen Anne, submit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops and patches to the Spectator, but because he pronounced himself the best critic in fashions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftsman, but because Caleb d'Anvers assured them that he understood the maxims of government and the constitution of his country better than any minister or patriot of the time? Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I scorn to taste the satisfaction of praise from my own pen—and (to be humble for once) I own, if there is any species of writing of which I am not perfect master, it is the epistolary. My deficiency in this particular is happily common to me with the greatest men: I can even go farther, and declare that it is the fair part of the creation which excels in that province. Ease without affectation, the politest expression, the happiest art of telling news or trifles, the most engaging turns of senti-



ment or passion, are frequently found in letters from women who have lived in a sphere at all above the vulgar; while, on the other side, orators write affectedly, ministers obscurely, poets floridly, learned men pedantically, and soldiers tolerably, when they can spell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloisa, because one would not have one's daughter feel what she felt; yet who ever wrote so movingly, so to the heart? The amiable madame de Sevigné is the standard of easy engaging writing: to call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of marshal Turenne: some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramsay's life of that hero, give a stronger picture of him than the historian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this fair one's epistles are liable to any censure, it is for a fault in which she is not likely to be often imitated, the excess of tenderness for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a person of the same sex: Lucretia Gonzaga\* was so celebrated for the eloquence of her letters and the purity of their style, that the very notes to her servants were collected and published. I have never read the collection: one or two billets that I have met with, have not entirely all the delicacy of madame de Sevigné. In one to her footman the signora Gonzaga reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy her housekeeper; and in another addressed to the same Mrs. Lucy, she says, "If Livia will not be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her till her flesh be black and blue, and the blood run down to her heels." To be sure, this sounds a little oddly to English ears, but may be very elegant when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy persons have laid down rules for the composition of letters, but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of those books (it was written by a German) there was a strict injunction not to mention yourself before you had introduced the person of your correspondent; that is, you must never use the monosyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have stated expressions to be used to different ranks of men, and know exactly when to subscribe themselves the devoted or the most devoted slave of the illustrious or most eminent person to whom they have the honour to write.

\* See her article in the General Dictionary.

It is true, in that country they have so clogged correspondence with forms and civilities, that they seldom make use of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many instances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our sex, I shall select two, which are very singular in their kind. The comparison, to be sure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention some particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal less absurdity, than seem to have met in one head, which had seen so much of the world, which pretended so much to literature, and which had worn so long one of the first crowns in Europe. This personage was the emperor Maximilian, grandfather of Charles the fifth. His reign was long, sometimes shining, often unprosperous, very often ignominious. His fickleness, prodigality and indigence were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-danari*, or the *Pennyles*; a quality not more habitual to him than his propensity to repair his shattered fortunes by the most unbecoming means. He served under our Henry the eighth, as a common soldier, at the siege of Terouenne for an hundred crowns a day: he was bribed to the attempt against Pisa, and bribed to give it over. In short, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty without first offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be described by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be described at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verse. There was another book of his composition in a different way, which does not reflect much more lustre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *Livre rouge*, and was a register of seventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the first opportunity. After a variety of shifts, breach of promises, alliances and treaties, he almost duped his vain cotemporary Henry the eighth, with a proposal of resigning the empire to him, while himself was meditating, what he thought, an accession of dignity even to the imperial diadem: in short, in the latter part of his life Maximilian took it into his head to canvass for the papal Tiara. Several methods were agitated to compass this object of his ambition: one, and not the least ridiculous, was to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition he really assumed

the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the Christian Church. Money he knew was the surest method, but the least at his command: it was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret \*, duchess dowager of Savoy, and governess of the Netherlands.

“**T**RES chiere & tres amee fyllè, jè entendu l’avis que vous m’avez donnè par Guyllain Pinguin notre garderobes, dont avons encore mieux pensè. Et ne trouvons point pour nulle refun bon que nous nous devons franchement marier, maes avons plus avant mys notre deliberation & volontè de jamès plus hanter faem nue. Et envoyons demain Monfr. de Gurce Evesque à Rome devers le pape pour trouver fachon que nous puyffuns accorder avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, affin que apres sa mort pouruns estre assurè de avoer le papat, & devenir prester, & apres estre faint, & que yl vous fera de necessitè que apres ma mort vous serès contraint de me adorer, dont je me troverè bien glorioes. Je envoye sur ce ung poste devers le roy d’Aragon pour ly prier qu’y nous vuelle ayder pour à ce parvenir, dont il est aussy content, moynant que je resigne l’empir à nostre comun fyls Charles, de sela aussy je me suis contentè. Je commence aussy practiker les Cardinaulx, dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt ung grand service, aveque la partialitè qui est deja entre eos. Le roy d’Aragon à mandè à son ambaxateur que yl veulent favouryser le papat à nous. Je vous prie, tenès cette materre empu secret, ossi bien en brieff jours je creins que yl faut que tout le monde le sache, car bien mal esti possible de pratiker ung tel sy grand matere secretement, pour laquell yl faut avoer de tant de gens & de argent, succurs & pratike, & a Diù, faet de la main de votre boin pere Maximilianus futur pape, le xviii jour de Setembre. Le papa a encor les vyevers dubls, & ne peult longement fyvre.”

\* This princess had been espoused in her nonage to Charles the eighth, but before consummation was sent back to her father. She was next contracted to the prince of Spain; but being in a great storm at sea in her passage to her bridegroom, she, according to the custom of that age, tied her chief jewels to her arm, that her body, if found, might be known; and with

great tranquillity composed and fastened with them the following distich:

“ Cy gift Margole, noble Demoiselle,  
“ Deux fois mariée, & morte Pucelle.”

However, she escaped, and lived to have two real husbands, the prince above mentioned, and the duke of Savoy.

This

This curious piece, which it is impossible to translate (for what language can give an adequate idea of very bad old German French?) is to be found in the fourth volume of Letters of Louis the twelfth, printed at Bruffels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be sufficient to inform such of my readers as do not understand French, that his imperial majesty acquaints his beloved daughter that he designs never to frequent naked women any more, but to use all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn priest, and at length become a saint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he shall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expresses great want of two or three hundred thousand ducats to facilitate the business, which he desires may be kept very secret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with signing himself *future Pope*.

As a contrast to this scrap of imperial folly, I shall present my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorset and Pembroke (the life of the former of whom she wrote) and heiress of the great house of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reversions, she enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles the second, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: the brave countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic answer.

“ I Have been bullied by an Ufurper, I have been neglected by a Court,  
but I will not be dictated to by a Subject; your man sha'n't stand.

ANNE DORSET,  
PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY.”

## The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

NUMB. XXVIII. *Thursday, July 12, 1753.*

———*Pauci dignoscere possunt  
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa.*— JUV.

**I**T is a common observation, that though happiness is every man's aim, and though it is generally pursued by a gratification of the predominant passion, yet few have acuteness enough to discover the points which would effectually procure the long-fought end. One cannot but wonder that such intense application as most of us bestow on the cultivation of our favourite desires, should yet leave us ignorant of the most essential objects of our study. For my part, I was so early convinced of the truth of what I have asserted, that instead of searching for what would contribute most to my own happiness, I have spent great part of my life in the study of what may extend the enjoyment of others. That knowledge I flatter myself I have discovered, and shall now disclose to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will ascertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart so great (though so often revealed) a secret, as that it is religion or virtue: few would believe me; fewer would try the recipe. In spite of the philosophy of the age, in spite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto most sanctimoniously observed, I must avow my persuasion, that the sensual pleasure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only specific for removing the anxieties of our own passions, or for supporting the injuries and iniquities which we suffer from those of other men.

“ Well ! (shall I be told) and is this your admirable discovery ? Is this the ARCANUM that has escaped the penetration of all enquirers in all ages ? What other doctrine has been taught by the most sensible philosophers ? Was not this the text of the sermons of EPICURUS ? Was not this the theory, and practice too, of the experienced ALCIBIADES ? What other were the tenets of the sage lord ROCHESTER, or of the missionary *Saint EVREMONT* ? ” — It is very true ; and a thousand other founders of sects, nay of religious orders, have taught—or at least practised—the same doctrines. But I pretend to introduce such refinements into the system of sensuality, as shall vindicate the discovery to myself, and throw at a distance the minute philosophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only served to lead the world astray.

Hear then in one word the mysterious precept ! “ *Young women are not the proper objects of sensual love : it is the MATRON, the HOARY FAIR, who can give, communicate, insure happiness.* ” I might enumerate a thousand reasons to enforce my doctrine, as the fickleness of youth, the caprices of beauty and its transient state, the jealousy from rivals, the distraction from having children, the important avocations of dress, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her sentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover ; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thousand reasons, I shall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happiness which has attended such discreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient shrines ; and I shall clearly demonstrate by precedents, that several ladies *in the bloom of their wrinkles* have inspired more lasting and more fervent passions, than the greatest beauties who had scarce lost sight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the present hour will forgive a preference which is the result of deep meditation, great reading, and strict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can scarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or sixty ; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more, than they do twenty now ; a sensation of happiness, which they will find increase as they advance in years. I cannot but observe with pleasure that the legislature itself seems to coincide \* with my way of

\* This alludes to the marriage-act passed at the conclusion of the preceding session.

thinking,

thinking, and has very prudently enacted that young ladies shall not enter so early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the serious duties which belong to an union of hearts:—a sentiment, which indeed our laws seem always to have had in view; for, unless there was implanted in our natures a strong temptation towards the love of ELDERLY women, why should the very first prohibition in the table of consanguinity forbid a man to marry his GRAND-MOTHER?

The first heroine we read of, whose charms were proof against the injuries of time, was the accomplished SARAH: I think the most moderate computations make her to be ninety when that wanton monarch ABIMELECH would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtless the observance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidity of it rather exempts her from, than exposes her as an object of my doctrine, I shall say no more of that lady: especially, as her being obliged to wear a sack to hide a big-belly at a very unseasonable age, clashes with one of my standing arguments for the love of ELDERLY WOMEN.

HELEN, the beautiful HELEN, if there is any trusting to classic parish-registers, was fourscore when PARIS stole her; and though the war lasted ten years after that on her account, monsieur Homer, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having showed the least decay of passion or symptom of inconstancy: a fidelity, which in all probability was at least as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleasure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlasting lilies and roses of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, especially in heroic minds, does not increase rather than abate the sentimental flame. The great ELIZABETH, whose passion for the unfortunate earl of Essex is justly a favourite topic with all who delight in romantic history, was full sixty-eight when she condemned her lover to death for flighting her endearments. And, if I might instance in our own sex, the charming, the meritorious ANTONY was not far from seventy before he had so much taste as to sacrifice the meaner passion of ambition, nay the world itself, to love.

But it is France, that kingdom so exquisitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happiness, as well as their other discoveries

discoveries in pleasure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though past her grand climacteric, may be but just touching the meridian of her charms. HENRY the second and LOUIS the fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the passions they so long felt for the duchess of VALENTINOIS and madame de MAINTENON. The former, in the heat of youth and prospect of empire, became a slave to the respectable attractions of DIANA DE POITIERS, many years after his injudicious \* father had quitted the possession of her, on the silly apprehension that she was growing old: and to the last moment of his life and reign, HENRY was a constant, jealous adorer of her still ripening charms. When the age was over-run with astrology, superstition, bigotry, and notions of necromancy, king HENRY still idolized a woman, who had not only married her † grand-daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the description of forcery: so little do the vulgar distinguish between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The passion of the other monarch was no less remarkable. That hero, who had gained so many battles by proxy, had presided in person at so many tournaments, had raised such water-works, and shed such streams of heretic blood, and, which was still more glorious, had enjoyed so many of the finest women in Europe, was at last captivated by an old governante, and sighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable mistress as she worked at her tent with spectacles. If LOUIS LE GRAND was not a judge of pleasure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I shall close my catalogue of ancient mistresses with the renowned NINON L'ENCLOS, a lady whose life alone is sufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its utmost force. I shall say nothing of her numerous conquests for the first half of her life: she had wit, youth, and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract silly admirers. It was not till her fifty-sixth year that her superior merit distinguished itself; and from that to her ninetieth she went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I, that she did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains!—It was in her fifty-sixth year that the chevalier

\* Francis the first. It is said that the father of Diana de Poitiers being condemned to death, his daughter obtained not only his pardon, but the affection of that prince. However, he quitted her for the duchesse d'Estampes.

† Mademoiselle de la Mark.



de VILLIERS, a natural son whom she had had by the comte de Gerzé, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He saw his mother; he fell in love with her. The increase, the vehemence of his passion gave the greatest disquiets to the affectionate matron. At last, when nothing but a discovery of the truth could put a stop, as she thought, to the impetuosity of his attempts, she carried him into her bed-chamber.—Here my readers will easily conceive the transports of a young lover, just on the brink of happiness with a charming mistress of near three-score!—As the adventurous youth would have pushed his enterprises, she checked him, and, pointing to a clock, said, “Rash boy, look there! At that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of you in this very bed!” It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate, abashed young man flew into the garden and fell upon his sword. This catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would listen to any addresses of a tender nature. At length the polite abbé de GEDOYN pressed and obtained an assignation. He came and found the enchanting NINON lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the Loves, in the most gallant dishabille; and, what was still more delightful, disposed to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most charming endearments, he asked her—but with the greatest respect—Why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness? “Why,” replied she, “I must confess it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myself upon having a lover at past **FOURSCORE**, and it was but yesterday that I was **EIGHTY** complete.”

## The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

NUMB. CIII. *Thursday, December 19, 1754.*

I AM never better pleased than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country: at the same time, I would not endeavour to defend it preposterously, nor to contradict the eyes, the senses of mankind, out of stark good patriotism. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world necessarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate so powerfully on constitutions, as to preserve the same character perpetually to the same nations. I do not doubt but in some age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimsical people, and famous for their repartees; and that our neighbour islanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the precision with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are so bigoted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on old England, they would cram their composition with encomiums to our good-nature, our bravery, and our hospitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on OLD England, but would have very little resemblance to the modern characteristics of the nation. Our good-nature was necessarily soured by the spirit of party; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that restrained prize-fighting; and hospitality is totally impracticable, since a much more laudable custom has been introduced, and prevailed universally, of paying the servants of other people much more than their master's dinner cost. Yet we shall always have virtues sufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics: and if some of our more heroic qualities are grown obsolete, others of a gentler cast, and better calculated for the happiness

of

of society, have grown up and diffused themselves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could not be polite: while we feasted half a dozen wapentakes with furloins of beef, and sheep roasted whole, we could not attend to the mechanism of a plate, no bigger than a crown piece, loaded with the legs of canary birds dressed *à la Pompadour*.

Let nobody start at my calling this a polite nation. It shall be the business of this paper to prove that we are the most polite nation in Europe; and that France must yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring instance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeness, the impertinent spirit of their parliaments, which, though couched in very civilly-worded remonstrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and crossed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who pique themselves upon complaisance and attentions.—But I abominate politics, and, when I am writing in defence of politeness, shall certainly not blend so coarse a subject with so civil a theme.

It is not virtue that constitutes the politeness of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a system that does not shock society. “POLITENESS (as I understand the word) is an universal desire of pleasing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time; and of making one’s intercourse with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by ease without brutality, by complaisance without flattery, by acquiescence without sincerity.” A clergyman who puts his patron into a sweat by driving him round the room till he has found the coolest place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while she should perform the refreshing office in next room; I should think she is not polite. When Boncœur shivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet professes that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season; he is not polite: he is more—he is kind. When Sophia is really pleased with the stench of a kennel, because her husband likes that she should go and look at a favourite litter; she must not pretend to politeness—she is only a good wife. If this definition and these instances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the most extensive renown for politeness, had any pretensions to it. The Greeks called all the rest of the world barbarians:  
the

the Romans went still farther, and treated them as such. Alexander, the best-bred hero among the former, I must own, was polite, and showed great ATTENTIONS for Darius's family; but I question, if he had not extended his ATTENTIONS a little farther to the princess Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. For the Romans; so far from having had any notion of treating foreigners with regard, there is not one classic author that mentions a single ball or masquerade given to any stranger of distinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the first fashion of other countries, in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment of their shopkeepers and 'prentices:—a practice that we should look upon with horror! What would *The Examiner* have said, if the duke of Marlborough had hauled marshal Tallard to Saint Paul's or the Royal Exchange behind his chariot? How deservedly would the French have called us SAVAGES, if we had made marshal Belleisle pace along the kennel in Fleet-street, or up Holborn, while some of our ministers or generals called it an OVATION!

The French, who attempt to succeed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have succeeded them in politeness, have adopted the same way of thinking, though so contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Englishman or a German ever sees a suit of clothes till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a soupe at London: and are so confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that, with the greatest complaisance in the world, they affirm to you, That they suppose your dukes and duchesses live in caves, with only the property of wider forests than ordinary; and that *les milords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw flesh, and ride races without breeches or saddles. At their houses, they receive you with wonder that shocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themselves to the torture of conversing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dress like a sensible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourself like a christian. How different are our ATTENTIONS to foreigners! How open our houses to their nobility, our purses to their tradesmen! But without drawing antitheses between our politeness and their ill-breeding, I shall produce an instance in which we have pushed our refinements *on the duties of society*, beyond what the most civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in

common intercourse; but our very crimes are transacted with such a softness of manners, that though they may *injure*, they are sure never to *affront* your neighbour. The instance I mean, is the extreme good-breeding which has been introduced into the science of robbery, which (considering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuisance to society, if the professors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which had already got an established footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a BRUTE, a MONSTER, if he had not all manner of attention *not to frighten the ladies*; and none of the great Mr. \* Nash's laws are more sacred, than that of restoring any favourite bawble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth have less of the *sçavoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has less *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. They take your money without making you a bow, and your life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous guët, a severe police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troublesome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be *good company*. I know that some of our latest imported young gentlemen affirm that the sieur Mandrin †, the terror of the eastern provinces, learned to dance of Marseille himself, and has frequently supped with the incomparable Jelliot ‡. But till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I shall forbear to rank him with the *petit-mâtres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the politesse of the latter! Mrs. § Chenevix has not more insinuation when she sells a snuff-box of *papier-maché*, or a bergamot toothpick-case, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings nor bank-bills.

An || acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near shot through the head by the going off of the pistol of the accomplished M'LEAN; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greatest good-breeding on both sides. The robber, who had only taken a purse *this way*, because he had that morning been disappointed of marrying a great fortune, no

\* A remarkable person, who for a great number of years presided as master of the ceremonies at Bath and Tunbridge.

† A famous French smuggler.

‡ A singer in the opera at Paris.

§ A fashionable toywoman.

|| The author himself.

sooner returned to his lodgings, than he sent the gentleman two letters of excuses, which, with less wit than the epistles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and easy politeness in the turn of their expression. In the postscript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchase again* any trifles he had lost; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it seemed liable to be construed by ill-natured people into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the satisfaction in his power, for having *unluckily* been near shooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the English, who seem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to understand robbing on the highway, should at the same time have been so barbarous, as to esteem poverty, black-broth and virtue! We had no highwaymen, that were men of fashion, till we had exploded plum-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road, who have *conformed* to the manners of the GREAT WORLD, none seem to me to have carried TRUE POLITENESS: so far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the name of the VISITING HIGHWAYMAN. This refined person made it a rule to rob none but *people he visited*; and whenever he designed an impromptu of that kind, dressed himself in a rich suit, went to the \* lady's house, asked for her, and, not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after enquiring which way she was gone. He then followed, or met her, on her way home; *proposed* his demands, which were generally for some favourite ring or snuff-box that he had seen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her sake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without scampering away, as *other* men of fashion do from a visit with really the appearance of having stolen something.

As I do not doubt but such of my fair readers, as propose *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to send this charming smuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their assemblies, I am sorry to tell them that he was hanged last week.

\* This happened to Mrs. Cavendish at Thistleworth.

## The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

NUMB. CLX. *Thursday, January 22, 1756.*

To Mr. F I T Z - A D A M.

I THINK, sir, more than three years are past since you began to bestow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great success that has attended your endeavours; but surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourself. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to or returned from France since you commenced author? Or have fewer French follies been purchased or propagated by those who never were in France? Do not women, dressed French, still issue from houses dressed Chinese, to theatres dressed Italian, in spite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear less claret, or the beauties less *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of fashion, who used to fling for a thousand pounds a throw, now cast only for five hundred? Or if they should, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, sir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: in point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the discourses of the divine Socrates, or the sermons of the affecting Tillotson. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis, Alcibiades, as soon as his philosophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocose, satiric, severe, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners, by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would

give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the simplicity of manners of our ancestors, while there are no sumptuary laws to restrain luxury, no ecclesiastic censures to castigate vice. I shall offer to your readers an instance or two, to elucidate the monstrous disproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce some of the wholesome censures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impose on persons of the first rank, who contravened the established rules of sobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been astonished at reading the very first article in the late will of a \*grocer! “Imprimis, I give to my dear wife *one hundred thousand pounds.*” A sum exceeding a benevolence, or two subsidies, some ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the personal estate of the above-mentioned tradesman, on whom I am far from designing to reflect: he raised his fortune honestly and industriously: but I hope some future antiquarian, struck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much sugar and plums must have been wasted weekly in one considerable parish in London, or even in one or two streets of that parish, before a single shopkeeper could have raised four hundred thousand pounds by retailing those and such-like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we shall find no less a person than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princess dowager of Wales, by her last will and testament bequeathing the following simple moveables; and we may well believe they were the most valuable of her possessions, as she divided them between her son the king, and her other children. To her son, king Richard, she gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Also to her son Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other son, one bed of red camak. These particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale †: an instance of simplicity and moderation in so great and illustrious a princess, which I fear I should in vain recommend to my cotemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated, as all her other virtues are, by the true representative of her fortune and excellence ‡.

\* One Crafteyn. † Vol. ii. p. 94. ‡ The present princess dowager of Wales.



I come now, fir, to thofe proper checks upon licentiousnefs, which, though calculated to ferve the views of a popifh clergy, were undoubtedly great restraints upon immorality and indecency; and we may lament that fuch sober institutions were abolifhed with the real abufes of popery. Our ecclefiatic fuperiors had power to lay fuch fines and mulcts upon wantonnefs, as might raife a revenue to the church and poor, and at the fame time leave the lordly tranfgreffors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkennefs, and the other amufements of people of fafhion, it would have been in vain to fubject to corporal punifhments. To ridicule thofe vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confefors, who at beft only knew how to wrap up very coarfe terms in very bald Latin, and jingling verfes. The clergy fteered a third courfe, and affumed a province, which I could wifh, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your cenforial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almoft wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent fupplement to your paper of May the 24th, 1753. The wifeft exercife that I find recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the fame grave author, from whom I copied the will above mentioned: it happened in the year 1360, in the cafe of a very exalted perfonage, and fhow's how little the higheft birth could exempt from the fevere infpection of thofe judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantagenet earl of Kent, uncle of the princefs Joan, before mentioned, having on the death of the earl her husband retired to the monastery of Waverly, did (I fuppofe immediately) make a vow of chaftity, and was folemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, bifhop of Winchefter. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, fifter Elizabeth of Waverly became enamoured of a goodly knight, called fir Euface Drawbridgcourt \*, fmitted (as tradition fays fhe affirmed) by his extreme refemblance to her late lord;

\* Froiffart, fpeaking of this knight, whom he calls d'Auberticourt, and who had made confiderable conquets in Champagne and held a dozen fortrefles there, fays, " Il aima donc par amours, & depuis epoufa madame Yfabella de Julliers, fille jadis au comte de Julliers. Cette dame avoit auffi en amour monfeigneur Eufache

pour les grandes appertiffes d'armes qu'elle en oyoit recorder, & luy envoya la dite, haquenes courriers & lettres amoureufes, parquoi le dit meffire Euface en eftoit plus hardi, & faifoit tant de chevaleries & faits d'armes, que chacun gaignoit avec luy."

though,

though, as other creditable writers affirm, he was considerably younger: and notwithstanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conscience, and in spite of her confinement, which was not strong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, she was clandestinely married to her paramour, in a certain chapel of the mansion-house of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any licence from the archbishop of Canterbury, by one sir John Ireland, a priest, before the sunrising, upon Michaelmas-day, in the thirty-fourth of Edward the third.

Notwithstanding the great scandal such an indecorum must have given, it is evident from the subservience of two priests to her desires, that her rank of princess of the blood set her above all apprehension of punishment for the breach of her monastic vows; yet it is as evident from the sequel of the story, that her dignity could not exempt her from such proper censures and penalties, as might deter others from commission of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expose the lady herself to blushes for her miscarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their superiors: a sort of comfort, which, to do them justice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author says\*, that the lady dowager and her young husband being personally convented before the archbishop of Canterbury for the said transgression, at his manor-house of Haghfeld, upon the seventh ides of April, the archbishop for their penance enjoined them to find a priest to celebrate divine service daily for them, the said sir Eustace and Elizabeth, and for him, the archbishop; besides a large quantity of penitential psalms, paternosters and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the priests and the transgressors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth, whom for some reasons best known to himself I suppose he regarded as the seducer, to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to fast on bread and drink, and a mess of pottage, wearing no smock, especially in the absence of her husband; a penance that must appear whimsical to us, and not a little partial to sir Eustace, whom the archbishop seems in more respects than one to have considered rather as disobedient to the canons, than guilty of much

\* Vol. ii. page 95.

voluptuousness by his wedlock. But the most remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbishop appointed the said sir Eustace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their transgression had passed between them, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dish of flesh or fish, whereof they did most desire to eat.

Such was the simplicity of our ancestors. Such were the wholesome severities to which the greatest dames and most licentious young lords were subject in those well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of such corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of such power might be safely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not so bigoted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and customs. Paternosters and aves might be supplied by prayers and litanies of a more protestant complexion. Instead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be severe enough for the delicacy of modern constitutions. For the article of leaving off a shift, considering that the upper half is already laid aside, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole shift, might be thought a sufficient punishment; for wise legislators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and seasons. What most offends me, as by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that prescribes charity to the poor, and a restriction from eating of a favourite dish, after the performance of certain mysteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth ashamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wise one; for as devotion and charity are observed to increase with increase of years, the bishop's injunction tended to nothing but to lessen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largesse.

One can scarce reflect without a smile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at sir Eustace's gate, till he and his lady arose, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One must not word, but one cannot help imagining, the style of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfast by his master and lady to go and send away the beggars, for they were to

have nothing that morning. One might even suppose the good lady pouting a little as she gave him the message. But were such a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of fashion, invited to dine with two illustrious penitents under this circumstance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the subject is inexhaustible; and as the ideas on such an occasion must be a little corporeal, what *bons mots*, wrapped up indeed, but still intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French dish, which sir Eustace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taste!—But I am afraid I have transgressed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who sway the censorial rod with the greatest lenity, and who would blush to put your fair penitents to the blush, might be safely trusted with the powers I recommend. Human weaknesses, and human follies, are very different: continue to attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might resist wearing pink; a matron who cannot resist the prowess of a sir Eustace Drawbridgcourt, is not a topic for satire, but compassion; as you, who are the best-natured writer of the age, will, I am sure, agree to think with, sir,

Your constant reader

and humble servant,

THOMAS HEARNE, JUN.

## The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

\* NUMB. CXCIV. *Thursday, September 23, 1756.*

—————*Generosius*  
*Perire quærens, nec muliebriter*  
*Expavit ensem.* HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

**T**O a well-disposed mind there can be no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with success. This, sir, is remarkably the case of your paper of September the 9th, on suicide; a fashionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expose; and I do not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what, may I be allowed to call, *single combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's self, as your predecessor *The Tatler* was for exploding the ridiculous custom of duels. The pleasantry of your essay on the reigning mode of voluntary deaths has preserved to a little neighbourhood a very hospitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deserving son and daughter a tender parent, and has saved the person himself from a very foolish exit. This character, sir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and not to trouble you with the history of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is so far necessary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty,

\* This paper is a sequel to N<sup>o</sup> 193, written by James Tilson, esq.

have a moderate estate in very good condition, have seen a great deal of the world, and, without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to so desperate a resolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no illness. But alas! sir, I am extremely *well-born*: pedigree is my distemper; and having observed how much the mode of self-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's self. I reflected how many of my great ancestors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the several ages in which they lived disposed of the nobility; and I thought the descendant of so many heroes must contrive to perish by means as violent and illustrious. What a disgrace, thought I, for the great grandson of Mowbrays, Veres and Beauchamps to die in a good old age of a fever! I blushed whenever I cast my eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour—I determined to shoot myself. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world; and when I went to clean my pistols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my constitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die suddenly* twenty or thirty years hence; but happening about a month ago to be near choked by a fish-bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever since *preparing for death*. The letter to be left on my table (which indeed cost me some trouble to compose, as I had no reason to give for my *sudden resolution*) was written out fair, when I read your paper; and from that minute I have changed my mind; and though it should be ever so great a disgrace to my family, I am resolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will no doubt, good sir, be encouraged from this example to pursue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the small district where I live, I am not the only instance of a propensity to such a catastrophe. The lord of the manor, whose fortune indeed is much superior to mine, though there is no comparison in the antiquity of our families, has had the very same thought. He is turned of sixty-seven, and is devoured by the stone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his physician was sitting by his bedside, on a sudden his lordship ceased roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a composure unusual to him even in his best health; and putting on the greatest appearance of philosophy, or what, if

the chaplain had said, would have been called resignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him, if his case was really desperate. The physician, with a flow profusion of latinized evasions, endeavoured to elude the question, and to give him some glimmerings of hope, "That there might be a chance that the extremity of the pain would occasion a degree of fever, that might not be mortal in itself, but which, if things did not come to a crisis soon, might help to carry his lordship off."—"I understand you, by G-d," says his lordship, with great tranquillity and a few more oaths; "Yes, d—n you, you want to kill me with some of your confounded distempers; but I'll tell you what, I only asked you, because, if I can't possibly live, I'm determined to kill myself; for rot me! if it shall ever be said that a man of my quality died of a cursed natural death. There, tell \* Bowman to give you your fee, and bid him bring me my pistols." However, the fit abated, and the neighbourhood is still waiting with great impatience to be *surprised* with an account of his lordship's having shot himself.

However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extensive as the service is which you may render to the community by abolishing this heathenish practice, I think in some respects it is to be treated with tenderness; in one case always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water mark: what if the notion of the dignity of self-murder should be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has resolution enough to kill himself, will certainly never dread being killed by any body else. It is the privilege of a *free-dying Englishman*, to choose his death: if any of our high-spirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occasion for all we can exert, I should humbly be of opinion, that you permitted self-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it should be dishonourable for any man to kill himself, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that service for him.

Indeed the very celebration of this mystery has been transacted hitherto in a manner somewhat mean, and unworthy people of fashion. No tradesman could hang himself more feloniously than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country, none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they so properly wear on other

\* The name of lord Chalkstone's gentleman in Lethe.

occasions. They steal out of the world from their own closets, or before their servants are up in a morning. They leave a miserable apology behind them, instead of sitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for dispatching themselves: unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced self-murder to a system of good-breeding, and used to *send cards* to their acquaintance to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week in Rome \* was to *leave one's name* at the doors of such as were starving themselves. Particular friends were *let in*; and if very intimate, it was even expected that they should use some common-place phrases of dissuasion. I can conceive no foundation for our shabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obsolete law which inflicts a cross-road and a stake on self-executioners: a most absurd statute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unless one could condemn a man who had killed himself, to be brought to life again. Somewhere indeed I have read of a successful law for restraining this crime. In some of the Grecian states the women of fashion incurred the anger of Venus—I quite forget upon what occasion—perhaps for little or none; goddesses in those days were scarce less whimsical than their fair votaries—Whatever the cause was, she inspired them with a fury of self-murder. The legislature of the country, it seems, thought the resentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and, to put a stop to the practice, devised an expedient, which one should have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beauteous bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public squares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any position that discovered all their charms could be so, is not mentioned by historians; nor, at this distance of time, is it possible for us moderns to guess: certain it is, that the penalty put a stop to the barbarous custom.

But what shall one say to those countries, which not only allow this crime, but encourage it even in that part of the species, whose softness demands all protection, and seems most abhorrent from every thing sanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magistrate gravely gives permission to the ladies to accompany their husbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greatest profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn her-

\* Vide Pliny's Epistles.



self alive. Were this fashion once to *take* here, I tremble to think what havoc it would occasion. Between the natural propensity to suicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one should not see such a thing as a lozenge, or a widow. Adieu, jointures! adieu, those soft resources of the brave and necessitous! What unfortunate relict but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a second passion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you must keep a strict eye on your fair country-women. I know one or two, who already wear pocket-pistols; which, considering the tenderness of their natures, can only be intended against their own persons. And this article leads me naturally to the only case, in which, as I hinted above, I think self-murder always to be allowed. The most admirable death in history is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her sex, and the eventual foundress of Roman liberty. As there has never been a lady since that time, in her circumstances, but what has imitated her example, I think, sir, I may pronounce the case immutably to be excepted: and when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that success and glory which always has and must attend his labours, has decried the savage practice in vogue, I am persuaded he will declare that she is not only excusable, but that it is impossible any woman should live after having been ravished.

I am, sir,

Your truly obliged

humble servant,

and admirer,

H. M.

A

## W O R L D

## E X T R A O R D I N A R Y.

\* The following Paper having been transmitted to Mr. FITZ-ADAM's Bookseller on the very Day of that Gentleman's Misfortune, he takes the Liberty to offer it to the Public just as it came to his Hand.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

**A**S the contagion of politics has been so prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't say, infected, but at least) infused itself into the † papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable present in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his disorder (for I must consider political writings as a distemper), and at the same time will cool, not increase, any sharpness in his blood.

Though the author of this little essay is retired from the busier scenes of life, he has not buried himself in such indifference to his country, as to despise, or not attend to, what is passing even in those scenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from disgust, he preserves the same attachments that he formerly made, though contracted even then from

\* It was published after The World had ceased, on the supposed death of the imaginary author.

† This alludes to N<sup>o</sup> 207, which under borrowed characters describes a revolution in the ministry, very favourably to the duke of Newcastle, and not at all so to Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.

esteem,

esteem, not from interest. He sees with a feeling concern the distresses and distractions of his country; he foresees with anxiety the consequences of both. He laments the discord that divides those \* men of superior genius, whose union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the crisis of our affairs. He does not presume to discuss the grounds of their dissensions, which he wishes themselves to overlook; and he would be one of the last men in England to foment division, where his interest as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a man, he might be a stoic, if even these inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be suspended, his heart will be partial. From these sensations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of personalities: he sees with grief the greatest characters treated with the greatest licentiousness: his friendship has been touched at finding one of the most respectable aspersed in the most injurious manner. He holds That person's fame as much superior to reproach, as he thinks himself inferior to That person's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his testimony to the reputation of a man, with whose friendship he has long been honoured. This ambition, sir, has occasioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago; designed then as private incense to an honoured name; and ever since preserved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addressed. I will detain you no longer than to say, that if this little piece should be accused of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the subject of it was no minister of state, and that it is published now (and should not else have been published) when he is no minister at all.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

H. M.

\* Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.

To

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CAROLINE FOX.

M A D A M,

I HAVE been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and I think I have in some degree succeeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I choose to submit to your ladyship's judgment, whose prepossession for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I may have for my own performance. As I believe you love the person in question, as much as ever other people loved themselves, the medium between the faults you shall find, and the just resemblance that I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about \* three-and-forty: as you see all the fondness and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyship may take him to be but three-and-twenty: but I, whose talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority should at first set him down for threescore, upon the strictest enquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and understanding. His person decides rather on my side; for though he has all the ease and amiableness of youth, yet your ladyship must allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will scarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I should give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with insipid smiles and unmeaning benignity: but this would not be a faithful portrait: a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at first lets one into the vast humanity of his temper; or than an undistinguishing smile would supply the place of his manly curiosity and penetration. To paint him with a cheerful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation bestows, which, by not being promised, doubly satisfies one's self-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by persuading you that he discovers some in you.

\* This was written in the year 1748.

He has that true characteristic of a great man, that he is superior to others in his private, social, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this superiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unnecessarily: on the contrary, you only perceive his preheminance in those moments by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more ease, than other people. He seems inquisitive, as if his only business were to learn; and is unreserved, as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of mystery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the house of commons he was for some time an ungraceful and unpopular speaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: but the force of his reasoning has prevailed both over his own defects and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and perspicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased. But his vanity cannot satisfy itself on the terms it could satisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unless he was conscious of deserving it. But he carries this delicacy still farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made those fear him, who now only love him—if a party can love a man who they see is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may discover another littleness in his conduct: in the affairs of his office\* he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the sollicitation and interests of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own; and, to the great detriment of the ministry, has turned one of the best sinecures under the government into one of the most laborious employments, at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it will prevent a discovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who address to him, with as little pride as if he were secure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illustrious birth is a blemish, which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them completely great: Tully had it; had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition; but boasting of it, might as well

\* Secretary of war.

have been noble: he degraded himself by usurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cause nor prevent.

I say nothing of his integrity, because I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by suspicion: it will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners, and as bravely sincere as those who take, or would have brutality taken for honesty: but though his greatest freedom is polite, his greatest condescension is dignified with spirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindness to his friends. Yet though he has more spirit than almost any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his passions, by the intimate connection that it always preserves with his understanding. Yet his passions are very strong: he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableness of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by hers to him.—But as your ladyship would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I shall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,

YOUR LADYSHIP'S

most obedient

humble servant,

VANDYKE.

## The WORLD\*.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

*"I cannot but think we should have more learning, if we had fewer books."*

Preface to Baker's Reflections.

THE lovers of literature, whose passion for books is at least as great as it is laudable, lament the loss of the Alexandrian library, which is said to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes. Immeasurable as this loss was, time and industry have prodigiously repaired it; and if I might escape being thought an absolute Goth, I should humbly be of opinion, that the destruction of that library was rather a blessing than a detriment to the common-wealth of letters. What may we suppose those so many thousand volumes contained? Were seven hundred thousand volumes all worth reading? If they were, who would have leisure to read them? If they were not, at least as many as were good for nothing have happily met with a proper fate. These books, we may suppose, contained great treasures of philosophy, astronomy, geography, history, poetry, oratory, mathematics, &c. mighty entertaining novels, and a wonderful mass of knowledge relating to, and explanatory of, or perhaps more beautifully perplexing, the theory of Egyptian divinity and hieroglyphics. One can hardly believe, though it contained greater quantities of ancient science and eloquence than what have reached our days, that this library was replenished with authors of superior knowledge, or with greater discoveries than we have received from our other venerable predecessors. And do we wish for more fabulous history, for more fantastic philosophy, for more imperfect astronomy, for more blunder-

\* The two following papers were not published, the plan not having been completed.

ing geography, than we already possess under ancient names? I speak not in derogation of the ancients; but as their discoveries were very incomplete, and their traditions very inaccurate, why do we wish they were multiplied? When we reflect that half our present knowledge has sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called by that name, we may comfort ourselves that the investigation of truth is at least as easy without so many false lights to misguide us, as if we knew how many more wrong conjectures had been made by our forefathers.

Not to mention how enormously this library would have procreated other libraries! What translations, commentaries, explanations, scholias, various readings, paraphrases—nay, what controversies would have been engendered by almost every volume in this capacious repository! Aristotle alone, whose works, or at least such as are called his, are happily extant, was in so great repute about two centuries ago, that no less than twelve thousand authors are computed to have commented or written upon his works: and though the Alexandrian authors might none of them have founded such numerous sects, yet considering the veneration paid to whatever is ancient, or to whatever is called learning, there can be no doubt but the existence of that departed library would have multiplied books to a degree, which even the hardest students might have beheld with regret; as few are masters of such strength of eyes and constitution, or of such extended lives, as to be able to satiate their curiosity in such an ocean of literature, let in upon the already immense deluge of science. Some men indeed have been such giants in study, as to conquer Greece, Rome, Arabia, Persia, and even those impracticable strangers, the Cophti: some are renowned for reading sixteen or eighteen hours a day; and one great \*hero of the republic of letters boasted that he had so entirely exhausted all knowledge, that he was now reduced to read the History of the Highwaymen. But few are there now, alas, of such vigour! Few resemble the great Accursius, who boasted that he had corrected seven hundred errors in Claudian as he rode post through Germany.

To say the truth, we have not only enough of ancient books, but are far overstocked with both ancient and modern, considering either how little is read, or how impossible it is to read all that has already been written. In

\* Dr. Bentley.



the latter respect, modern authors are far more excusable than modern readers. The authors write for the present hour, because they are not sure that to-morrow they shall be read: but as to readers, who are continually demanding new books, I should humbly suggest, that all books, however long ago they were written, are, to all intents and purposes, new books to such as never read them. People do not generally know what reservoirs of knowledge and pleasure are actually in being: there is no subject, on which there are not already extant books enough to employ all the idle hours of those idle people who are in daily want of something new: perhaps it may not be exaggeration to say, that the only old books are such as are published every day. The mere catalogue of the Bodleian library composes four volumes in folio: the Vatican is still larger. The single Bangorian controversy, at one, two shillings, or half a crown a pamphlet, cost upwards of thirty pounds: but these pieces, with others of the like nature, have I believe long ago been gathered to their forefathers, the Alexandrians. The journals of the war between the most serene princess Canning, and the Egyptian sultana, Mary Squires, make no inconsiderable figure in modern libraries; and the important point of the restoration of Judaism added considerable recruits to the classes of history and polemic divinity. One Ferri wrote eleven hundred sermons on the epistle to the Hebrews. Other laborious authors have been so puzzled to find out new subjects, or at least so determined to write new books, that they have composed catalogues of the different denominations of authors, or of such as have written under particular circumstances\*. Baillet not only published an account of *Anti's*, that is, of such books as were written against others, but he undertook a work, in which he proposed to give a description of such books as had been intended to be written. Naudé collected a list of authors who had disguised their names; and another of great men who had been accused of magic. Decker composed an account of anonymous writings: Pierius Valerianus gave one catalogue of unfortunate learned men, and another of physicians who were poets: Kortholt, of bishops who had been poets; and Menage, of ecclesiastics who had written bawdy poems. Ancillon was still more curious, for he made a catalogue of learned men who had written nothing at all. Hottinger, another grave trifler, has two whole pages filled only with names of those who corresponded with him; and some years ago there was a

\* The latest work of this kind is the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

French \* abbé who commenced author upon a very new stock; by writing an account of such authors as had presented him with their writings. The greatest wonder is, that none of these laborious compilers should have pretended to give a relation of such books as have long since perished, though their authors had, like Horace and Ovid, assured the world and themselves, that their works would be immortal. But it is not necessary to go an hundred years back to give instances of the excessive increase of authors. The gazettes, novels, lives, dying speeches, magazines, dictionaries of our own days, are flagrant proofs of my assertion. Indeed if the rage of publication continues in the same proportion, I do not see but all the world must be books; and that it will become as necessary to burn a field of books, as a field of furze or stubble. The very means employed to lessen the abuse, is an increase of it: I mean, all sciences are so over-written, that the very abridgments are an additional evil.

I can easily conceive that a Chinese or Indian, hereafter visiting Europe, may acquaint one of his correspondents, in the hyperbolic style of the East, "That it is exceeding difficult to travel in these countries, by reason of vast waste tracts of land, which they call *libraries*, which being very little frequented, and lying uncultivated, occasion a stagnation of bad and unwholesome air; that nevertheless, the inhabitants, so far from destroying or rooting out what they so little either use or esteem, are continually extending these deserts; that even some of the natives, who have waded farther than ordinary into these forests, are fond and proud of transplanting out of one part into another; and though they are sure that their own labours will be choked up the next day by some of their neighbours, they go on in their idle toil, and flatter themselves with the hopes of immortality for having contributed to extend a wilderness, into which nobody thinks it worth his while to penetrate. There are indeed some, who, for fear of losing their way in the vast forest of learning, where it is pretended that every tree is a tree of knowledge, have endeavoured to persuade their countrymen to pluck up all, root and branch, except one or two favourite trunks, from which they pretend all knowledge may be gathered, in which all arts and sciences are included. Indeed they do not totally agree upon which are the authors who thus contain all erudition. One party pretend it is their Alcoran; the other,

\* Abbé de Marolles.

an ancient poet called Homer: the former seem to study their religion with a poetic imagination; the latter are as ready to fight for their opinion, as if it was a religious enthusiasm."——But not to dwell too long in the person of an imaginary future satirist, I shall revert to my first proposition, that there are already books enough, if the world is really disposed to read; and that both regret for old perished authors, which we do not know whether they were good or bad, and appetite for new books, which we do not care whether they are good or bad, are equally marks of a false and vitiated taste. The former lamentations were agreeable to the pedantry of the last age, when, provided a man did but write pure classic Latin, it mattered not how trifling and ridiculous were the topics. Scaliger and Cardan, two great potentates in the empire of learning, had a profound dispute whether parrots were ugly creatures or not; and both used in great abundance those annoying weapons of abuse, which were so much in vogue with the literati of that age. I may perhaps have occasion in another paper to give some account of the scurrilous wars which were formerly waged by the gravest professors in most of the universities and schools from Siena to Leyden. The fondness of the moderns for books, books, new books, puts me in mind of certain country gentlemen, neighbours of Balzac, who made him a visit, and, after a thousand speeches, assured him that it was incredible how great a veneration they had for him and *Messieurs ses Livres*.

## The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

I N my last paper I hinted at some of the inconveniences attending the present inundation of books, and I have the satisfaction of hearing from all hands that a reformation of this abuse would be universally acceptable. Some of the greatest devourers of books, from whom I expected most opposition, have exhorted me to proceed in the scheme I have conceived of lessening the number, assuring me that they have laid in a such a stock of science, as will enable them to furnish the world with complete bodies of all useful knowledge, in a far less compass than in what it lies at present. The illiterate part of my disciples protest that it is nothing but the prodigious number of books which deters them from setting about to study in earnest; and they offer me, if I will reduce all literature to a few plays, poems, and novels, to make themselves perfect masters of all the knowledge that is requisite for gentlemen. I have long been sensible how great a discouragement the very sight of a large library must be to a young beginner. The universities recommend to me to abolish what is called *polite learning*: they observe, that the jesuits, who, among many pernicious arts, have sometimes been serviceable to the world, have already, as far as in them lay, annihilated one Roman author, Lucan, by omitting him, when they illustrated all the other classics for the use of the dauphin; but I believe the objection lay not against his poetry, but his principles, the freedom of which I am sure must be very agreeable to each good lady *Alma Mater*. One of them, who formerly placed Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding in her Index Expurgatorius, has very prudently recognized the merit of that treatise—and, I am persuaded, has such a veneration for the author, that she would highly condemn me if I was even to attempt destroying his Essay on Government, wherein he exposes the monkish doctrine of hereditary right.

Armed

Armed with all the above-mentioned authority, I declare myself invested with a new dignity, namely, *Inquisitor of the World of Books*; and in imitation of other great potentates, who, after establishing their dominion by force, have endeavoured to satisfy the world in the legality of their title by some, however far-fetched, descent, I declare myself issued in a right line from the two peculiar monarchs, who of all mankind could derive to me the best title to the province I have undertaken of pronouncing upon all books and sciences, and, in consequence of that, of proceeding to burn and destroy such as I shall disapprove. The first of these princes was the very patriarch of my genealogy, even Adam, who, as Pinedo, a very competent judge, assures us, understood all sciences, but politics—and his deficiency in this particular branch of human learning was not to be ascribed to any imperfection in the universality of his genius, but merely because in his time there were no princes, no ambassadors, no Ratisbon. The other prince from whom I have the honour of being descended, was Chi Hoang Ti, emperor of China, a much-injured name, of whom Pere du Halde in particular, forgetting the respect due to crowned heads, is so gross as to say, that a certain ordinance of his, which I am going to mention, *rendit son nom & sa memoire execrable à la posterité*. The venerable decree which this impertinent jesuit anathematizes, was—not, as one should think by his style, an order like Herod's for the murder of the innocents—no, it was only a decree for burning all the books in China. But before I enter upon the discussion of this decree, I shall in few words recapitulate the chief events of my ancestor's reign, which will vindicate his memory, and prove him to have been as well-qualified to sway a sceptre as any prince that ever sat on a throne. If unavoidable misfortunes have reduced *us* to a less shining, less exalted rank, we flatter ourselves that the prudence and justice of our administration in the universal monarchy which we have assumed over *follies* and *books*, will show that we have not degenerated from our great predecessor.

Chi Hoang Ti lived about two hundred and thirty-seven years before Christ, and according to the genius of that age *committed* great conquests, and rounded his dominions, at the expence of his neighbours, with as much prudence as if he had studied politics in a French school. The only slip he seems to have made, was in listening to the project of a sea-captain, the Columbus of his time, who advised his Chinese majesty to send out a colony

to some of the islands of Japan, not indeed to discover new worlds, but on a more important scent, a remedy for long life; a nostrum treasured up in one of those little islands. The emperor, my great grandfather, had, as it appears by other circumstances, a particular partiality for medicines, and readily gave ear to a scheme that was at once to prolong the blessings of his reign over his subjects, and to add so great a jewel to his dispensatory. He entrusted the captain with one or more ships, and three hundred persons of each sex, with whom the adventurer founded a little kingdom in one of the islands, and was so ungrateful as never to send his sovereign a single phial of the precious elixir. The emperor, whose mind was always filled with great projects, soon turned his thoughts to establish the duration, if not of his reign, at least of his empire; and with a spirit, which has seemed prophetic, apprehending incursions of the Tartars, he set about building that immense wall to divide the two nations, which was finished in five years, which exists to our days, and which did not however answer the purpose for which it was projected. The next great action of his reign was publishing the celebrated decree for burning all the books in China, excepting only such volumes as treated of architecture or physic, the two sciences, which the affair of the sea-captain and the erection of the great wall prove to have been the predominant passions of his imperial majesty.

Some malevolent historians ascribe this sentence to his jealousy of the glory of his predecessors; a motive unworthy of the heroic virtue of a prince, who had out-conquered, out-built, and taken more physic than any of his ancestors. Such petty envy may rage in *little* souls: we read that Justin burnt all the authors from whom he compiled his history; and that Trebonian, the lawyer, commissioned by Justinian to reduce the civil law to a practicability, that is, to a size capable of being studied by the professors, and understood by the sufferers, laid waste and demolished the volumes, tracts, charters, decrees, pleadings, reports, &c. from whence he extracted the body of civil law as it now stands. But the reasons which our great ancestor himself vouchsafed to give, are, I do not doubt, the truest, as they certainly are the noblest precedent to justify a parallel proceeding. He reduces them to these (for it must be observed that the Chinese are as laconic as the Lacedæmonians themselves): *Books, said Chi Hoang Ti, encourage idleness, cause neglect of agriculture, lay foundations of factions.* These golden rules I shall keep in my eye to regulate my future conduct. I shall not allow  
people

people to think they are busy because they are reading; I shall not allow that there is any merit in having read a vast number of books; it is indifferent to me whether a man's feet have travelled over so many miles of ground, or his eyes over so many acres of paper: I shall recommend it to several grave dignitaries to lay aside all such reading as was never read, and to buy a plough and a team, and cultivate a piece of land, instead of labouring such barren soil as their own brains, or the works of obsolete authors; and I shall be for entirely abolishing all books whatever that treat of any kind of government; as to be sure no nation ought to know that there is any form preferable to what is established among themselves: a Russian that was to read Algernon Sidney, might grow to fancy that there are milder systems than living under the jurisdiction of the Knut!

The last instance I shall produce of the Chinese monarch's wisdom, was his refusing to quarter out his dominions among his sons. He died in peace, and master of immense treasures, having lived to see large crops of *rice*, from vast tracts of land, which before his time had borne nothing but *libraries*.

In the havoc I meditate, I shall confine myself to whole bodies of science, not piddle with single authors or separate treatises. As I have perused very few books myself, it would be an endless task were I to set about the examination of what tracts do or do not deserve to be condemned to the flames; and I have too little of the modern critic in me, to condemn any private work because I happen to dislike the name, person, or country of the author. However, not to proceed too rashly, I shall accept the assistance of a friend of mine, who is a prodigy of erudition, not only from the quantity he has read, but from his frankness in owning that he has read an infinite deal of trash. He is a near relation by the mother of the celebrated librarian Magliabechi, who being asked to lend a certain book (that must be nameless) out of the great duke's library, replied, "*That book!* there is no such book in our library; indeed I know but of one copy of it, and that is in the grand seignor's collection; *it* stands the sixth book on the fourth shelf on the left hand near the window."

My friend's name is CHRISTOPHER POLYGLOT; a man of extreme benevolence, and very useful to all that consult him, though, to say the truth, his

knowledge is of little service to himself; for, when he attempts to compose any work, the ideas of what he has read, transmitted through a very faithful memory, flow in so fast upon him, that he blends every science and every language, and does not even distinguish in what tongue he designs to write. He but two or three years ago, intending to compose a pamphlet against the Jew bill, began in these words, "JOSEPHUS says, that *Οι Ιουδαίοι ever fá-ur-be περιεργοντοient leurs צרמטוה*," and I saw him one morning extremely puzzled with not being able to understand a Greek author, whom he did not perceive that he was reading backwards. He is very sensible of his misfortune, and says, he believes he might have made some figure in the republic of letters, if he had never read above twenty thousand books, and understood but six or seven languages. One great merit of my friend is, that he has a thorough contempt for conjectural antiquities; nobody honours more than he does, the elegance of the Greek arts, the sumptuousness of Roman buildings, the valour and wisdom of our Gothic ancestors, and consequently nobody admires more any remnant of each nation, which is entire enough to disclose their taste, their magnificence, the strength of their fortifications, or the solemnity of their devotion. But Mr. Polyglot despises a platform, nay a Stonehenge, if it is uncertain whether its pedigree be Roman, Druid, or Saxon; whether in its state of existence it was an intrenchment, a temple, or a tomb. In his youth he was a tormentor of Tom Hearne, and, before his own mind was bewildered in science, had a pretty turn for poetry, as appeared by his adding two lines to the known distich on that antiquary, and which really gave the whole the essence of an epigram. I shall conclude the present paper with them, as I do not know that they were ever printed.

"Pox on't, quoth Time to THOMAS HEARNE,  
"Whatever I forget, You learn."

*Answer by Mr. POLYGLOT.*

"\* Damn it, quoth HEARNE, in furious fret,  
"Whate'er I learn, You soon forget."

\* It was written at Christ-church, Oxford, six. He was son of Mr. West, lord chancellor by Richard West, esq. a young gentleman of of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of bishop great genius, who died at the age of twenty- Burnet.

A LETTER



A  
L E T T E R  
F R O M

XO HO, a CHINESE Philosopher at LONDON\*,

TO HIS FRIEND

LIEN CHI, at PEKING.

I HAVE told thee, these people are incomprehensible ; not only they differ from us ; they are unlike the rest of the western world : a Frenchman has prejudices, has caprices ; but they are the prejudices of his nation, they are the caprices of his age. A Frenchman has settled ideas, though built on false foundations ; an Englishman has no fixed ideas : his prejudices are not of his country, but against some particular parts or maxims of his country : his caprices are his own ; they are the essential proofs of his liberty. In France they have a high notion of their king ; they will *stab* him, but they will not *hate* him. An Englishman loves or hates his king once or twice in a winter, and that for no reason, but because he loves or hates the ministry in being. They do not oppose their king from a dislike of royal power, but to avail themselves of his power ; they try to level it till they can mount upon it. They are as little in earnest about liberty. To have the nation

\* This piece was written May 12, 1757, was sent to the press next day, and went through five editions in a fortnight.

free! nobody means it. To have the country enslaved; they desire it not: were there vassals, they would be the vassals of the crown, or of the nobles; while all are free to sell their *liberty*, the richest or craftiest may purchase it.

I have said, that they have no general ideas: they have not; but they have general names. Formerly they had two parties; now they have three factions, and each of those factions has something of the name, or something of the principles, of each of those parties. In my last I told thee, that the second faction in magnitude had displaced the least faction, and that a new ministry would immediately be appointed. I deceived thee; I was deceived. I did not believe so because I was told so: here one is told something every day: the people demand to be told something, no matter what: if a politician, a minister, a member of their assembly, was mysterious, and refused to impart something to an enquirer, he would make an enemy: if he tells a lie, it is no offence; he is communicative; that is sufficient to a *free* people: all they ask is news; a falsehood is as much news as truth. Why I believed a ministry would soon be named, was; I thought that in a country where the whole real business of their general assembly was to choose ministers, they could never be without: I was deceived. I thought that when a prince dismissed one minister he would take another: I was deceived. I thought when a nation was engaged in a great war with a superior power, that they must have council; I was deceived: reason in China is not reason in England. An \* officer of the treasury may be displaced, and a judge can execute his office. Their † high-priest died lately; I waited to see from what profession, which had nothing to do with religion, his successor would be chosen.

When a day or two had passed, I asked when a new ministry would be named? I heard several ask the same question. I was told, When ‡ *the enquiries were over*. I found this satisfied every body but me. I asked what *the enquiries* were? By the scanty knowledge I have of their language, I concluded it signified, an enquiry who was to be minister—No such thing—they never enquire before-hand. Sometimes, as in the present case, they

\* On the removal of Mr. Legge, the chief justice was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, as the business of that court requires it to be constantly filled.

† Archbishop Herring.

‡ Into the causes of the loss of Minorca.

enquire whether a former minister had been fit to be so. Know, that last year the English lost a valuable island: the people were enraged; they blamed the \* admiral who commanded their fleet; the † admiral who directed their fleet; their ‡ chief judge; their § chief treasurer; their || chief secretary. The first admiral was imprisoned; the rest quarrelled, and gave up their employments. The ¶ chief man of the little faction was made minister, and his friends got places; yet the friends of the other two factions retained theirs. An enquiry or trial of the late ministers was determined: the imprisoned admiral was tried, acquitted, condemned and put to death. The trials of the others were delayed. At last they were tried—not as I expected, whether they were guilty, but whether they should be ministers again or not. If the executed admiral had lived, he too might be a minister. Just as this trial began, the \*\* new head of the admiralty forgot to make a bow to the king—upon which he and all his friends were displaced. I understood this: as the English are more free than we are, I conceived that this was a punishment proportioned to their ideas of offended majesty, and reflected how severely one of our countrymen would be dealt with who should affront the dignity of our august emperor. I was again deceived; this mandarin is likely to be again a minister. As his friends have great weight in the general assembly where the trials are held, I concluded they would persecute their antagonists, and I deplored the fate of those unhappy men who would be at the mercy of their bitterest enemies. There is no rule for judging of this people. The third faction, who were in the nature of judges, would only try facts and not persons; and even if they could have punished facts, they showed they were not unmerciful. I do not understand this nation.

What will surprize thee more, the chief men of the capital have bestowed †† *high honours* on the third faction for being dismissed from the government: and the honours they have bestowed are a permission to exercise a *trade*, which the persons so distinguished would think it exceedingly beneath them to follow. Dost thou comprehend this? But the enquiries are finished.—Thou wilt ask me, how? I know not—only I have been told that

\* Admiral Byng.

† Lord Anson.

‡ Lord Hardwicke.

§ Duke of Newcastle.

|| Mr. Fox.

¶ Mr. Pitt.

\*\* Lord Temple.

†† The freedom of the city presented to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge.

the general assembly affirmed that certain things, which all the land knew before, did or did not happen. Thou wilt attribute this ridiculous account to my ignorance of the language or manners of the country: in truth, I am not master of either; but I know the language of the French; these very relations that I send thee, are translated into French, and the English scruple not to send them all over Europe, where the French language is understood.

Now thou wilt say, my friend Xo Ho, leave these things which thou dost not understand, or canst not explain; and pass on to facts: tell me, thou wilt say, now the trials are finished, who are the new ministers? From which faction are they chosen?—By Cong-fou-tseë\*, thou wilt believe as little what I shall tell thee, as what I have already delivered. Their king, who dismissed a whole ministry because one of them did not humble himself enough before the throne, is gone into the country, without knowing who are to be his ministers.—How! how! thou wilt cry; their monarch left his capital, without appointing a ministry! For what is he gone into the country? To visit his provinces? To distribute justice? To muster his army?—Alas! alas! dear Lien Chi; England is not China.—Hear, and I will tell thee briefly. The English have no sun, no summer as we have, at least their sun does not scorch like ours. They content themselves with names: at a certain time of the year they leave their capital, and that makes summer; they go out of the city, and that makes the country. Their † monarch, when he goes into the country, passes in his calash by a row of high trees, goes along a gravel walk, crosses one of the chief streets, is driven by the side of a canal between two rows of lamps, at the end of which he has a small house, and then he is supposed to be in the country. I saw this ceremony yesterday: as soon as he was gone, the men put on under vestments of white linen, and the women left off those vast draperies, which they call *hoops*, and which I have described to thee; and then all the men and all the women said *it was hot*. If thou wilt believe me, I am now writing to thee before a fire.

At the top of the gravel walk, as their king passed, was a large ‡ company of youths and boys, newly clad as mariners, who are clothed by private contributions; for private persons are rich, the public is poor; and nothing

\* Confucius. † The king going to Kensington. ‡ The boys clothed by the marine society.

is well done, but by these starts and devices. The king has given a thousand pieces of gold to this institution, not as king, but in his *private capacity*, which here they distinguish. If he had given them a thousand pieces of his public money, not one half would have come to the youths, but would have been embezzled by the officers of the revenue. These youths were commanded by no officer in the sea-service, but by the only civil \* magistrate they have; and he is totally blind. He commands their charities, instead of being the object of them. Every thing here is reversed.

Thou wilt be impatient to hear why the king has appointed no ministry. If I may believe a man who has always hitherto told me truth, the king has no more to do with the choice of his ministry, than thou with that of our serene emperor. Thou wilt reply, But can the king of England unmake his ministers, and not make them? Truly I know not how that is. He has left the town, and when a ministry is formed he is to be made acquainted with it. The three factions are dealing with each other to come to some agreement, and to whatever they agree, the king *must*. Thou wilt say, Then he is no king. I answer, Not according to thy ideas: the English think differently. Well! wilt thou say, but in thy other letters thou hast described the people of England as not so easily satisfied: will they suffer three factions of different merits and principles to lord it over both king and people? Will those who value royal authority, not regret the annihilation of it? Will those who think the ancient ministers guilty, not be offended if they are again employed? Will those who rewarded the least faction for being dismissed, not resent their uniting with those who contributed to their expulsion? My friend Lien Chi, I tell thee things as they are; I pretend not to account for the conduct of Englishmen; I told thee before, they are *incomprehensible*. It is but lately that a † man entered into the king's service, and vacated his seat in the general assembly by it: the king punished him for it, and would not let him be re-admitted into the general assembly—yet the man who bowed not to the king may be rewarded for it. Farewell.

\* Justice Fielding. † Dr. Hay, who vacated his seat on being appointed a lord of the admiralty.

A N

## I N Q U I R Y

I N T O T H E

P E R S O N A N D A G E

O F T H E L O N G - L I V E D

## C O U N T E S S O F D E S M O N D .

**H**AVING a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged countess of Desmond, I was much surpris'd to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person; neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition. At last I was informed that she was buried at Sligo in Ireland, and a gentleman of that place was so kind as to procure for me the following inscriptions on the monument there; which however soon convinced me of that supposition being a mistake, as will appear by the observations in my letter, in consequence of this which contained the epitaph.

To C. O. Esq.

Nymphsfield, August 23, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

**I**HAVE made I think as accurate an extract of all the inscriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver: I was many hours on a high ladder, and it cost much time to clear the letters.

The lowest inscription is this ; but you are to observe, all the letters in the original are capitals, and could not come in compass to give it to you in that manner, as you will perceive.

“ Hic jacet famosissimus miles Donatus \* Cornelianus comitatus Sligiæ dominus cum suâ uxore illustrissimâ dnâ Elinora Butler comitissa Desmoniaë que me fieri fecit A<sup>o</sup> 1624 post mortè sui mariti qui obiit 11 Aug. A<sup>o</sup> 1609. Itm ejus filia & primi mariti vizt comitis Desmoniaë † noie Elizabetha valdè virtuosissima dnâ sepulta fuit hoc in tumulo 31<sup>o</sup> Novem. anno Domini 1623.”

Just above this is O'Connor in armour kneeling, and his hands raised up and joined as at prayer, his helmet on the ground behind him : a tree in an escutcheon, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one side, and over his head this inscription :

“ Sic præter cælum quia nil durabile ficit,  
‡ Luceat ambobus lux diuturna Dei.  
Donato Connor Desmond Elinora marito——”

On the west side is the countess with a coronet and her beads, kneeling, and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines :

“ Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena suo.  
Cum domino saxis Elinoræ filia cumbit,  
Et comitis Desmond Elizabetha virens.”

Between the two tablets, which contain the inscriptions, is a boar, and a coronet over it of five balls, which I suppose belonged to Desmond.

On the side of the countess is an escutcheon with the arms of Butler, and under them a book open and a rose on it, crossed by a spade and flambeau, and an urn at bottom.

\* Cornelianus is the descendant of Cornelius, which in Irish is *Conagher*, or, in the short way, *Connor*. † Abbreviated for nomine.  
‡ Luceat.

Above there is a table with this inscription that runs from each end and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any respect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive.

“ Siccine Conatiæ per quod florebat eburna  
 Urna tegit vivax corpora bina decus !  
 Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto  
 Offa, que Momoniæ siccine cura jacet !  
 Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,  
 Versa est in cineres siccine vestra manus !  
 Siccine Penelope faxis Elinora sepulta est,  
 Siccine marmoreis altera casta Judith !  
 Mater Ierna genis humidis quæ brachia tenda\*,  
 Mortis ero vestris, luctibus aucta, memor.”

Over this is O'Connor's arms, viz. a tree; and crest, a lion crowned. The motto is, QUO VINCI, VINCOR. On one side of these is a figure with a key lying on the breast, and a sword in the left. On the other is a figure with a sword in the right, and a book in the left lying on the breast; and the whole is surmounted by a crucifix.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

This letter having been communicated to me by the gentleman who was so obliging as to make the enquiry, occasioned my sending him the following :

To C. O. Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1757.

S I R,

I Should have thanked you the instant I received the honour of your obliging letter, if you had not told me that you was setting out for Ireland: I am now in pain lest this should not come to your hands, as you gave me no direction, and I should be extremely sorry that you should think me capable,

\* tendo.

fir,



fir, of neglecting to show my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourself. I cannot think of taking the liberty to give you any more, though I own the inscriptions you have sent me have not cleared away the difficulties relating to the countess of Desmond.—On the contrary, they make me doubt whether the lady interred at Sligo was the person reported to have lived to such an immense age. If you will excuse me, I will state my objections.

I have often heard that the aged lady Desmond lived to one hundred and fifty-two or sixty-three years. In the \* account of her picture at Windsor, they give her but one hundred and fifty years. Sir William Temple †, from the relation of lord Leicester, reduces it to one hundred and forty; adding, “That she had been married out of England in the reign of Edward the fourth, and, being reduced to great poverty by the ruin of the Irish family into which she had married, came from Bristol to London towards the end of the reign of James the first to beg relief from court.”

This account by no means corresponds either with the monument at Sligo, or the new Irish Peerage by Lodge. The great particular (besides that of her wonderful age) which interested me in this enquiry, was the tradition which says, that the long-lived lady Desmond had danced with Richard the third, and always affirmed that he was a very well-made man. It is supposed that this was the same lady with whom the old lady Dacre had conversed, and from whose testimony she gave the same account.

In the catalogue of the ancient earls of Desmond, inserted in the pedigree of Kildare, I can find no one who married an Englishwoman near the period in question: but that we will waive; it might have been a mistake of sir William, or his authority, the earl of Leicester. Her poverty might be as erroneous, if Lodge’s account be true ‡, that she left three hundred pounds to the chapel at Sligo, the tomb in which, as the inscription says, she erected in 1624. But here is the greatest difficulty: if she was one hundred and forty in 1636, according to Lodge the æra of her death (which by the way was in king Charles’s and not in king James’s reign), she was born in 1496.

\* See Pote’s Account of Windsor-castle, p. 418. † Vol. i. page 19.

‡ See his Essay on Health and long Life.

Gerald earl of Desmond, her first husband, died according to the Peerage in 1583. She was therefore eighty-seven when she married O'Connor of Sligo—That is possible—If she lived to one hundred and forty, she might be in the vigour of her age (at least not dislike the vigour of his) at eighty-seven. The earl of Desmond's first wife, says Lodge (for our lady Eleanor was his second), died in 1564: if he re-married the next day, his bride must have been sixty-eight, and yet she had a son and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, she must have been past breeding at sixty-eight.

These accounts tally as little with her dancing with Richard the third: he died in 1485, and by my computation she was not born till 1496. If we suppose that she died twelve years sooner, viz. in 1624, at which time the tomb was erected, and which would coincide with sir William Temple's date of her death in the reign of James; and if we give her one hundred and fifty years, according to the Windsor account, she would then have been born in 1474, and consequently was eleven years old at the death of king Richard: but this supposition labours with as many difficulties. She could not have been married in the reign of Edward the fourth, scarcely have danced with his brother; and it is as little probable that she had much remembrance of his person—the point, I own, in which I am most interested—not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity, from which Buck has so well defended him, both by the silence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of king Edward, and was too sincere to have passed over such remarkable ugliness in a foreigner, and from doctor Shaw's appeal to the people before the Protector's face, whether his highness was not a comely prince and the exact image of his father. The power that could enslave them, could not have kept them from laughing at such an apostrophe, had the Protector been as ill-shapen as the Lancastrian historians represent him. Lady Desmond's testimony adds great weight to this defence.

But the more we accommodate her age to that of Richard the third, the less it will suit with that of her first husband. If she was born in 1474, her having children by him (Gerald earl of Desmond) becomes vastly more improbable.

It is very remarkable, sir, that neither her tomb, nor Lodge, should take notice of this extraordinary person's age; and I own, if I knew how to consult him without trespassing on your goodnature and civility, I should be very glad to state the foregoing difficulties to him. But I fear I have already taken too great freedom with your indulgence, and am, &c.

H. W.

P. S. Since I finished my letter, a new idea has started, for discovering who this very old lady Desmond was, at least whose wife she was, supposing the person buried at Sligo not to be her. Thomas the sixth earl of Desmond was forced to give up the earldom: but it is not improbable that his descendants might use the title, as he certainly left issue. His son died, says Lodge \*, in 1452, leaving two sons, John and Maurice. John, being born at least in 1451, would be above thirty at the end of Edward the fourth. If his wife was seventeen in the last year of that king, she would have been born in 1466. If therefore she died about 1625, she would be one hundred and fifty-nine. This approaches to the common notion of her age, as the ruin of the branch of the family into which she married does to sir William Temple's. A few years more or less in certain parts of this hypothesis, would but adjust it still better to the accounts of her. Her husband being only a titular earl solves the difficulty of the silence of genealogists on so extraordinary a person.

Still we should be to learn of what family she herself was: and I find a new evidence, which agreeing with sir William Temple's account, seems to clash a little with my last supposition. This authority is no less than sir Walter Raleigh's, who in the fifth chapter of the first book of his History of the World, says expressly, that he himself "knew the old countess of Desmond of Inchiquin, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the fourth's time, *and held her jointure from all the earls of Desmond since then*; and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness." Her holding a jointure from all the earls of Desmond would imply that her husband was not of the titular line, but of that in possession: yet that difficulty is not so great, as no such lady

\* Vol. i. page 14.

being

being mentioned in the pedigree. By sir Walter's words it is probable that she was dead when he wrote that account of her. His History was printed in 1614; this makes the æra of her death much earlier than I had supposed; but having allowed her near one hundred and sixty years, taking away ten or twelve will make my hypothesis agree better with sir William Temple's account, and does not at all destroy the assumption of her being the wife of only a titular earl. However, all these are conjectures, which I should be glad to have ascertained or confuted by any curious person who could produce authentic testimonies of the birth, death and family of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or assist which was the only purpose of this disquisition.

Having communicated these observations to the reverend doctor Charles Lyttelton, bishop of Carlisle, he soon afterwards found and gave me the following extract from p. 36 of Smith's Natural and Civil History of the County of Corke, printed at Dublin 1750, 8vo.

“ \* Thomas the thirteenth earl of Desmond, brother to Maurice the eleventh earl, died this year (1534) at Rathkeile, being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghall. He married, first, † Ellen, daughter of McCarty of Muskerry, by whom he had a son, Maurice, who died *vitâ patris*.—The earl's second wife was Catherine Fitzgerald, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of the house of Drumana in the county of Waterford. This Catherine was the countess that lived so long, of whom sir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his History of the World, and was reputed to live to one hundred and forty years of age.”

This is the most positive evidence we have; the author quotes Ruffel's MS. If she was of the Fitzgeralds of Waterford, it will not in strictness agree with sir William Temple's relation of her being married out of England; by which we should naturally suppose that she was born of English blood.—Yet his account is so vague, that it ought not to be set against absolute assertion, supposing the Ruffel MS. to be of good authority enough to support what it is quoted to support in 1750.

\* His name was James, and he was the twelfth earl. † See Lodge's Peerage, vol. i. p. 16.

Upon the whole, and to reduce this lady's age as low as possible, making it at the same time coincide with the most probable accounts, we will suppose that she was married at fifteen in 1483, the last year of Edward the fourth, and that she died in 1612, two years before the publication of sir Walter Raleigh's History, she will then have been no less than \* one hundred and forty-five years of age, a particularity singular enough to excite, and, I hope, to excuse this enquiry †.

## N O T E.

HAVING, by permission of his grace the lord chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windsor, called The countess of Desmond, I discovered that it is *not* her portrait. On the back is written in an old hand, *The Mother of Rembrandt, given by Sir Robert Carr.* In the Catalogue of King Charles's Collection of Pictures, p. 150, N<sup>o</sup> 101, is described the portrait of an old woman with a great scarf upon her head, by Rembrandt, in a black frame; given to the king by my lord Ankrom. This was the very sir Robert Kerr, earl of Ancram, mentioned above, and the measures answer exactly.

\* Lord Bacon, says Fuller, computed her age to be one hundred and forty at least; and added, that she three times had a new set of teeth; for so I understand *ter vices denisse*, not that she recovered them three times after casting them, as Fuller translates it, which is giving her four sets of teeth. *Worthies in Northumb.* p. 310.

† I cannot omit an anecdote, though too extraordinary to be given as authentic, relating to this lady. In an original MS written by Robert the second earl of Leicester, (from whom sir W. Temple says he received the account of lady Des-

mond) and containing memorandums of remarkable facts, it is said that that old countess came to England to solicit a pension at the end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and was so poor that she walked from Bristol to London; her daughter being too decrepit to go on foot, was carried in a cart. "The countess, adds lord Leicester, might have lived much longer had she not met with a kind of violent death; for she would needs climb a nut-tree to gather nuts; so falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death." Lord Leicester fixes her death to the end of that reign.

## INSCRIPTION

ON A

PICTURE of the late POPE.

Prospero Lambertini

BISHOP of ROME

by the Name of BENEDICT XIV.

Who, though an absolute Prince,  
reigned as harmlefsly  
as a DOGE of VENICE:

HE restored the Lustre of the TIARA  
by those Arts alone,  
by which alone HE obtained it,  
HIS VIRTUES.

Beloved by PAPISTS,

Esteemed by PROTESTANTS:

A Priest, without Insolence or Interestedness;

A Prince, without Favourites;

A Pope, without Nepotism;

An Author, without Vanity;

In short, a MAN,

Whom neither Wit nor Power  
could spoil.

The SON of a favourite MINISTER,  
But One who never courted a Prince,

Nor worshipped a Churchman,

Offers in a free PROTESTANT Country

This deserved Incense

To the BEST of the ROMAN PONTIFS.

MDCCLVII.

This inscription having been sent to sir Horace Mann at Florence, and by him shown to the abbate Niccolini, the latter translated and sent it to cardinal Archinto, who gave it to the pope. The good old man was so pleased with this testimony borne to his virtues, that he gave copies to all that came near him, and wrote it in a letter to one of his particular friends at Bologna, concluding with this expression of amiable humility; “Noi mandiamo tutto al nostro Canonico Peggi, acciò conosca che siamo come le statue della facciata di San Pietro in Vaticano, che, a chi è nella piazza e così lontano, fanno una bella comparfa, ma a chi poi viene vicino, fanno figure di orridi Mascheroni.”

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

TO

PAUL HENTZNER'S

\*ACCOUNT OF ENGLAND,

In the YEAR 1598.

**D**OCTOR BIRCH, in his Summary of fir Thomas Edmond's State-papers, has published a short extract from the following obsolete author, which, for the elegance of the Latin, and the remarkable description of queen Elizabeth, has been deservedly admired: her best portraits scarcely exhibit a more lively image.

The original work, of which perhaps there are not above four or five copies in England, is an Itinerary through Germany, England, France, and Italy, performed by Hentzner, a travelling tutor to a young German nobleman. That doctor Birch has extracted the most interesting passage in the whole book, is certain: yet it records some circumstances and customs not unworthy the notice of an English antiquarian, and which are mentioned nowhere else. For these reasons, I flatter myself, that a publication of the part relating to our own country might not be an unacceptable present to persons of curiosity. The translation was the production of the idle hours of another gentleman †.

\* Printed at Mr. Walpole's private press at Strawberry-hill.

† Mr. R. Bentley.



The author seems to have had that laborious and indiscriminate passion for SEEING, which is remarked in his countrymen; and, as his translator observed, enjoyed as much the doubtful head of a more doubtful saint in pickle, as any upon the shoulders of the best Grecian statue. Fortunately so memorable a personage as queen Elizabeth happened to fall under his notice.—Ten years later, he would have been as accurate in painting Anne of Denmark!

The excess of respectful ceremonial used at decking her majesty's table, though not in her presence, and the kind of adoration and genuflection paid to her person, approach to eastern homage. When we observe such worship offered to an old woman, with bare neck, black teeth, and false red hair, it makes one smile; but makes one reflect what masculine sense was couched under those weaknesses, and which could command such awe from a nation like England!

Not to anticipate the entertainment of the reader, I shall make but one more reflection. We are apt to think that sir William Temple and king William were in a manner the introducers of gardening into England: by the description of lord Burleigh's gardens at Theobalds, and of those at Non-such, we find that the magnificent, though false taste, was known here as early as the reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter. There is scarce an unnatural and sumptuous impropriety at Versailles, which we do not find in Hentzner's description of the gardens above mentioned.

With regard to the orthography of proper names, though corrected in the translation, I have left them in the original as I found them.—Accuracy in that particular was not the author's merit: it is a merit peculiar to Englishmen: the French are negligent of it to an affectation; yet the author of *Les Mélanges Historiques* complains that other nations corrupt French names! He himself gives some English ones in page 247, 248, which it is impossible to decypher. Bassompierre calls York-house, *Jorchaux*, and Kensington, *Inhimthort*. As a soldier and ambassador, he was not obliged to know the names of houses; when he turned author, there was no excuse for not being intelligible. Even Voltaire, who writes the language so well, is careless in our titles. In England, it is the defect of a servant to blunder in pro-  
per

per names. It is one of those silly pretensions to politeness, which nations that affect a superiority have always cultivated—for, in all affectations, defects are merits. The readers of history love certainty: it is pity the writers do not. What confusion would it have saved, if it had not been the custom of the Jews to call every Darius and Artaxerxes, Ahafuerus! It were to be wished, that all nations would be content to use the appellations which people or respective countries have chosen for themselves. Proper names ought never to be tortured to any particular idiom. What a ridiculous composition is *Aulugel!* Who can conceive that *Meylandt* signifies Milan; or Leghorn, *Livorno*? When one is misled by a proper name, the only use of which is to direct, one feels like the countryman, who complained, *That the houses hindered him from seeing Paris.*—The thing becomes an obstruction to itself.

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO

LORD WHITWORTH'S

\*ACCOUNT OF RUSSIA,

As it was in the YEAR 1710.

**T**HE following short but curious account of the Russian Empire, as it began to emerge from barbarism in the year 1710, cannot but be acceptable to the public from the curiosity of the subject, and from the merit of the performance. Lord Moleworth's Account of the Revolution in Denmark, which totally overturned the constitution of that country, is one of our standard books. Lord Whitworth's little treatise will throw considerable lights upon the formation of the Muscovite power, and upon the plans of that extraordinary genius, Peter the Great. Each author shows what lasting benefits embassadors and foreign ministers might confer on mankind, beyond the temporary utility of negotiating and sending intelligence.

Our author, Charles lord Whitworth, was son of Richard Whitworth, esq. of Blowerpipe in Staffordshire, who, about the time of the revolution, had settled at Adbaston. He married Anne Mosely, niece of sir Oswald Mosely of Cheshire, by whom he had six sons and a daughter. Charles; Richard, lieutenant-colonel of the queen's own royal regiment of horse; Edward, captain of a man of war; Gerard, one of the chaplains to king George the

\* Printed at Strawberry-hill.

first;

first; John, captain of dragoons; Francis, surveyor-general of his majesty's woods, and secretary to the island of Barbadoes, father of Charles Whitworth, esq. member in the present parliament for Minehead in Staffordshire; and Anne, married to Tracey Pauncefort, esq. of Lincolnshire.

Charles, the eldest son, was bred under that accomplished minister and poet, Mr. Stepney, and having attended him through several courts of Germany, was in the year 1702 appointed resident at the diet of Ratisbon. In 1704 he was named envoy extraordinary to the court of Petersburg, as he was sent ambassador extraordinary thither on a more solemn and extraordinary occasion in 1710. M. de Matucos, the czar's minister at London, had been arrested in the public street by two bailiffs, at the suit of some tradesmen to whom he was in debt. This affront had like to have been attended with very serious consequences. The czar, who had been absolute enough to civilize savages, had no idea, could conceive none, of the privileges of a nation civilized in the only rational manner, by laws and liberties. He demanded immediate and severe punishment of the offenders: he demanded it of a princess, whom he thought interested to assert the sacredness of the persons of monarchs, even in their representatives; and he demanded it with threats of wreaking his vengeance on all English merchants and subjects established in his dominions. In this light the menace was formidable—otherwise, happily the rights of a whole people were more sacred *here* than the persons of foreign ministers. The czar's memorials urged the queen with the satisfaction which she had extorted herself, when only the boat and servants of the earl of Manchester had been insulted at Venice. That state had broken through their fundamental laws to content the queen of Great Britain. How noble a picture of government, when a monarch that can force another nation to infringe its constitution, dares not violate his own! One may imagine with what difficulties our secretaries of state must have laboured through all the ambages of phrase in English, French, German, and Rufs, to explain to Muscovite ears and Muscovite understandings, the meaning of indictments, pleadings, precedents, juries, and verdicts\*; and how impatiently Peter must have listened to promises of a hearing next term!

\* Mr. Dayrolles in his letter to the Russian ambassador, March 10, 1703, gives him a particular account of the trial before the lord chief justice Holt.

*Vide Mattley's Life of Peter I. vol. ii. p. 57.*

With what astonishment must he have beheld a great queen engaging to endeavour to prevail on her parliament to pass an act to prevent any such outrage for the future ! What honour does it reflect on the memory of that princess, to see her not blush to own to an arbitrary emperor, that even to appease *him* she dared not put the meanest of her subjects to death uncondemned by law ! “ There are,” says she\*, in one of her dispatches to him, “ insuperable difficulties with respect to the ancient and fundamental laws of the government of our people, which we fear do not *permit* so severe and rigorous a sentence to be given, as your Imperial Majesty at first seemed to expect in this case : and we persuade our Self, that your Imperial Majesty, who are a prince famous for clemency and for exact justice, will not require us, *who are the guardian and protectress of the laws*, to inflict a punishment upon our subjects, which the law does not empower us to do.” Words so venerable and heroic, that this broil ought to become history, and be exempted from the oblivion due to the silly squabbles of ambassadors and their privileges. If Anne deserved praise for her conduct on this occasion, it reflects still greater glory on Peter, that this ferocious man *had* patience to listen to these details, and had moderation and justice enough to be persuaded by the reason of them.

Mr. Whitworth had the honour of terminating this quarrel. In 1714 he was appointed plenipotentiary to the diet of Aufbourg and Ratibon ; in 1716, envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the king of Prussia ; in 1717, envoy extraordinary to the Hague. In 1712 he returned in his former character to Berlin ; and in 1721 king George I. rewarded his long services and fatigues, by creating him baron Whitworth of Galway in the kingdom of Ireland, the preamble of his patent, enumerating many of his virtues and labours, being as follows :

*CUM alii homines re aliâ clari inclytique sese Nobis commendaverint, haud minorem tamen vel sibimet gloriam acquirere, vel Regnis nostris utilitatem conferre eos existimamus, qui res nostras apud principes statusque externos prudenter feliciterque administrant. Inter hosce quidem eminet plurimum tum longinquo usu atque exercitatione, tum solertiâ quadam singulari fidelis & dilectus nobis Carolus Whitworth Armiger. Variis in aulis externis perfunctis muneri-*

\* Mottley's Life of Peter I. vol. ii. p. 67.

*bus sese antecessoribus nostris gloriose memoriæ, Gulielmo Tertio Regi, Reginaeque Annæ perspectum imprimis comprobatumque reddidit. In Comitibus Ratisbonensibus, in Aulâ Cæsareo-Germanicâ, atque apud Czarum Muscoviæ temporibus difficillimis res maximi momenti semper cum laude tractavit, ac meritis suis eximiis summos honores rerum exterarum curatoribus tribui solitas, legati scilicet extraordinarii et plenipotentarii characterem consecutus est. Ita ornatum, ita commendatum nos Eum accepimus, ac proinde ejus operâ in arduis compluribus negotiis tanto cum nostro commodo tantoque omnium plausu usi sumus, ut testimonio aliquo illustri ejus virtutes, intemeratam præcipuè fidem et constantiam, remunerandas esse censuerimus; et cum Majestatem imperii nostri deceat, tum rebus tractandis pondus aliquod adjiciat nobilitatis splendor atque amplitudo, nos prædictum Carolum Whitworth, quem legati nostri extraordinarii ac plenipotentarii titulis insignivimus ad tractatus pacis in congressu Brunsvicensi proximo celebrandos, qui in Aulâ Berolinensi, atque apud Ordines Generales Uniti Belgii, plenâ potentiâ res nostras procurat, ad dignitatem gradumque Baronis in Regno nostro Hiberniæ promovendum esse statuimus: Sciatis igitur, &c.*

The next year his lordship was entrusted with the affairs of Great Britain at the congress of Cambray, in the character of ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary. He returned home in 1724, and died the next year at his house in Gerard-street, London. His body was interred in Westminster-abbey.

These short memorials, communicated to me by his family without any ostentation, are all I have been able to recover of a man so useful to his country; who besides the following little piece, which must retrieve and preserve his character from oblivion, has left many volumes of state-letters and papers in the possession of his relations. One little anecdote of him I was told by the late sir Luke Schaub, who had it from himself: Lord Whitworth had had a personal intimacy with the famous czarina Catherine, at a time when her favours were not purchased nor rewarded at so extravagant a rate as that of a diadem. When he had compromised the rupture between the court of England and the czar, he was invited to a ball at court, and taken out to dance by the czarina. As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand, and said in a whisper, *Have you forgot little Kate?*

It is to be lamented that so agreeable a writer as lord Whitworth has not left us more ample accounts of this memorable woman. Even his portrait of her lord is not detailed enough to satisfy our curiosity. How striking a picture might an author of genius form from the contrast exhibited to Europe by four extraordinary men at the same period! Peter recalled that image of the founders of empires, of whom we read with much satisfaction and much incredulity in ancient story:—Charles the twelfth, of those frantic heroes of poetry, of whom we read with perhaps more satisfaction and no credulity at all. Romulus and Achilles filled half our gazettes, while Lewis the fourteenth was treading to universal monarchy with all the pomp and policy of these latter ages. William the third was opposing this modern Xerxes with the same arts; and (with perhaps a little of Charles's jealousy) had the good fortune to have his quarrel confounded with that of Europe. While Peter tamed his savages, raised cities, invited arts, converted forests into fleets, Charles was trying to recall the improvements of war to its first principle, brutal strength; fancying that the weight of the Turkish empire was to be overturned by a single arm, and that heroic obstinacy might be a counterpoise to gunpowder.

A philosopher in these four men saw at once the great outlines of what the world had been, and what it is.

Lord Whitworth's MS. was communicated to me by Richard Owen Cambridge, esq. having been purchased by him in a very curious set of books, collected by monsieur Zolman, secretary to the late Stephen Poyntz, esq. This little library relates solely to Russian history and affairs, and contains in many languages every thing that perhaps has been written on that country. Mr. Cambridge's known benevolence, and his disposition to encourage every useful undertaking, has made him willing to throw open this magazine of curiosity to whoever is inclined to compile a history or elucidate the transactions of an empire, almost unknown even to its cotemporaries.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T  
T O  
T H E M I S T A K E S;  
O R,

The Happy Repentment.

A C O M E D Y,

By HENRY Lord \* HYDE and CORNBURY.

**T**HE following scenes were written many years ago by a noble lord, and given at that time to Mrs. Porter to dispose of for her benefit. Several reasons, unnecessary to mention, prevented the representation of them: but it would be ingratitude to the memory of the illustrious author not to acquaint the world, that they were a very juvenile production; and this notice is given, less with an intention of avowing blemishes, than of calling for approbation on such early talents, and on virtues so mature in an age in which wit is too apt to want judgment, and is so seldom attentive to the beauties of morality. The plan of the comedy was to contrast the celebrated Provoked Husband, and to vindicate the softer sex from the aspersions of being the weaker in their peculiar province, domestic life; a good-natured and a disinterested design. His lordship's abilities have been too much distinguished since to want the flattery of our comparing his performance with one of the best comedies in the English language: the ensuing piece is evidently inferior to the Provoked Husband, in every thing but what ought to be the foundation of all comedy, the moral lessons it inculcates: no wonder

\* Only son of Henry Hyde the last earl of Clarendon. Lord Hyde died at Paris before his father.



his lordship's writings excelled in what he himself excelled so eminently! They were the emanations of one of the best hearts that ever warmed a human breast. He was upright, calm, steady; his virtues were of the gentlest complexion, yet of the firmest texture: vice could not bend him, nor party warp him; even his own talents could not mislead him. Though a master of eloquence, he preferred justice and the love of his country, to all the applause which the violence of the times in which he lived, was so prodigal of bestowing upon orators who distinguish themselves in any faction; but the tinsel of popularity, and the intrinsic of corruption, were equally his contempt. He spoke, nor wrote, nor acted for fame.—As goodness was the object and end of all his actions, can that life be obscure? Can those writings which breathe his soul not be valuable, when we are assured by the greatest \* authority, and that too of one who knew him well, that it is a test of virtue to disdain whatever *he disdained*?

Let it not be thought presumption in an old and once favoured servant of the public, if she avows herself more proud than interested in publishing the beneficence of so illustrious and honoured a patron; and if she flatters herself, when her powers of contributing to the amusement of the public are no more, that she at least makes it no unacceptable offering.

She begs leave to embrace this opportunity of acknowledging and returning her most humble thanks for the great and uncommon generosity she has experienced on this occasion, and for the patronage of so many noble persons; and she desires to repeat her gratitude for such a series of favours from the kind indulgence of the public, who have had the goodness to accept her inclination and endeavours to please, as real merit.

Her grateful sense of their benevolence can never expire but with her life.

\* Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains. POPE.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

TO THE

\* L I F E

O F

E D W A R D L O R D H E R B E R T

O F C H E R B U R Y,

Written by himself.

SOME years ago the following pages would have been reckoned one of the greatest presents which the learned world could have received. The Life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself, would have excited the curiosity of the whole republic of letters. Perhaps a less proportion of expectation may attend this its late appearance. Not that the abilities of the noble writer have fallen into disesteem. His reign of Henry VIII. is allowed to be a masterpiece of historic biography. But they were his speculative works, which, raising a multitude of admirers or censors from their acuteness and singularity, made lord Herbert's a name of the first importance. The many great men, who illustrated the succeeding period, have taken off some of the public attention; for it is only a genius of the first force, whose fame dilates with ages, and can buoy itself up above the indifference which steals upon mankind, as an author becomes less and less the subject of conversation. Speculative writers, however penetrating, however sublime their talents, seldom attain the seal of universal approbation; because, of all the various abilities which Providence has bestowed on man, reasoning is not the power which has been brought to standard perfection.

\* Printed at Strawberry-hill.

Poetry



Edward Lord Herbert of Chisbury.



Poetry and eloquence have been so far perfected, that the great masters in those branches still remain unequalled. But where is that book of human argumentation, where that system of human opinions, which has not been partly confuted or exploded? Novelty itself in matters of metaphysical enquiry often proves, in effect, a confutation of antecedent novelties. Opponents raise the celebrity of the doctrine they attack: newer doctrines stifle that celebrity. This is a truth, which the bigots of lord Herbert's age would not have liked to hear; but what has happened to many other great men, has been his fate too: they who meant to wound his fame, extended it: when the cry of enthusiasts was drawn off to fresher game, his renown grew fainter. His moral character recovered its lustre, but has fewer spectators to gaze at it.

This Introduction to his Life may not be improper, though at first it may mislead the reader, who will hence perhaps expect from his own pen some account of a person's creed, whom a few sottish zealots once represented as having none at all. His lordship's thorough belief and awful veneration of the Deity will clearly appear in these pages; but neither the unbeliever nor the monk will have farther satisfaction. This life of a philosopher is neither a deduction of his opinions, nor a table of philosophy—I will anticipate the reader's surprise, though it shall be but in a word: to his astonishment he will find, that the history of don Quixote was the life of Plato.

The noble family, which gives these sheets to the world, is above the little prejudices which make many a race defraud the public of what was designed for it by those who alone had a right to give or withhold. It is above suppressing what lord Herbert dared to tell. Foibles, passions, perhaps some vanity, surely some wrongheadedness; these he scorned to conceal, for he sought truth, wrote on truth, was truth: he honestly told when he had missed or mistaken it. His descendants, not blind to his faults, but through them conducting the reader to his virtues, desire the world to make this candid observation with them, "That there must have been a wonderful fund of internal virtue, of strong resolution and manly philosophy, which in an age of such mistaken and barbarous gallantry, of such absurd usages and false glory, could enable lord Herbert to seek fame better founded, and could make him reflect that there might be a more desirable kind of glory than that of a romantic duellist." None shut their eyes so obstinately against see-

ing what is ridiculous, as they who have attained a mastery in it: but that was not the case of lord Herbert. His valour made him a hero, be the heroism in vogue what it would; his sound parts made him a philosopher. Few men in truth have figured so conspicuously in lights so various; and his descendants, though they cannot approve him in every walk of glory, would perhaps injure his memory, if they suffered the world to be ignorant, that he was formed to shine in every sphere, into which his impetuous temperament or predominant reason conducted him.

As a soldier, he won the esteem of those great captains the prince of Orange and the constable de Montmorency; as a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the purest founts of the Fairy Queen. Had he been ambitious, the beauty of his person would have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a public minister, he supported the dignity of his country, even when its prince disgraced it; and that he was qualified to write its annals as well as to ennoble them, the history I have mentioned proves, and must make us lament that he did not complete, or that we have lost, the account he purposed to give of his embassy. These busy scenes were blended with, and terminated by, meditation and philosophic enquiries. Strip each period of its excesses and errors, and it will not be easy to trace out, or dispose the life of a man of quality into a succession of employments which would better become him. Valour and military activity in youth; business of state in the middle age; contemplation and labours for the information of posterity in the calmer scenes of closing life: this was lord Herbert: the deduction he will give himself.

The MS. was in great danger of being lost to the world. Henry lord Herbert, grandson of the author, died in 1691 without issue, and by his will left his estate to Francis Herbert of Oakly-park, (father of the present earl of Powis), his sister's son. At Lymore in Montgomeryshire (the chief seat of the family after Cromwell had demolished Montgomery-castle) was preserved the original manuscript. Upon the marriage of Henry lord Herbert with a daughter of Francis earl of Bradford, Lymore, with a considerable part of the estate thereabouts, was allotted for her jointure. After his decease, lady Herbert usually resided there; she died in 1714. The MS. could not then be found; yet while she lived there it was known to have been in her hands. Some years afterwards it was discovered at Lymore  
among

among some old papers, in very bad condition, several leaves being torn out, and others stained to such a degree as to make it scarcely legible. Under these circumstances, enquiry was made of the Herberts of Ribbisford (descended from sir Henry Herbert, a younger brother of the author-lord) in relation to a duplicate of the memoirs, which was confidently said to be in their custody. It was allowed that such a duplicate had existed; but no one could recollect what was become of it. At last, about the year 1737, this book was sent to the earl of Powis, by a gentleman whose father had purchased an estate of Henry Herbert of Ribbisford (son of sir Henry Herbert above mentioned), in whom was revived in 1694 the title of Chirbury, which had extinguished in 1691. By him (after the sale of the estate) some few books, pictures, and other things were left in the house, and remained there to 1737. This manuscript was amongst them; which not only by the contents (as far as it was possible to collate it with the original) but by the similitude of the writing, appeared to be the duplicate so much sought after.

Being written when lord Herbert was past sixty, the work was probably never completed. The spelling is in general given as in the MS. but some obvious mistakes it was necessary to correct, and a few notes have been added, to point out the most remarkable persons mentioned in the text. The style is remarkably good for that age, which coming between the nervous and expressive manliness of the preceding century, and the purity of the present standard, partook of neither. His lordship's observations are new and acute; some very shrewd, as that to the duc de Guise, p. 148; his discourse on the reformation, very wise. To the French confessor his reply, p. 168, was spirited; indeed his behaviour to Luynes, and all his conduct gave ample evidence of his constitutional fire. But nothing is more marked than the air of veracity or persuasion which runs through the whole narrative. If he makes us wonder, and wonder makes us doubt, the charm of his ingenuous integrity dispels our hesitation. The whole relation throws singular light on the manners of the age, though the gleams are transient. In those manners nothing is more striking than the strange want of police in this country: I will not point out instances, as I have already perhaps too much opened the contents of a book, which, if it gives other readers half the pleasure it afforded me, they will own themselves extraordinarily indebted to the noble person, by whose favour I am permitted to communicate to them so great a curiosity.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

T O A

C A T A L O G U E and DESCRIPTION

O F K I N G C H A R L E S the F I R S T ' S

C A P I T A L C O L L E C T I O N O F

P i c t u r e s , S t a t u e s , B r o n z e s , M e d a l s , & c .

**T**HE catalogue, now offered to the public, of the collection of pictures belonging to king Charles the first, was transcribed by the late curious and industrious Mr. VERTUE, from a MS. in the Ashmolean museum, and was by him prepared for the press, part of it being actually printed off before his death. The catalogue appears, from pages 57 and 63, to have been taken by one \* Vanderdoort, keeper of the king's cabinet, pictures, jewels, &c. who had before served prince Henry in the same employment: and indeed, from every page, it appears not to have been compiled by an Englishman, the language in many places being barely intelligible; in none,

\* In Saunderfon's *Graphice* is this account of this Abraham Vanderdoort's death. The king had recommended to him to take particular care of an excellent miniature by Gibson, the parable of the lost sheep: he laid it up so carefully, that when the king asked for it, Vanderdoort could not find it: in despair he went and hanged himself. After his death, his executors found and

restored it. As it is not mentioned in this catalogue, probably it was newly purchased.

*Vide Saunderfon, p. 14.*

There is a fine head of Vanderdoort in lord Oxford's collection, by Dobson, whom king Charles called the English Tintoret, and yet there is not one picture by him in the following catalogue.



tolerably pure\*. Yet it was apprehended, that putting it into a new dress might have destroyed much of the fidelity of the descriptions, which seem very accurately taken; and as elegance of diction is by no means a necessary ingredient to a catalogue, it is hoped that the curious will prefer the rude original, in its native truth, to a more polished, but perhaps less faithful narrative.

King Charles's collection was one of the most celebrated in Europe: he loved, he understood, he patronized the arts. Not having the fortune to find great geniuses in painting among his own subjects, he † called over some of the ablest masters of other nations—a commendable partiality to foreigners, as it tended to enrich and instruct his own country. Nor did he confine his expence to artists: besides separate pieces, he purchased the celebrated collection of the duke of Mantua; having first laid a foundation of what he inherited from his brother the amiable prince Henry, who, as appears from this catalogue, had, amongst his other qualifications, a taste for pictures, and a noble zeal for encouraging the arts.

It is recorded of king Charles, that at one time he made a present of ultramarine to the value of five hundred pounds to Vandyke and Mrs. Carlisle, a celebrated paintress; and the immense price of eighty thousand pounds, which his majesty is said to have agreed to pay to the same great master, for illustrating the banqueting-house with the ceremonies of the garter, is rather a comment on the magnificence of the prince, and the genius of the painter, than probably a matter of fact.—That noble chamber was soon destined to a more melancholy solemnity!

The stroke that laid royalty so low, dismissed the painter, and dispersed the royal virtuoso's collection: the first cabinets in Europe shine with its spoils ‡. The few fine pieces thinly scattered through the royal palaces at

\* Tom Hearne, who was going to print it, took it for German, and dropped the design.

† He invited Albano into England, by a letter written with his own hand. *Acad. Pic.* p. 282.

‡ After the restoration a commission was

issued out to examine Hugh Peters concerning the disposal of the pictures, jewels, &c. belonging to the royal family, but soon came to nothing, by the obstinacy or ignorance of Peters, who would not or could not give the desired satisfaction.

*Vide Gen. Dict.* vol. ii. p. 384.

home, are chiefly what were saved or re-assembled of king Charles's splendid gallery: the Dutch are reported to have purchased and restored some \* to his son: the best part are buried in the gloom or perishing in the vaults of the Escorial. The late prince of Wales, who had begun to assemble a fine collection, proposed to acquire as many as possible of king Charles's pictures—but painting has still been unfortunate in Britain!

The fire of Whitehall contributed to destroy what rebellion and rapine had spared. Many portraits of royal persons, of whom no image is left, perished in those flames. The fairest works of the natural Holbein, and the exquisite Isaac Oliver, were probably lost there: works so valuable, that the memory of them, preserved in this rude transcript, must recommend it to the judicious and curious reader.

A still farther view is aimed at. Catalogues of this sort are deservedly grown into esteem: while a collection remains entire, the use of the catalogue is obvious; when dispersed, it often serves to authenticate a picture, adds to its imaginary value, and bestows a sort of history on it. It is to be wished, that the practice of composing catalogues of conspicuous collections was universal: and perhaps this, so coarsely executed, may tend to incite more elegant imitations. Hitherto, this Vanderdoort, and one or two foreigners scarce better qualified, have been the chief illustrators of British museums †. One Gambarini began with lord Pembroke's collection, and made pompous promises of proceeding with what he was incapable of executing well. There is another account of the pictures and statues at Wilton ‡: the coins and medals have been published in a fair edition. Many of the duke of Devonshire's and doctor Mead's appear in Haym's *Tesoro Britannico*. These, and the *Ædes Walpoleanæ*, are, I think, the only descriptions of the riches of a country, which for some years has been assembling the arts and works of the politest nations and greatest masters.

\* They are published in Gerard Reyntz's Gallery, of whose widow they were bought.

† It seems that king Charles's medals were saved, or that his son made a collection; for the latter ordered Ashmole to make a description of his medals, and assigned Henry the eighth's

closet for that purpose. He made the catalogue accordingly; but I do not find that it was ever printed.

*Vide Memoirs of El. Ashmole, prefixed to his Berkshire, p. 10, 24.*

‡ By Cowdrey. Another since by Kennedy.

The establishment of the British musæum seems a charter for incorporating the arts, a new æra of *virtù*. It is to be hoped that collections, wont to straggle through auctions into obscurity, will there find a centre! Who that should destine his collection to the British musæum, would not purchase curiosities with redoubled spirit and pleasure, whenever he reflected, that he was collecting for his country, and would have his name recorded as a benefactor to its arts and improvements? And when so fair a foundation is laid, if pictures and statues flow in to books and medals, and curiosities of every kind, may we not flatter ourselves, that a British academy of arts will arise? at least, that we shall not want great masters of our own, when models are prepared, and our artists can study Greece and Rome, Praxiteles and Raphael, without stirring from their own metropolis?

ADVERTISEMENT

A D V E R T I S E M E N T  
T O A  
C A T A L O G U E  
O F T H E  
C O L L E C T I O N o f P I C T U R E S , & c .  
B E L O N G I N G T O  
K I N G J A M E S t h e S E C O N D .

**T**HE following catalogues, as well as that of king Charles's collection published last summer, were purchased by the \* editor at the sale of Mr. VERTUE. The first [that of king James's collection] was transcribed from a book in the possession of the late earl of Oxford, with the king's arms on the covers, which probably was for his majesty's own use. There are short descriptions of each picture, but no measures. In one leaf it is said, that the Mantuan collection, which by the former catalogue seems to have been greatly damaged, cost king Charles fourscore thousand pounds. It adds, that part of the collection was purchased of one Mr. Frosely; another part, presented to the same king by the lord abbot Montagu, almoner to queen Henrietta-Maria; and a handsome number, the gift of the States to Charles II. They had belonged to his father, were bought during the rebellion by mynheer Reyntz, a virtuoso, [whose collection was engraved, with prints of these very pictures] and on his death were purchased and re-

\* William Bathoe, Bookfeller.

stored by the States. The catalogue is signed by Mr. Chiffinch, of the king's bed chamber; and in the last leaf are some memorandums of furniture in the custody of different wardrobe-keepers, and quantities of royal plate, all which seem to have been specified in lord Oxford's manuscript.

The catalogue of queen Caroline's closet was taken by Mr. Vertue himself in 1743, and contains an account of a very valuable cabinet; particularly of that curious parcel of original drawings of Holbein, the sketches for his portraits in oil. They are not only some of his most masterly performances, but preserve representations of many illustrious persons of the court of Henry VIII. and of whom no other pictures are known. There are portraits of the accomplished earl of Surrey at different stages of his life; of an admired poet at the same time, lord Vaux; of two or three of the queens, and other beauties. It is pity that so valuable a treasure should not be ensured to the public by engravings\*. They seem to have composed that book mentioned in king Charles's collection, page 4, which his majesty exchanged with the lord chamberlain Pembroke for a Saint George by Raphael, and which his lordship gave to that great collector the earl of Arundel. A few of the same set are in the possession of the lady Elizabeth Germain. I do not doubt but it is the same book mentioned with such encomiums, and so deservedly, by Saunderfon, in his *Graphice*, page 79. There are many other curious pieces in this cabinet, assembled by her late majesty, who had great pleasure in collecting and preserving the dispersed remains of the collection belonging to the crown, who formed the gallery of royal portraits at Kensington, and was the gracious patroness of every art.

\* We cannot help lamenting, that the portraits [at Windsor] of an age so celebrated for beauty as the reign of Charles II. should likewise remain shut up from the public, and be liable to be totally lost, by not being engraved.

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO A

## CATALOGUE

OF THE CURIOUS

## COLLECTION of PICTURES

OF

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WE proceed to gratify the curiosity of the public with some other lists of valuable collections: the principal one belonged to that magnificent favourite, George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, and was only such part of his museum as was preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young duke, to be sold for his subsistence; great part having been embezzled when the estate was sequestered by the parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first duke, had been purchased by the king, the earl of Northumberland, and abbot Montagu. The collection was kept at York-house in the Strand, and had been bought by the duke at great prices. He gave 10,000*l.* for what had been collected by sir Peter Paul Rubens; and sir Henry Wootton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased \* many other capital ones for his

\* Particularly a Madona and child (probably one of those hereafter mentioned) by Titian; and Abishag brought to David, by old Palma, in page 9. *Vide Cabala*, p. 399.

grace.

grace. One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection must have been, by this list of what remained, where we find no fewer than nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Bassan, two by Julio Romano, two by Giorgione, thirteen by Paul Veronese, eight by Palma, three by Guido, thirteen by Rubens, three by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Corregio, and three by Raphael; besides other esteemed and scarce masters.

Mr. Duart of Antwerp bought some of them; but the greater part were purchased by the archduke Leopold, and added to his noble collection in the castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the *Ecce Homo* by Titian, in which were introduced the portraits of the pope, the emperor Charles the fifth, and Solyman the magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original manuscript, that Thomas earl of Arundel offered the first duke the value of 7000 *l.* in money or land for that single piece. There is a copy of it at Northumberland-house.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that Villiers, when sent with the earl of Holland to the States, to negotiate the restoration of the Palatinate, purchased a curious collection of Arabic manuscripts, collected by Erpinus, a famous linguist; which, according to the duke's designation of them, were, after his death, bestowed on the university of Cambridge, of which his grace had been chancellor.









Carl. Rivers presenting his Book & Carton his Printer  
to Edw. 4. the Queen & Prince, from a curious. M.S. in the  
Archbishops Library at Lambeth. The Portrait of the  
Prince after Edw. 5<sup>th</sup> is the only one known of him &  
has been engrav'd by Vertue among the Heads of the  
Kings. The Person in a Cap & Robe of State is proba-  
bly Richard 2. of Gloucester, as he resembles the King,  
and as Clarence was always too great an Enemy of  
the Queen to be distinguished by her Brother. The  
Book was printed in 1477, when Clarence was in Ire-  
land, & in the beginning of the next Year he was murder'd.

A  
C A T A L O G U E  
O F T H E  
R O Y A L A N D N O B L E A U T H O R S  
O F  
E N G L A N D,  
With L I S T S of their W O R K S.

Dove, diavolo ! Meffer Ludovico, avete pigliato tante coglionerie ?

CARD. D'ESTE TO ARIOSTO.

Enlarged with many new Articles, with several Passages restored  
from the original MS. and with many other Additions.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

To the Most Noble

**FRANCIS SEYMOUR CONWAY,**

**E A R L O F H E R T F O R D,**

**V I S C O U N T B E A U C H A M P,**

**B A R O N C O N W A Y A N D K I L L U L T A,**

**K N I G H T o f t h e M o s t N o b l e O r d e r o f t h e G A R T E R,**

**L O R D C H A M B E R L A I N o f h i s M A J E S T Y ' s H O U S H O L D,**

**A N D**

**L O R D L I E U T E N A N T o f t h e C o u n t y o f W a r w i c k.**

MY DEAR LORD,

**I** SHOULD be afraid to offer you the following work, if it was not written with the utmost impartiality towards all persons and parties: it would be unpardonable to have a bias in a mere literary narrative. Yet some may think that I ought to be apprehensive of offering it to you from this very impartiality; I mean, from the freedom with which I speak of your great ancestor, the protector Somerset. But whoever suspects you of unwillingness to hear truth, is little acquainted with you—and indeed, when you need not fear what truth can say of yourself, it would be too nice to feel for a remote progenitor; especially as your virtues reflect back more honour to him, than his splendour has transmitted to you. Whatever blemishes he had, he amply atoned,

atoned, not only by his unhappy death, but by that beautiful humanity, which prompted him to erect a *court of requests* in his own house to hear the suits, the complaints of the poor.

If there were no other evident propriety, my lord, in *my* presenting *you* with any thing that I should wish were valuable, the poor would bear testimony that an encomium on the protector's benevolence can be no where so properly addressed as to the heir of his goodness.

I am, my LORD,

your LORDSHIP'S

most affectionate

humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE compiler of the following list flatters himself that he offers to the public a present of some curiosity, though perhaps of no great value. This singular catalogue contains an account of no fewer than ten English princes, and of above fourscore peers, who at different periods have thrown their mite into the treasury of literature. The number much exceeds what is generally known.—Perhaps the obscurity of some will not at first sight make a favourable impression on the mind of the reader, nor incline him to think that it was worth while to preserve the names of authors, whose works have not seemed worth preserving. But when it is observed that it has been impossible to recover even the titles of many pieces written by so masterly a genius as lord Somers, it may not be too favourable a judgment to presume that other able authors have met as unmerited a fate. As lord Somers's pieces were anonymous, we no longer know what to ascribe to him; and one cannot help making an inference a little severe; that the world is apt to esteem works more from the reputation of the author, than from their intrinsic merit. Another cause that has drawn oblivion over some of our catalogue, was the unfortunate age in which they appeared, when learning was but in its dawn, when our language was barbarous. How brightly would earl Rivers have shined, had he flourished in the polished æra of queen Anne! How would the thoughts of Bolingbroke twinkle, had he written during the wars of York and Lancaster!

Be this as it may; yet are there such great names to be found in this catalogue, as will excuse erecting a particular class for them: Bacon, Clarendon, Villiers duke of Buckingham, the latter lord Shaftsbury, lord Herbert, lord Dorset, and others, are sufficient founders of a new order. Some years ago nothing was more common than such divisions of writers. How many German, Dutch, and other heralds have marshalled authors in this manner! Balthazar Bonifacius made a collection of such as had been in

love with statues\*: Ravifius Textor, of fuch as have died laughing†: Voffius, of chronologers: Bartholinus, of phyficians who have been poets. There are catalogues of modern Greek poets; of illuftrious bafards; of translators; of Frenchmen who have ftudied Hebrew ‡; of all the authors bred at Oxford, by Antony Wood; and of all British writers in general by Bale, Pitts, and bifhop Tanner. But if this collektion, fortified with fuch grave authorities, fhould ftill be reckoned trifling by the generality; it cannot, I would hope, but be acceptable to the noble families defcended from thefe authors. Considering what trash is thought worthy to be hoarded by genealogifts, the following lift may not be a defpicable addition to thofe repositories. Of one ufe it certainly may be; to affift future editors in publifhing the works of any of thefe illuftrious perfonages.

In compiling this catalogue, I have not inferted perfons as authors, of whom there is nothing extant but letters or fpeeches. Such pieces fhew no intention in the writers to have been authors, and would fwell this treatife to an immense magnitude. Bifhop Tanner has erected many kings and queens into authors on thefe and ftill flenderer pretentions, in which he furpaffes even his bountiful predeceffor Bale. According to the former, even queen Eleanor was an author for letters which fhe is *faid* to have written; and Edward the third for his writs and precepts to fheriffs. But this is ridiculous.

I have chofen to begin no higher than the Conqueft, though the venerable name of Alfred did tempt me to add fo great an ornament to my work: but as I fhould not then have known on what æra to fix; and being terrified at finding I muft have to do with another Alfred king of Northumberland, with Arviragus, Canute; nay, with that virago Boadicia, and king Bladud, a magician, who difcovered the Bath waters, and the art of flying §, to all whom the bifhop very gravely allots their niches, I contented myfelf with a later period, whofe commencement however, as the reader will find, is uncertain enough to fatisfy any admirer of historic paradoxes and fables.

\* Gen. Dict. vol. x. p. 360.

† Theatr. Hift. lib. 2. chap. 87.

‡ In a book called Gallia Orientalis.

§ It feems he had a mind to pafs for a god; inviting his people to the capital to fee a proof of

his divinity, after a few evolutions in the air, his wings failed him, and he tumbled upon the temple of Apollo and broke his neck; which Leland mentions as a judgment; allowing an impoffibility, in order to get at a miracle; vol. i. page 11.



One liberty I have taken, which is *calling up by writ*, if I may say so, some eldest sons of peers, who never attained the title; as the earl of Surrey, and the lord Rochford, &c. In ranging the whole series, I have generally gone by the years of their deaths, except where they long out-lived their significance, or the period in which they chiefly shone.

I will not detain the reader any longer from what little entertainment he may find in the work itself, but to make an apology for freedoms I have taken of two sorts; the one, with some historic names, whose descendents still exist. There are families mentioned in this work, whose first honours were the wages of servility; their latter, the rewards or ornaments of the most amiable virtues. It were an affront to the latter, to suppose that one is not at liberty to treat the former as they deserved. No man who is conscious of the one, can be solicitous about the other. Another sort of licence I have allowed myself is in scrutinizing some favourite characters; yet I never mean to offer my opinion but with submission to better judgments, which I choose to say here, rather than repeat it tiresomely on every occasion. This freedom of discussion on the dead of any rank, or however consecrated by the authority of great names, or even by the esteem of ages, every man ought to be at liberty to exercise. The greatest men certainly may be mistaken; so may even the judgment of ages, which often takes opinions upon trust. No authority, under divine, is too great to be called in question; and however venerable monarchy may be in a state, no man ever wished to see the government of letters under any form but that of a republic. As a citizen of that commonwealth, I propose my sentiments for the revision of any decree, of any honorary sentence, as I think fit: my fellow-citizens, equally free, will vote according to their opinions.

Thus much with regard to great names: as to any other notions which may clash with those commonly received or better established, let it be understood that I propose my own with the same deference and diffidence, and by no means expecting they should be adopted, unless they are found agreeable to good sense: still less intending to wrangle for them, if they are contested. This work was calculated to amuse: if it offends any man, or is taken too seriously, the author will be concerned; but it will never make him so serious as to defend it.



# ROYAL AUTHORS.

## RICHARD the FIRST.

**T**HOUGH Henry the first obtained the fair appellation of Beauclerc, or the Learned, yet has no author, I think, ascribed any \* composition to him. Considering the state of literature in that age, one may conjecture what was the erudition of a prince to whom the monks [the doctors of his time !] imparted a title so confined to their own brotherhood. One is more surpris'd to be obliged to attribute the first place in this catalogue to his fierce great-grandson, Coeur de Lion ! It is asserted, that towards the end of his father's reign, which his rebel temper disturbed, he lived much in the courts of the princes of Provence, learned their language, and practis'd their poetry, then called *The gay Science*, and the standard of politeness in that age. The English, who had a turn to numbers, are particularly said to have cultivated that dialect, finding their own tongue too stubborn and inflexible.

Mr. Rymer, in his short view of tragedy, is earnest to assert the pretensions of this monarch as a poet, against Roger Hoveden the monk, who, he supposes, was angry at the king's patronizing the provençal bards, reckoned of the party of the Albigenes, then warring on the pope and France. Hoveden says positively, that Richard, to raise himself a name, bought and begged verses and flattering rhymes, and drew over singers and jesters from France to chant panegyrics on him about the streets, and it was every where

\* Bishop Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca Britannica*, has ranked Henry among his authors ; but I cannot so lightly call him one, as the bishop does after Leland, on the latter having discovered in St. Austin's church at Canterbury a book composed from laws or decrees elucidated and enacted by that king, *vide* p. 95, nor is it sufficient that bishop Bale says he wrote epistles to Anselm.

said, That the world contained nothing like him. This account seems more agreeable to the character of that ambitious restless monarch, whose vagrant passion for fame let him, in a reign of ten years, reside but eight months in his own kingdom, than Mr. Rymer's\*, who would metamorphose him into the soft lute-loving hero of poesy, and at the same time ascribes to him connections with a faction at variance with the king of France, his ally against his father †.

However, since this article was written, I have found great reason to believe that Richard was actually an author. Crescimbeni, in his Commentary on the lives of the provençal poets, says, that Richard, being struck with the sweetness of that tongue, set himself to compose a sonnet in it, which he sent to the princess Stephanetta, wife of Hugh de Baux, and daughter of Gisbert, the second count of Provence ‡. He says afterwards in a chapter expressly written on this king, that residing in the court of Raimond Berlinghieri, count of Provence, he fell in love with the princess Leonora, one of that prince's four daughters, whom Richard afterwards married: that he employed himself in rhyming in that language, and, when he was prisoner, composed some sonnets, which he sent to Beatrix, countess of Provence, sister of Leonora, and in which he complains of his barons for letting him lie in captivity. Crescimbeni quotes four lines, which are nearly the same with a part of the sonnet itself, as it still exists; and which is so poor a composition, as far as I can decypher it, that it weighs with me more than Crescimbeni's authority or Rymer's arguments, to believe it of his majesty's own fabric. Otherwise, Crescimbeni's account is a heap of blunders. Richard married Berengaria daughter of Sancho king of Navarre; and no princess of Provence. In the Life of the very Raimond here mentioned, p. 76, Crescimbeni makes the same Eleanor, wife of Edward III. and Sanchia, the third daughter, wife of Richard I. to whom this author had before allotted her sister Eleanor, and which king was great great uncle of Edward III. whom this miserable historian mistakes for Edward I. as he certainly does Richard I. for his nephew Richard king of the Romans. Crescimbeni informs us that there are poems of our king Richard in the library of saint Lorenzo at Florence, *in uno de' codici Provenzali*; and others *nel N° 3204*

\* Not to mention how much nearer to the time the monk lived than Mr. Rymer.

† Gen. Dict. vol. ii. page 293.

‡ Vol. ii. page 8.

*della Vaticana.* I have had both repositories carefully searched. The reference to the Vatican proves a new inaccuracy of this author: there is no work of king Richard. In page 71 of N<sup>o</sup> 3204 there is a poem of Richauts de Terafcon; with short accounts of each author prefixed to their sonnets, but without the least mention of any royalty belonging to them.

In the Laurentine library is the king's sonnet mentioned above, which I have twice had transcribed with the greatest exactness; and as it has never been printed, so ancient and singular a curiosity will probably be acceptable to the reader. I do not pretend to give him my interpretation, as I am sensible it is very imperfect; and yet I think I understand the drift of every stanza but the last, which has proved totally unintelligible to every person that has hitherto seen it.

“ \* Biblioth. Laura. Plut. XLI. cod. 42. Membran. in folio p. 184. ben conservato; fino alla paga 72 sono poesi Provenzali.”

## R E I S R I Z A R D.

Ja nus hom pris non dira sa raïson  
 Adreitament se com hom dolent non  
 Mas per conort pot il faire chançon  
 Pro adamis, mas povre son li don  
 Onta j avron, se por ma reezon  
 Soi fai dos yver pris.

† Or Sachon ben mi hom e mi baron  
 Engles, Norman, Pettavin et Guafcon  
 Qe ge navoie si povre compaignon  
 Qeu laiffasse por aver en preïson  
 Ge nol di pas, por nulla retraïson  
 Mas anquar soïge pris.

\* This note was sent from Florence with the sonnet. † This is the stanza quoted by Crescimbeni.

Jan fai eu de ver certanament  
 Com mort ne pris na amie ne parent  
 Quant il me laissent por or ni por argent  
 Mal mes de mi, mas perz mes por ma gent  
 Qapres ma mort n auron reperzhament  
 Tan longament foi pris.

Nom merveill feu ai le cor dolent  
 Qe messen her met ma terra en torment  
 No li menbra del nostre segrament  
 Qe nos feimes an dos comunelment  
 Bem fai de ver qe gaire longament  
 Non ferai eu fa pris.

Mi compagnon cui j amoi e cui j am  
 Cil de Chaill e cil de Perfarian  
 De lor chanzon qil non font pas certain  
 Uncha vers els non oi cor fals ni vain  
 Sil me guertoient il feron qe vilain  
 Tan com ge foie pris.

Or sachent ben Enjevin e Torain  
 E il bachaliers qi son legier e fain  
 Qen gombre foie pris en autrui main  
 Il ma juvassen mais il no ve un grain  
 De belles armes font era voit li plain  
 Per zo qe ge foi pris.

Contessa soit votre prez sobrain  
 Sal deus e garde cel per cui me clam  
 Et per cui ge foi pris:  
 Ge nol di pas por cela de certrain  
 La mere Loys.

“ Questa canzone e stata ricorretta e riconfrontata con l’ originale, e ritrovata essere in tutto fedele, secondo il parere anco del canonico Bandini bibliotecario.”

Besides this sonnet, there is published by Rymer a letter written by king Richard himself to the abbot of Clairvaux, giving an account of his wars in the Holy Land.

## EDWARD the SECOND.

**B**ISHOP Tanner says\*, that in the herald’s-office is extant in MS. a Latin poem written by this unhappy prince, while a prisoner, the title of which is

“ Lamentatio gloriosi regis Edwardi de Karnarvan quam edidit tempore suæ incarcerationis.”

† Fabian mentions the same verses, and has given us six lines as a specimen; they are in Latin and in rhyme; and yet as this king never showed any symptoms of affection to literature, as one never heard of his having the least turn to poetry, I should believe that this melody of a dying monarch is about as authentic as that of the old poetic warbler the swan, and no better founded than the title of Gloriosi. His majesty scarcely bestowed this epithet on himself in his affliction; and whoever conferred it, probably made him a present of the verses too ‡.

\* Page 253.

† See his Chronicle and the Parl. Hist. of Eng. vol. i. p. 188.

‡ Among the letters to archbishop Usher is one from sir Robert Cotton, desiring his grace to procure for him a poem of Richard the second, of which that prelate had told him. As this is the single passage in which I find any mention of such a poem, and as so great an antiquarian appears to have no other knowledge of it, I suspect that

Richard II. was mistaken for Richard I.

*Vide Usher’s Letters, p. 79.*

In a trifling book called The Lady’s Dictionary, written by one N. H. in 1694, it is said that king Henry V. wrote certain Latin verses on Ethelsteda, sister of Edwin, a Saxon king before the Conquest, and wife of Ethelred duke of Mercia, a heroine who overthrew the Welsh. If there is any truth in this assertion, they were probably an exercise composed while he was at Oxford, where Ethelsteda might be some collegiate saint.

HENRY

## HENRY the EIGHTH.

AS all the successors of this prince owe their unchangeable title of DEFENDER OF THE FAITH to his piety and learning, we do not presume to question his pretensions to a place in this catalogue. Otherwise, a little scepticism on his majesty's talents for such a performance, mean as it is, might make us question whether he did not write the defence of the sacraments against Luther, as \* one of his successors is supposed to have written the *Εικων Βασιλικη*; that is, with the pen of some † court-prelate. It happened unfortunately, that the champion of the church neither convinced his antagonist nor himself: Luther died a heretic; his majesty would have been one, if he had not erected himself into the head of that very church, which he had received so glorious a compliment for opposing. But by a singular felicity in the wording of the title, it suited Henry equally well, when he burned papists or protestants; it suited each of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth; it fitted the martyr Charles, and the profligate Charles: the Romish James, and the Calvinist William; and at last seemed peculiarly adapted to the weak head of high-church Anne.

The work I have mentioned was printed in quarto by Richard Pinson, with this title,

“ Assertio septem sacramentorum adversus Martyn Luther, edita ab invictissimo Angliæ & Franciæ rege & d<sup>o</sup>. Hybæniæ Henrico ejus nominis octavo.” It ends, “ apud inclytam urbem Londinum, in ædibus Pinsonianis, anno M.DXXI. quarto idus Julii. Cum privilegio à rege indulto. Editio prima †.”

Luther not only treated this piece of royal theology in a very cavalier manner, but [which seems to have given the most offence] ascribed it to others. The king in the year 1525 replied in a second piece, entitled,

\* Charles the first.

Fisher, others to sir Thomas More.

Vide lord Herbert's *Life of Hen. VIII.* p. 240.

† Saunders and Bellarmine ascribed it to bishop

‡ Ames's *Typogr. Antiq.* page 122.

“ Litterarum,



“ Litterarum, quibus invictissimus princeps Henry VIII. &c. respondit ad quamdam epistolam Martini Lutheri ad se missam, & ipsius Lutheranae quoque epistolæ exemplum \*.” It is remarkable that the emperor’s arms were affixed to the title page.

In the Sylloge epistolarum at the end of Hearne’s edition of T. Livius’s history of Henry the fifth, is a wretched controversial letter written by this king to the bishop of Durham, on auricular confession, in which he professes *not* being apt to consult learned men for his writings.

Critics have ways of discovering the genuineness of a book by comparing it with other works of the same author: we have † little of his majesty’s composition to help us to judge whether the tracts against Luther be really his, but his love-letters to Anne Boleyn: the style of *them* has certainly no analogy to his polemic divinity. Strype ‡ gives an account of a book which the king wrote and sent to Rome during the proceedings on his first divorce, in which he had set down the reasons for dissolving his marriage, and the scruples of his conscience: but I cannot find that it exists, or was ever printed: it was probably nothing more than a memorial, as many pieces in bishop Tanner’s lists were only state-papers. What may be properly reckoned his works [for it is absurd to call instructions and proclamations so] are the following §, though not existing as I can find:

“ An introduction to grammar.”

“ A book of prayers.”

\* Ames, p. 130, and Strype’s Memorials, page 59.

which an account will be given hereafter. Strype’s Memorials, vol. i. p. 149.

† Strype, upon the authority of Beutherus, ascribes to king Henry a book on the tyranny and usurpation of the bishop of Rome; but I am of opinion with lord Herbert, that it was a mistake for one written by Fox, bishop of Hereford, which was translated by lord Stafford, and of

‡ Pages 92, 93: and in the appendix to the first volume are some notes written by himself on purgatory and the marriage of priests; pp. 262, 264, 265.

§ Page 393.

“ Preface by the king to his primer.”

Besides many of his speeches and letters \*, and the following, mentioned too by Holland † :

“ De potestate regiâ contra papam.”

“ De christiani hominis institutione, lib. 1. ‡”

“ De instituendâ pube, lib. 1.”

“ Sententiam de Mantuano consilio, lib. 1.”

“ De justo in Scotos bello.”

And some § most eloquent epistles to the dukes of Saxony, to Erasmus,

\* Some of which are in the library of C. C. C. Cambridge. Two others in the museum; see Harl. cat. N<sup>o</sup> 296, art. 11, and N<sup>o</sup> 297, art. 12.

† Heroologia, p. 5.

‡ This work is actually extant, but scarce corresponds with its title, not containing directions for the practice but for the faith of a christian, and such christianity as Henry chose to compound out of his old religion and his new, when he found that his people did not stop at throwing off obedience to the pope, but were disposed to receive a more real reformation than his majesty's revenge had prompted, or his superstition or his power could digest. The work in question is probably not of his own composition, being, as the preface asserts, drawn up with the advice of his clergy, and the approbation of his parliament. It is an exposition of the creed, as he chose it should be believed; of the seven sacraments (all which he was pleased to retain); of the ten commandments; of the paternoster; of the angel's salutation to Mary; and of the

doctrines of free-will, justification and good works; and concludes with an authorized prayer for departed souls. I think the contents of this medley justify the curiosity I had expressed in the text to see the institution of such a reformer. See Mr. Hume's account of this book and the occasion of it, in the reign of Hen. VIII. chap. 6, p. 250. In the year 1740 Dr. Salmon showed to the society of antiquaries an edition of this book corrected by the king himself; in which was remarkable that in the Lord's prayer his majesty had blotted out the words, *Lead us not into temptation*, and inserted, *Suffer us not to be led into temptation*—a propriety of veneration not much to have been expected from such a man as Henry!

§ A specimen of his majesty's eloquence may be seen in his last speech to parliament, the chief flower of which is couched in these words: “ I hear daily that you of the clergy preach one against another without charity or discretion; some be too stiff in their old mumpimus, others be too busy and curious in their new fumpimus.”

*Ld. Herbert's Life of Hen. VIII. p. 598.*

and

and other famous men\*. But in that age, when the severity of criticism did not lay such restraint on the invention of authors as it does at present, it was common for them to multiply titles of treatises at the expence of their accuracy. It is notorious how Bale splits the performances of his authors into distinct books. Holland seems to have been as little exact. Historians tell us, that Henry, during the life of prince Arthur, was designed by his father for archbishop of Canterbury. How far his education was carried with that view, I know not: the catholics have reason to lament that the destination did not take place: a man, whose passions made him overturn a church, was likely to have carried its interests high, if his own had coincided with them.

If the pieces above mentioned ever existed, it would be curious to see what rules for the education of youth, or for the institution of a christian, were laid down by a man who confounded every idea of government and religion; who burned martyrs of opposite sects at the same stake; bastardized his own children, and then entailed his crown on them; and who seems to have provided for nothing but a succession of civil wars by the unwarrantable disposition he made of his dominions †.

## QUEEN CATHERINE PARR,

WHOSE beauty raised her to a throne, and whose merit deserved a better fate than to be linked to two men, one of whom was near putting her to death for her attachment to a religion which he himself had introduced; and the latter of whom is suspected of removing her to promote his marriage with the lady Elizabeth. The king indeed was so bounteous as to leave her a legacy of about 4000*l.* besides her jointure! Each of his children,

\* One of these I take to have been the following: "An epistle of Henry the eighth, supreme head of the church of England, to the emperor, to all christian princes, and to all those who truly and sincerely profess Christe's religion." 12mo. black letter, Lond. in ædibus T. Bertheleti impr. reg. 1538. *Vide Harl. Catal.* vol. i. p. 136; and *Ames*, p. 171.

† Besides his literary talents, he was well

skilled in music, could sing his part, and used to compose services for his own chapel. *Vide Eng. Worthies*, p. 12. A service composed by this king is still performed in some cathedrals. In the British museum is preserved a missal, which belonged to his majesty after his breach with the see of Rome; in the calendar he has blotted out all the saints that had been popes.

even after his death, showed her the greatest respect, as is evident from their letters to her, still extant. She was not only learned, but a patroness of learning, interceding for and saving the university of Cambridge, when an act had passed to throw all colleges, &c. into the king's disposal\*.

Nicholas Udal, master of Eton school (whom Bale calls *the most elegant master of all good letters*), and who was employed by this princess in translating and publishing Erasmus's paraphrase on the four gospels, gives this simple and natural account of the learning of the women of quality in that age. In his dedication to her majesty he observes "the great number of noble women at that time in England, given to the studie of human sciences, and of strange tongues." And he adds, "It was a common thying to see young virgins so nouzled and trained in the study of letters, that thei willyngly set all other vain pastymes at naught for learnynge's sake. It was now no news at all to see queens and ladies of most high estate and progenie, instede of courtly daliaunce to embrace vertuous exercises, readyng and writyng, and with moste earneste studie both erlye and late, to apply themselves to the acquiryng of knowledge as well in all other liberal arts and disciplines, as also most specially of God and his most holy word. And in this behalf, says he, lyke as to your highnesse, as well for composyng and fettyng forth many godly psalmes and diverse other contemplative meditations, as also for causyng these paraphrases to be translated into our vulgare language, England can never be able to render thanks sufficient †."

Her majesty wrote

"Queen Catherine Parr's lamentation of a sinner, bewailing the ignorance of her blind life."

This was a contrite meditation on the years she had passed in popery, in fasts and pilgrimages; and being found among her papers after her death, was published with a preface by secretary Cecil [afterwards lord Burleigh], 8vo. 1548 and 1563 ‡.

\* Vide Ballard's *Memoirs of celebrated ladies*, Bible, pp. 159, 163, 164. page 88.

‡ Bale de script. Britan. p. 106.

† Vide Lewis's *Hist. of the translations of the*

In her life-time she published many psalms, prayers and pious discourses, of which this was the title,

“ Prayers or meditations, wherein the mynd is stirred patiently to suffre all afflictions here, to set at nought the vain prosperitee of this worlde, and always to long for the everlastynge felicitee. Collected out of holy workes, by the most vertuous and gracious princeesse Katherine queene of Englande, France and Irelande. Printed by John Wayland, 12mo. 1545\*.”

To this was sometimes prefixed a set of fifteen psalms, which she composed in imitation of David's: the titles of them may be seen in Strype †. To them were subjoined, “ The XXI psalm, another of thanksgiving, and two prayers, for the king, and for men to say entring into battail.”

“ A godly exposition, after the manner of a contemplation, upon the LI psalm, which Hierom of Ferrary made at the latter end of his days. Translated by the queen, with other meditations, and a prayer ‡.”

“ A pious prayer in short ejaculations §.”

“ A Latin epistle to the lady Mary, entreating her to let the translation of Erasmus's paraphrase on the New Testament [which her majesty had procured] be published in her highness's name ||.”

Several of her letters are extant, viz.

“ To king Henry, then on an expedition against France ¶.”

“ To the university of Cambridge,” on the occasion above mentioned. It is a piece of artful duty to the king \*\*.

\* Ames, page 211.

† Vol. ii. p. 131.

‡ Ib. 132.

§ Ib. in Append. p. 82.

|| Ballard, p. 91.

¶ Strype, vol. ii. H.

\*\* Ibid. K.

“ A letter

“ A letter to the lady Wriothesly, on the death of her only son.” From the orthography of this letter appears the ancient manner of pronouncing the name *Wriothesly*, which her majesty writes *Wresely* \*.

“ To the college of Stoke, that Edward Waldgrave may have a lease of their manour of Chipley in Suffolk †.”

“ To her husband, the lord admiral ‡.”

“ Two letters to ditto §.”

“ Another curious one to ditto, before their marriage was owned ¶.”

Vossius, in his treatise de philologiâ ¶, ascribes by mistake to Katherine of Arragon the lamentations of a sinner, and the meditations on the psalms.

## EDWARD the SIXTH.

**M**ANY authors have preserved accounts of this prince's writings. Cardan talks much of his parts and learning: his own diary gave the still better hopes of his proving a good king, as in so green an age he seemed resolved to be acquainted with his subjects and his kingdom. Holland affirms \*\* that he not only wrote notes from the lectures or sermons he heard, but composed a most elegant comedy, the title of which was, “The whore of Babylon.” Precious as such a relique would be in the eyes of zealots or antiquarians, I cannot much lament that it is perished, or never existed.—What an education for a great prince, to be taught to scribble controversial ribaldry! As elegant as it is said to have been, I question whether it surpassed the other buffooneries, which engrossed the theatres of Europe in that and the preceding century: all the subjects were religious; all the conduct, farcical.

\* Strype, vol. ii. L.

† In the library of C. C. C. Cambridge.

‡ In Hearne's Sylloge epist. p. 209.

§ In the collection of state-papers published by Haynes.

¶ Ballard, p. 94, from the Ashmolean collection.

¶ Page 36.

\*\* Page 27.

## ROYAL AUTHORS.

Bishop Bale, whom I have mentioned, composed above twenty of these ridiculous interludes.

King Edward wrote besides,

“The sum of a conference with the lord admiral,” written with his own hand, and extant among the Ashmolean manuscripts\*.

“A method for the proceedings in the council.” In his own hand, in the Cotton library †.

“King Edward the sixth’s own arguments against the pope’s supremacy, &c.” translated out of the original, written with the king’s own hand in French, and still preserved. To which are subjoined some remarks upon his life and reign, in vindication of his memory from doctor Heylin’s severe and unjust censure. Lond. 1682.

He drew himself the rough draught of a sumptuary law, which is preserved by Strype; and an account of a progress he made, which he sent to one of his particular favourites called Barnaby Fitzpatrick, then in France ‡. The same author has given some specimens of his Latin epistles and orations, and an account of two books written by him; the first before he was twelve years of age, called

“L’encontre les abus du monde;” a tract of thirty-seven leaves in French, against the abuses of popery: it is dedicated to the protector his uncle, is corrected by his French tutor, and attested by him to be of the king’s own composition. The other, preserved in the library of Trinity college, Cambridge, is

“A translation into French of several passages of scripture §.”

\* Tanner, page 253.

† Ibid.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 319. The earl of Ossory, immediate descendant of this Fitzpatrick, has these letters to his ancestor, written during a progress

to the sea-coasts. The remarks show great attention to the defence and improvement of his kingdom; and one of them betrays much insensibility to the death of his uncle the protector.

§ Ib. p. 436.

“A treatise

“ A treatise de fide, addressed to the duke of Somerfet.” I find this mentioned no where but in the preface to the works of king James I. It is probably the same with the foregoing. In the same place it is said that king Edward wrote several epistles and orations, in Greek and Latin. In 1552, when it was thought necessary to reform the superstitious ceremonies used at the installation of knights of the garter, a new service was drawn up, which his majesty himself translated from English into Latin. Vide Burnet’s Hist. of the reform. vol. ii. pp. 205, 206. The king’s performance is printed in the appendix to that book, p. 73 of the first edition.

In Tanner may be seen a list of what letters of this king are extant\*. One other, not mentioned there, is in the Harleian coll. N<sup>o</sup> 353, art. 23. It is to the lords of the council, persuading them to moderate councils against his uncle the protector; and two more, N<sup>o</sup> 6986.

## QUEEN MARY.

A FEW devout pieces of her composition are preserved. At the desire of queen Catherine Parr † she began to translate Erasmus’s paraphrase on saint John; *but being cast into sickness, partly by overmuch study in this work, after she had made some progress therein, she left the doing of the rest to Dr. Mallet her chaplain ‡.* This was in the reign of her brother. The good queen dowager was at the expence of procuring a translation and edition of Erasmus’s Paraphrase upon the four gospels and the acts, for the helping of the ignorant multitude towards more knowledge of the holy scriptures; and probably had an eye to the conversion of the princess Mary.—Sufficient reason for § her to relinquish it. She would not so easily have been *cast into sickness*, had she been employed on the legends of saint Teresa, or saint Catherine of Sienna.

Strype has preserved three prayers or meditations of hers: the first, “ Against the assaults of vice;” at the end of which she wrote these words,

\* Page 253.

† Vide Lewis’s Hist. of the translations of the Bible, p. 164.

‡ Strype, vol. ii. p. 28.

§ Soon after her accession, a proclamation was issued for calling in, and suppressing, this very book.

Vide Fox’s *Acts and Monum.* pp. 1450, 1451.

“ Good



“ Good Francis [meaning probably her chaplain doctor Francis Mallet], pray that I may have grace to obtain the petitions contained in this prayer before written : your assured loving mistress during my life, MARIE.” The second, “ A meditation touching adversity,” made by her in the year 1549 : at the end are these words, “ Good cousin Capel, I pray you, as often as you be disposed to read this former writing, to remember me, and to pray for me, your loving friend, MARIE.” Who this cousin Capel was does not appear, but probably sir Henry Capel, or his wife Catherine, daughter of Thomas Manners lord Roos, whose mother Anne was daughter of the duchess of Exeter, sister of Edward the fourth. The third, “ A prayer to be read at the hour of death,” is doubtful whether of her composition \*.

Erasmus says †, that she “ scripsit benè Latinas epistolas.” Whatever her Latin letters were, her French ones are miserable. Strype has printed one from the Cotton library in answer to a haughty mandate from her husband, when he had a mind to marry the lady Elizabeth to the duke of Savoy, against the queen’s and princess’s inclination, in which he bids the former examine her conscience, whether her repugnance does not proceed from obstinacy ; and insolently tells her, that if any parliament went contrary to this request of his, he should lay the fault on her. The mortified queen, in a most abject manner and wretched style, submitting entirely to his will, professes to be more bounden to him than any other wife to a husband, notwithstanding his ill-usage of her, “ dont, says she, j’ay commencée desja d’en taster trop à mon grand regret ;” and mentions some fryars whom he had sent to make her conformable, but who proposed to her “ questions si obscures, que mon simple entendement ne les pourroit comprendre ‡.”

In Foxe’s Acts and Monuments are printed

Eight of her letters to king Edward and the lords of the council, on her non-conformity, and on the imprisonment of her chaplain doctor Mallet.

In the Sylloge epistolarum are several more of her letters, extremely curious ; one of her delicacy in never having written but to three men ; one of

\* Strype, vol. iii. p. 468.

† Lib. 19, ep. 31.

‡ Ib. vol. iii. p. 318 ; and Append. 190.

affection for her sister; one after the death of Anne Boleyn; and one very remarkable of Cromwell to her.

In Haynes's state-papers are two in Spanish to the emperor Charles the fifth.

In the Harleian coll. one to her father\*; another to her sister †.

In the Bodleian library is a curious missal, which, by a passage in her own hand at the beginning of the psalms, seems to have been a present to one of her ladies.

Bishop Tanner is so absurd as to ascribe to her, "A history of her own life and *death*, and an account of *martyrs* in her reign ‡."

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IN the earlier part of her life, when her situation was precarious, and adversity her lot or her prospect; in the days when, as Camden says §, king Edward was wont to call her *his sweet sister Temperance*, this great princess applied much to literature, and under the celebrated Roger Ascham made great progress in several languages. Her ready responses in Latin to the compliments of the university of Cambridge, many years after she had ceased to have learned leisure, are well known; and her ingenious evasion of a captious theologic question is still more and deservedly applauded;

“CHRIST was the word that spake it;  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what that word did make it,  
That I believe and take it ||.”

This

\* N<sup>o</sup> 283, 58.

† N<sup>o</sup> 7047, 3.

‡ Page 510.

§ In the preface to his History.

|| She excelled even in things of a much more trifling nature: there cannot be a fillier species of poetry than rebuses; yet of that kind there are few better than the following, which queen Elizabeth made on Mr. Noel:

The

This is the list of her writings :

“ A comment on Plato.”

“ Two of the orations of Isocrates, translated into Latin.”

“ A play of Euripides, likewise translated into Latin.”

“ A translation of Boethius de consolatione\*.”

“ A translation of the meditations of the queen of Navarre.” The latter work was printed at London in 1548 †.”

“ One of her orations at Cambridge” is preserved in the king’s library ‡.

“ Another at Oxford §.”

“ Another, on a second visit to that university ||.”

“ The word of *denial* and letter of *fifty*,  
Is that gentleman’s name that will never be  
thrifty.” *Collins in Gainsborough.*

The same author, in his account of the house  
of Stanhope, mentions this distich, in which her  
majesty gave the characters of four knights of  
Nottinghamshire,

Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,  
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout.

*Vide Chesterfield.*

Fuller records an English hexameter, com-  
posed by this queen, in imitation of sir Philip  
Sidney : coming into a grammar-school, she thus  
expressed her opinion of three classic authors :

Perfius, a crab-staffe ; bawdy Martial ; Ovid,  
a fine wag. *Worthies in Warwick.* 126.

The same author relates, that sir Walter Ra-  
leigh having written on a window, obvious to  
the queen’s eye,

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall :

She immediately wrote under it,

If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.

*Worthies in Devon.* p. 261.

\* Vide Ballard’s Memoirs, p. 233.

† Vide Strype, vol. ii. p. 146 ; and Ames.

‡ Casley’s Catal. p. 199 ; and Hollingshed’s  
Chron. p. 1206.

§ Wood’s Hist. & Antiq. Univ. Ox. vol. i.  
p. 289. This oration was to express her satis-  
faction at her entertainment : on the same occa-  
sion she answered a Greek oration in Greek. Her  
orations are printed too in Peck’s Desid. Cur.  
vol. ii.

|| *Ib.* p. 306.

“ A translation of a dialogue out of Xenophon in Greek, between Hiero, a king, yet some tyme a private person, and Simonides a poet, as touching the life of the prince and private man.” This was first printed in the year 1743, in N<sup>o</sup> II. of miscellaneous correspondence. A specimen of her handwriting was engraved with it: she sometimes took the pains to write exceedingly fair.

“ Her speech to her last parliament \*.”

“ A prayer composed by her †.”

“ Another, for the use of her fleet in the great expedition in 1596 ‡.”

In the king's library is a volume of prayers in French, Italian, and Spanish, written with her own hand. Hentznerus mentions such an one only in French, written on vellum, and dedicated to her father, in these words: “ A tres haut & tres puissant & redoubté prince Henry VIII. de ce nom, roy d'Angleterre, de France & d'Irlande, defenseur de la foy §.”

Camden says, that she either read or wrote something every day; that she translated “ Sallust de bello Jugurthino;” and, as late as the year 1598, turned into English the greater part of “ Horace de arte poeticâ,” and a little treatise of “ Plutarch de curiositate ||.”

“ A godly meditation of the soule, concerning a love towards Christe our Lorde, translated out of French into English by the right highe and most

\* In lord Somers's Coll. of tracts, published by Cogan, vol. iv. p. 130.

† In Ant. Bacon's Papers, vol. ii. p. 18.

‡ Ibid.

§ Eng. edit. p. 30.

|| It appears by a letter from the earl of Essex to sir Francis Bacon, that her majesty was not quite indifferent to fame even as an author. Sir

Francis being in disgrace with her on having opposed three subsidies in the last parliament, and the earl, as he constantly did, endeavouring to recommend him again to favour, artfully told the queen that his suit was not so much for the good of Bacon, as for her own honour, that those excellent translations of hers might be known to them who could best judge of them. Here we see this great woman with all her weaknesses about her, and in the hands of a man who knew how to humour them.

*Ant. Bacon's Papers*, vol. i. p. 121.

vertuous

vertuous princeffe, Elizabeth queen of England." Black letter, printed by H. Denham \*. This is only a various edition of the Meditations of the queen of Navarre.

In the preface to the works of king James I. it is said that queen Elizabeth translated the prayers of queen Catherine into Latin, French, and Italian; that she wrote

"A century of sentences, dedicated to her father;" and that she made

"A translation of Sallust."

In the Sylloge epistolarum are several of her Latin letters, one in Italian, and one in English to the queen dowager, sending her a prose translation from a French poem, which she calls "The mirrour, or the glass of the sinfull soul." This letter is followed by her preface to the same book, and that by a prayer composed by her †.

"A curious letter to lord Burleigh," in Strype's Annals ‡.

"Another of humour, to divert him from retiring from business §."

"A very genteel letter written by her when princess to king Edward, on his desiring her picture ||."

"Another to him upon his recovery from sickness ¶."

"Six letters to different persons." Printed in Peck's *Desid. curiosa* \*\*.

A letter to Peregrine lord Willoughby ††.

\* Vide Harl. Cat. vol. i. p. 115.

|| Printed in Strype's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 234.

† Page 161.

¶ Bickerton's Coll. of letters, p. 53.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 166.

\*\* Vol. i. and ii.

§ Vol. iv. p. 77. It is reprinted in the Life of Burleigh in the Biographia.

†† Printed in Fuller's Worthies of Lincolnshire, p. 163.

Her letter to the king of Scots, difavowing her knowledge of the death of his mother\*.

A letter to lady Norris on the death of her fon. It begins, "My owne crowe," a term of familiarity which her majesty used to this lady, whose father suffered with Anne Boleyn †.

A short letter to Henry lord Hunfdon, added by way of postscript to a solemn letter of thanks sent to his lordship by the secretary of state on the suppression of some disturbances in the north ‡.

A letter to George Carew, afterwards earl of Totnefs, thanking him for his services in Ireland §.

A letter to lady Paget on the death of her daughter, lady Crompton. MS. in the possession of doctor Ch. Lyttelton, dean of Exeter.

Two letters among the Burleigh-papers published by Murdin in 1759.

Nine, of which one is entirely written with her own hand, are in Fynes Morryson's Travels.

A bullying letter to Heaton, bishop of Ely; printed in the Annual Register for 1761.

A few more of her letters are preserved in the library of C. C. C. Camb.

Several of her letters of state are among the Harleian MSS. but must not be looked upon as indited by herself, except three to her brother in N<sup>o</sup> 6986.

But she did not only shine in prose; the author || of a very scarce book, entitled, "The art of English poesy," says, "but last in recital and first in

\* Preserved in the Cotton library, and printed in different books, particularly in Howard's coll. p. 246.

† Fuller's Worthies in Oxfordshire, p. 336.

‡ Fuller's Worthies in Hertfordshire, p. 24.

§ Prince's Worthies in Devon. p. 205.

|| Puttenham; printed at London, 1589, 4<sup>o</sup>.

degree is the queen, our sovereign lady, whose learned, delicate, noble muse easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sense, sweetness or subtilty, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or any other kind of poem, wherein it shall please her majesty to employ her pen, even by as much odds, as her own excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassals." In that collection is one little poem of hers, (besides some scattered lines, as in page 197; and, I believe, two in page 177) as there is another in Hentznerus\*. A greater instance of genius, and that too in Latin, was her extempore reply to an insolent prohibition delivered to her from Philip the second, by his embassador, in this tetraffic :

“ Te VERO ne pergas bello defendere Belgas :  
 Quæ Dracus eripuit, nunc restituantur oportet :  
 Quas Pater evertit, jubeo te condere cellas :  
 Religio Papæ fac restituantur ad unguem.”

She instantly answered, with as much spirit as she used to return his invasions †,

“ Ad Græcas, bone Rex, sient mandata Calendas.”

An instance of the same spirit, and proof that her compositions even in the learned tongues were her own, is that rapid piece of eloquence with which she interrupted an insolent embassador from Poland. “ Having ended her oration, she ‡ lion-like rising,” saith Speed, “ daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic departure, than with the tartness of her princely checks; and turning to the train of her attendants, said, *God's death! my lords, I have been forced to scour up my old Latin that hath long lain rustling* §.” Another time being asked if she preferred the learning of Buchanan or of Walter Haddon? she replied, “ *Buchananum omnibus antepono, Haddonum nemini postpono* ||.”

\* English edition, p. 66.

† Ballard, p. 227.

‡ This draught has been lately worked up into a noble picture :

I

“ A lion-port, an awe-commanding face,  
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.”

*Gray's Odes.*

§ Vide Speed and Ballard.

|| G. S. Worthies of England, p. 77.

It is known that scarce a church in London but had an epitaph on this illustrious woman, of which many are still extant; but \* Camden has preserved one which he calls doleful, but with which, as a most perfect example of the Bathos, I shall conclude this article :

“ The queen was brought by water to Whitehall;  
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall:  
More clung about the barge; fish under water  
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swome blind after.  
I think the bargemen might with easier thighs  
Have rowed her thither in her people’s eyes.  
For how so-ere, thus much my thoughts have scan’d,  
Sh’ad come by water, had she come by land.”

## J A M E S the F I R S T.

**I**F there are doubts on the genuineness of the works of those two champions of the church, Henry the eighth, and Charles the first; if some critics have discovered that the latter royal author stole a prayer from the *Arcadia*; and if the very existence of king Richard’s sonnets have been questioned; yet there is not the least suspicion that the folio under the respectable name of James the first is not of his own composition.

Roger Ascham may have corrected or assisted periods of his illustrious pupil; but nobody can imagine that Buchanan dictated a word of the “*Dæmologia*,” or of the polite treatise entitled “*A counterblast to tobacco*.” Quotations, puns, scripture, witticisms, superstition, oaths, vanity, prerogative and pedantry, the ingredients of all his sacred majesty’s performances, were the pure produce of his own capacity, and deserving all the incense offered to such immense erudition by the divines of his age, and the flatterers of his court. One remark I cannot avoid making: the king’s speech is always supposed by parliament to be the speech of the minister: how cruel

\* Remains, page 388.



would it have been on king James's ministers, if that interpretation had prevailed in his reign \*!

Besides his majesty's prose works printed in folio †, we have a small collection of his poetry, under this title, "His majesty's poetical exercises at vacant hours. Edinb." In the preface he condescends to make an excuse for their incorrectness, as having been written in his youth, and from his having no time to revise them afterwards, so that "when his ingyne and age could, his affaires and fascherie would not permit him to correct them, scarce but at stolen moments he having the leasure to blenk upon any paper." However, he bribes the reader's approbation, by promising, if these are well received, to present him with his apocalyps and psalms. This little tract contains, "The furies and the Lepanto." His majesty wrote other poetical pieces, particularly "An encomium upon sir Philip Sidney ‡."

And two sonnets §.

\* It is observable, that notwithstanding his boasted learning, he was so ignorant of a country which had had such strong connections with his own, that when queen Elizabeth wanted to hinder him from matching with a daughter of Denmark, Wootton her ambassador persuaded him that the king of Denmark was descended but of merchants, and that few made account of him or his country but such as spoke the Dutch tongue\*\*. Historians seem little more acquainted with the character of his queen, than his majesty was with her country. Her gallantries are slightly mentioned; yet it is recorded that James, being jealous of her partiality to the earl of Murray, then esteemed the handsomest man in Scotland, persuaded his great enemy the marquis of Huntley to murder him, and by a writing under his own hand promised to save him harmless ††. Queen Anne's ambitious intrigues are developed in the Bacon-papers, among which is one most extraor-

dinary passage, entirely overlooked, and yet of great consequence to explain the misfortunes into which her descendents afterwards fell. The pope sends her beads and reliques, and thanks her for not communicating with heretics at her coronation ††.

And this evidence of her being a papist is confirmed by a letter from sir Ch. Cornwallis to the earl of Salisbury, in which he tells him, "that the Spanish ambassador hath advertized that the queen should say unto him, he might one day peradventure see the prince on a pilgrimage at saint Jago †††."

† The Basilicon dōron was turned into Latin verse by Peacham, who presented it, richly illuminated, to the prince.

‡ Printed in Harris's Life of king James, p. 138.

§ Printed in his works, pp. 89, 137.

\*\* Harris's Life of king James, p. 31, quoted from Melvil.

†† *Ib.* p. 14, taken from Burnet.

†† Vol. ii. pp. 503, 504.

††† Harris's Life of James, p. 33, in a quotation from Winwood.

Verfes on the death of his queen, preferved in the British mufeum, and published in Letters on that collection 1767.

Some verfes prefixed to Tycho Brahe's works \* ; and he began a tranflation of the pfalms †, which was printed at Edinburgh, 1637, by Robert Young, printer to Charles I.

Another of his poems is preferved in Drummond of Hawthornden's works; and a poem by lord Stirling upon that poem. The original of the king's fonnet is in the advocate's library at Edinburgh. By this fketeh king James appears to have been a pains-taking writer, for there are alterations and amendments in every line. It is followed by a fair copy in the handwriting of lord Stirling; in fo worthy an office did his majesty employ his fecretary of ftate !

In the Reliques of ancient English poetry published by Mr. Percy, is a copy of verfes, or rather a ftring of puns rhymed by this monarch, on a fubject very fuitable both to his difpofition and poetical talents, an act in the fchools at Stirling: the whole piece quibbles on the names of the difputants ‡.

Many of his letters are extant; feveral in the Cabala; others MS. in the British mufeum; others in Howard's collection §: one among the Burleigh-papers published by Murdin ||; and many among the Harleian MSS. particularly in volumes 291, 292, 787, 6011, 6987, 6999, 7033, of which N<sup>o</sup> 6987 contains fuch a picture as an hiftorian would fcuple to draw, and a full anfwer to whatever has been faid in defence of him.

Two other pieces I find afcribed to him, but I doubt if they are genuine; they are called,

The prince's cabala, or myfteries of ftate, written by king James I. printed in 1715.

\* Vide Biograph. Brit. vol. iv. p. 2506.

† Harris, p. 137.

‡ Pages 241, 523.

§ Vol. ii. page 308.

|| Page 812.

The duty of a king in his royal office\*.

Bishop Montagu translated all his majesty's works into Latin: a man of so much patience was well worthy of favour.

CHARLES the FIRST.

THE works of this prince were soon after his death collected and published together in a volume, entitled, "Reliquiæ sacræ Carolinæ, or the works of that great monarch and glorious martyr king Charles the first, both civil and sacred," printed by Sam. Brown at the Hague; without date. After the restoration a fine edition was published in folio, containing, besides the famous *Εικων Βασιλικη* †, several of his speeches, letters, declarations, and messages for peace; his answer to a declaration of the commons; the papers which passed between his majesty and Mr. Henderson of Newcastle, concerning the alteration of church-government; the papers on the same subject exchanged between the king and the ministers at Newport; and the prayers which he used in his sufferings, and delivered immediately before his death to bishop Juxon ‡.

I shall not enter into the controversy, whether the *Εικων Βασιλικη* was composed by king Charles or not; a full account of that dispute may be found in the General Dictionary §. For the rest of the papers mentioned above, there is no doubt but the greater part were of his own inditing. His style was peculiar and the same: it was formed between a certain portion of sense, adversity, dignity, and perhaps a little insincerity. He had studied the points disputed between the protestants, papists, and sectaries; and the trou-

\* Somers's Tracts, 2d coll. p. 188.

† Which has gone through 47 impressions: the number of copies are said to have been 48000.  
*Harris's Life of Charles the First*, p. 115.

‡ Some letters and instructions, not much to his honour, were omitted in this collection, particularly his letters to two popes, and some of

those taken in his cabinet at Naseby. *Harris*, pp. 98, 117. Surely it was at least as allowable for his friends to sink what did not tend to his glory, and what were never intended for publication, as it was for his enemies to print his most private correspondences with his wife!

§ Vol. iii. p. 359, and vol. x. p. 76.

bles of his reign dipped him so deep in those discussions, that between leisure and necessity he may well be believed to have thrown together the chief papers included in this volume; to which may be added, that his enemies did not often indulge him in the assistance of many or able clergymen of his own.

Besides these pieces we have "His majesty's reasons against the pretended jurisdiction of the high court of justice, which he intended to deliver in writing on Monday, Jan. 22d, 1648. Faithfully transcribed out of the original copy under the king's own hand \*."

A letter to his queen †.

"A letter to the marquis of Newcastle ‡."

Several of his letters in MS. are extant in private hands; and some among the Harleian MSS. §

This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose: bishop Burnet (and from him Mr. Harris, p. 125) has given us a pathetic elegy said to be written by Charles in Carisbrook-castle. The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious; but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety.

His majesty likewise translated || "Bishop Saunderson's lectures de jurenti promissorii obligatione," which he desired bishop Juxon, doctor Hammond, and Mr. Thomas Herbert to compare with the original. This translation was printed in 8vo. at London, 1655. A man who studies cases of conscience so intimately, is probably an honest man; but at least he studies them in hopes of finding that he need not be so very honest as he thought. Oliver Cromwell, who was not quite so scrupulous, knew, that casuistry is never wanted for the observance of an oath; it may to the breach of it: had he trusted the king, his majesty would probably not have contented himself with doctor Saunderson, but would have sought some casuist who teaches, that faith is not to be kept with rebels.

\* General Dictionary, vol. ix. p. 62.

† Printed in the appendix to Carte's Life of the duke of Ormond.

‡ Vide Somers's Tracts, vol. iv. p. 168.

§ See N<sup>o</sup> 296, 305, 6986, 6988.

|| Peck's Desid. Curios. vol. ii. lib. 8, p. 1.

## JAMES the SECOND.

THE only genius of the line of STUART, CHARLES the SECOND, was no author; unless we allow him to have composed the two simple papers found in his strong box after his death: but they are universally supposed to have been given to him as a compendious excuse for his embracing doctrines, which he was too idle to examine, too thoughtless to remember, and too sensible to have believed on reflection. His brother James wrote "Memoirs of his own life and campaigns to the restoration:" the original in English is preserved in the Scotch college at Paris; but the king himself, in 1696, to oblige the cardinal de Bouillon, made an extract of it in two books in French, chiefly with a view to what related to marshal Turenne. This piece is printed at the end of Ramfay's Life of that hero.

We have besides under the name of this prince the following works:

\* The royal sufferer king James II. consisting of meditations, soliloquies, vows, &c. one of the latter is, to rise every morning at seven: the whole, said to be composed by his majesty at St. Germain's, is written in bad English, and was published at Paris by father Bretonneau, a jesuit. The frontispiece represents the king sitting in a chair in a pensive manner, and crowned with thorns.

Memoirs of the English affairs, chiefly naval, from the year 1660 to 1673, written by his royal highness James duke of York, under his administration of lord high admiral, &c. published from his original letters, and other royal authorities, Lond. 1729, 8vo. Though this work is ascribed to king James, I believe it was drawn up by secretary Pepys.

Three letters from king James were published by William Fuller, gent. in 1702, with other papers relating to the court of saint Germain's; and

\* In another edition it is called, Royal tracts. letters, &c. The second part is entitled, *Imago regis*, or the sacred image of his majesty in his works, containing his speeches, orders, messages, solitudes and sufferings, &c. Paris, 1692. 16°.

are said in the title-page to be printed by command. He was voted by the house of commons to be a notorious cheat, was prosecuted by the attorney-general, and was whipped and pilloried, I think, for this very book.

F R E D E R I C   P R I N C E   o f   W A L E S

**W**ROTE French songs, in imitation of the regent\*, and did not miscarry solely by writing in a language not his own.

\* Philip duke of Orleans.

# NOBLE AUTHORS.

SIR *JOHN OLDCASTLE*, LORD COBHAM.

**T**HE abolition of taste and literature was not the slightest abuse proceeding from popery; the revival of letters was one of the principal services effected by the reformation. The Romish clergy feared, that if men read, they would think:—it is no less true, that the moment they thought, they wrote. The first author, as well as the first martyr among our nobility, was sir John Oldcastle, called the good lord Cobham: a man whose virtues made him a reformer, whose valour a martyr, whose martyrdom an enthusiast. He was much esteemed by Henry the fifth, and had served him with great zeal, at a time when the church was lighting its holy fires for Lollards, or the disciples of Wicliff. Henry at first with sense and goodness resisted insinuations against the lord Cobham, whom he tried to save by gentle exhortations: but as the peer was firm, it naturally made the prince weak, and he delivered the hero over to the inquisitors. Lord Cobham was imprisoned, but escaped. The clergy, however, with great zeal for the royal person, informed the king, then lying at Eltham, that 20,000 Lollards were assembled at saint Giles's for the destruction of him and his brothers. The brave young monarch immediately headed a troop, and, arriving at ten at night at the sign of the Axe without Bishopsgate, took the man of the house and seven others prisoners; which closed his first campaign. Four-score more were seized about saint Giles's; and some of them being induced [as Rapin guesses] to confess a design of murdering the royal family, and making the lord Cobham protector, the king no longer doubted of the conspiracy, but ordered about half of them to be executed, and issued a proclamation for apprehending Cobham, who was all this time concealed in

Wales. The king, who was Lollard enough himself to cast a rapacious eye on the revenues of the clergy, was diverted by a free gift, and by a persuasion to undertake the conquest of France, to which kingdom they assured him he had an undoubted right: when he thought he had any to the crown of England, the other followed of course. In such reciprocal intercourse of acts of amity, heretics were naturally abandoned to their persecutors. The conquest of France soon followed, and the surprisal of lord Cobham, after a very valiant resistance\*, in which he was wounded. Being examined before the duke of Bedford, he would have expatiated on his faith; but the chief justice moved, "That they should not suffer him to spend the time so vainly in molesting of the nobles of the realm." Not being indulged to speak on what he was accused, and naturally provoked by the ingratitude and weakness of Henry, the stout lord avowed allegiance to king Richard †: his sentence and execution soon followed. He died entreating sir Thomas Erpingham, that if he saw him rise from death to life the third day, he would procure that his sect might be in peace and quiet ‡.

He wrote

"Twelve conclusions, addressed to the parliament of England." At the end of the first book, he wrote some monkish rhymes in Latin, which Bale has preserved, and which he says were "copyed out by dyverse men and set upon their wyndowes, gates and dores, which were then knowen for obstynate hypocrytes and fleshlye livers, which made the prelates madde §."

"The complaints of the countryman ||."

\* He was seized by the lord Powis. The proclamation for apprehending him offered 1000 marks of gold and 20*l.* a year for life, and a discharge from all taxes to any city, borough or town, that should deliver him up. Vide appendix to Bale's brefe chronycle concernynge the examynacyon and death of the blessed martyr of Christ syr Johan Oldcastell the lorde Cobham. Reprinted in 1729. His ready wit and brave spirit appear to great advantage in this account of his trial.

† King Richard had long been dead: I suppose it is only meant that lord Cobham disclaimed obedience to the house of Lancaster, who had usurped the throne of king Richard and his right heirs.

‡ Stowe, p. 356.

§ Bale's brefe chronycle, p. 99.

|| Tanner, p. 561.

"His



“ His confession and abjuration ;” but this piece is believed to be, and certainly was, a forgery.

## JOHN TIPTOFT, EARL OF WORCESTER.

IN those rude ages when valour and ignorance were the attributes of nobility, when metaphysical sophistries and jingling rhymes in barbarous Latin were the highest endowments and prerogatives of the clergy ; and when “ it was enough for noblemen’s sons to wind their horn, and carry their hawke fair, and leave study and learning to the children of mean people \* ;” it is no wonder that our old peers produced no larger nor more elegant compositions than the inscription on the sword of the brave earl of Shrewsbury,

“ Sum Talboti pro occidere inimicos †.”

It is surprising that the turbulent times of Henry the sixth and Edward the fourth should have given to the learned world so accomplished a lord as the earl of Worcester. He early tasted of the muses’ fountain, dispensed in more copious streams over Europe by the discovery of printing in 1450. Pope Nicholas the fifth patronized the new art ; and the torrent of learned men that was poured upon Italy by the taking of Constantinople in 1453, by Mahomet the second, revived the arts and the purity of the almost-forgotten tongues. The celebrated Æneas Sylvius, then on the throne by the name of Pius the second, encouraged learning by his munificence and example. One of his brightest imitators and cotemporaries was John Tiptoft earl of Worcester, who was born at Everton in Cambridgeshire, and educated at † Baliol college in Oxford. He was son of the lord Tibetot, or Tiptoft and

\* A nobleman’s speech to Rich. Pace, in the reign of Henry the eighth.

*Biographia*, vol. ii. p. 1236.

† Others give it, “ Sum Talboti pro vincere inimico meo.” *Camden’s Remains*. And thus it is written on the sword, preserved as the genuine one in the treasury of saint Denis in France. It was bought by an armourer of Bourdeaux from

VOL. I.

a peasant, who found it in the Dordogne. Thevet has given a print of it, and of a curious head of John Talbot, copied from a statue erected in his life at Paris, in a place called La Porte aux Anglois.

‡ Leland de Script. Brit. vol. ii. p. 475. The earl is not mentioned by Ant. Wood, whose account does not commence before the year 1500.

Powys,

Powys, and was created a viscount and earl of Worcester by king Henry the sixth, and appointed lord deputy of Ireland. By king Edward the fourth he was made knight of the garter, and constituted justice of North-Wales for life. Dugdale, who is more sparing of titles to him than our other writers, says he was soon after made constable of the Tower for life, and twice treasurer of the king's exchequer: but other historians \* say he was lord high constable, and twice lord treasurer, the first time, according to Lud. Carbo, at twenty-five years old; and again deputy of Ireland for the duke of Clarence. But whatever dispute there may be about his titles in the state, there is no doubt but he was eminently at the head of literature, and so masterly an orator, that he drew tears from the eyes of the before-mentioned pope Pius, by an oration which he pronounced before him when he visited Rome through a curiosity of seeing the Vatican library, after he had resided at Padua and Venice, and made great purchases of books †: this was on his return from a ‡ pilgrimage to Jerusalem; which holy expedition is attributed by a modern writer § to the suspense of his lordship's mind between gratitude to king Henry and loyalty to king Edward.—But he seems not to have been much embarrassed with the former, considering how greatly he had profited of king Edward's favour. It is certain that the rapid Richard Nevil earl of Warwick did not ascribe much gratitude to the earl of Worcester, and that the earl did not confide much in any merit of that sort; for, absconding during the short restoration of Henry, and being taken concealed in a tree in Weybridge-forest in Huntingdonshire, he was brought to London, accused of cruelty in his administration of Ireland ||, particularly towards

\* Ames. British Librarian. Bale, &c.

† He is said to have given MSS. to the value of 500 marks to the university of Oxford.

*Tanner's Biblioth. Brit.* p. 715.

‡ He had before this distinguished himself by clearing the seas from pirates. *Vide Leland.*

§ G. S. Worthies of England, p. 88.

|| Leland owns that he had exerted himself too severely against some Lancastrians, which drew down the vengeance of that party on him, p. 497. In sir Richard Cox's History of Ireland it is said, "That the earl of Worcester was sent over in

1467, and held a parliament at Drogheda, in which the earls of Desmond and Kildare were attainted, on accusation of having assisted the king's enemies in that country; but that the Irish affirm it was in revenge for Desmond's undervaluing his majesty's match with Elizabeth Gray, and that as soon as Desmond, the great earl, was beheaded, Kildare was pardoned and left deputy by Tiptoft, who returned to England." Pages 169, 170, 171. Campion says that the queen *caused* the earl of Desmond's trade of life to be sifted after the Irish manner (contrary to sundry old statutes) by his successor the earl of Worcester; in consequence of which Desmond was attainted and put to death. *Hist. of Ireland*, p. 101.

two infant sons of the earl of Desmond, and condemned and beheaded at the Tower, 1470. Hall and Hollingshead speak of his tyranny as not quite equivocal, though more favourable writers ascribe his imputed crimes to the malice of his enemies. Indeed it was an unwonted strain of tenderness in a man so little scrupulous of blood as Warwick, to put to death so great a peer for some inhumanity to the children of an Irish lord\* ; nor does one conceive why he sought for so remote a crime—he was not often so delicate. Tiptoft seems to have been punished by Warwick for leaving Henry for Edward, when Warwick had thought fit to quit Edward for Henry †.

This earl of Worcester ‡, “which,” as Caxton his printer, who was much enamoured of him, says, “in his tyme flowred in vertue and cun-nyng, and to whom he knew none lyke among the lordes of the temporalitie in science and moral vertue,” translated “Cicero de amicitia,” and “Two declarations made by Publius Cornelius Scipio, and Gayus Flamyneus, rivals for the love of Lucrece,” which he dedicated to Edward the fourth, and wrote some other orations and epistles ; and englished “Cæsar’s commentaries,” as touching British affairs ; which version was published without name of printer, place, or date, but was supposed to be printed by John Rastell, who lived in the reign of Henry the eighth.

In the sixth of Edward the fourth, he drew up “Orders for the placing of the nobility in all proceedings §.” And “Orders and statutes for justs and triumphs ¶.” In the Ashmolean collection ¶¶ are the following “Ordi-

\* In The mirrour of magistrates, a poem, and consequently not the best authority, it is said, that Tiptoft actually put them to death, but by the absolute command of king Edward, whose butcher he was called. In the same piece is recorded a remarkable circumstance, mentioned nowhere else ; that the people detested the earl of Worcester so much, that they were on the point of tearing him to pieces as he went to execution, and that he was saved by the sheriff hurrying him to the Fleet. The next day the people behaved with great tranquillity, lest they should again hinder his execution. If he merited these outrages and this fate, let it be remembered that I commend him as a patron of learning, not as a minister.

† What made this more remarkable was, that Tiptoft had actually to his first wife married Warwick’s own sister, Cecily, widow of the young duke of Warwick, who by Henry VI. had been crowned king of the isle of Wight.

‡ Ames on Printing, in his account of Caxton, p. 26, & seq.

§ MS. Cotton Tiber. E. viii. 35.

¶ Ibid. 40.

¶¶ MS. 763.

nances, statutes and rules, made by John Tiptoft earle of Worcester and constable of England, by the king's commandment at Windfore\*, to be observed in all manner of justes of peirs within the realm of England, &c." He is also said to have written "A petition against the Lollards †;" and "An oration to the citizens of Padua ‡."

Among the manuscripts belonging to the cathedral of Lincoln is a volume of some twenty epistles, of which four are written by our earl, and the rest addressed to him §.

"O good blessed Lord God!" saith Caxton, "what grete losse was it of that noble, vertuous and well-disposed lord! &c. and what worship had he at Rome in the presence of our fader the pope! And so in all other places unto his deth; at which deth every man that was there might lern to dye, and take his deth pacientlye."—"The axe then did at one blow cut off more learning than was left in the heads of all the surviving nobility ¶."

## ANTONY WIDVILLE, EARL RIVERS.

THOUGH Caxton knew "none like to the erle of Worcester," and though the author last quoted thinks that all learning in the nobility perished with Tiptoft, yet there flourished at the same period a noble gentleman, by no means inferior to him in learning and politeness, in birth his equal, by alliance his superior, greater in feats of arms, and in pilgrimages more abundant: this was Antony Widville earl Rivers, lord Scales and Newfells, lord of the isle of Wight, "defenseur and directeur of the causes apostolique for our holy fader the pope in this royaume of England, and uncle and governour to my lord prince of Wales ¶."

He was son of sir Richard Widville by Jaqueline of Luxemburgh duchess-dowager of Bedford, and brother of the fair lady Gray, who captivated that

\* 29 Maii, 6th Edward the fourth. There are two or three copies of them among the Harleian MSS. in the British museum.

† Fuller's Ch. Hist. iv. p. 162.

‡ Tanner, p. 716.

§ Ib. p. 717.

¶ Fuller's Worthies in Camb. p. 155.

¶ Caxton in Ames's Catal. p. 14.

monarch of pleasure Edward the fourth. When about seventeen years of age he was taken by force from Sandwich with his father, and carried to Calais by some of the opposite faction\*. The credit of his sister, the countenance and example of his prince, the boisterousness of the times, nothing softened, nothing roughened the mind of this amiable lord, who was as gallant as his luxurious brother-in-law, without his weaknesses; as brave as the heroes of either rose, without their savageness; studious in the intervals of business, and devout after the manner of those whimsical times, when men challenged others whom they never saw, and went barefoot to visit shrines in countries of which they had scarce a map. In short, lord Antony was, as sir Thomas More says †, “Vir, haud facile discernas, manuve aut consilio promptior.”

He distinguished himself ‡ both as a warrior and a statesman: the Lancastrians making an insurrection in Northumberland, he attended the king into those parts, and was a chief commander at the siege of Alnwick-castle; soon after which he was elected into the order of the garter. In the tenth of the same reign he defeated the dukes of Clarence and Warwick in a skirmish near Southampton, and prevented their seizing a great ship called the Trinity, belonging to the latter. He attended the king into Holland on the change of the scene, returned with him, and had a great share in his victories, and was constituted governor of Calais, and captain-general of all the king's forces by sea and land. He had before been sent ambassador to negotiate a marriage between the king's sister and the duke of Burgundy; and in the same character concluded a treaty between king Edward and the duke of Bretagne. On prince Edward being created prince of Wales, he was appointed his governor, and had a grant of the office of chief butler of England; and was even on the point of attaining the high honour of espousing the Scottish princess, sister of king James the third; the bishop of Rochester, lord privy-seal, and sir Edward Widville, being dispatched into Scotland to perfect that marriage §.

\* In the reign of Henry VI. these lords were Lancastrians: the father was employed by queen Margaret to equip a squadron in order to deprive the earl of Warwick of the government of Calais; but was surprised by the earl and taken prisoner with his son, as mentioned in the text.

† In Vitâ Rich. III.

‡ Vide Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 231.

§ The queen had before projected to marry him to that great heiress, Mary of Burgundy, who at the same time was sought by Clarence; a circumstance that must have heightened that prince's aversion to the queen and her family.

A remarkable event \* of this earl's life was a personal victory he gained in a tournament over Antony count de la Roche, called the Bastard of Burgundy, natural son of duke Philip the Good. This illustrious encounter was performed in a solemn and most magnificent tilt held for that purpose in Smithfield: our earl was the challenger; and from the date of the year and the affinity of the person challenged, this ceremony was probably in honour of the afore-mentioned marriage of the lady Margaret the king's sister, with Charles the Hardy, last duke of Burgundy†. Nothing could be better adapted to the humour of the age, and to the union of that hero and virago, than a single combat between two of their near relations. In the Biographia Britannica is a long account extracted from a curious manuscript of this tournament, for which letters of safe conduct were granted by the king, as appears from Rymer's Fœdera; the title of which are, "Pro Bastardo Burgundiæ super punctis armorum perficiendis." At these jousts the earl of Worcester (before mentioned) presided as lord high constable, and attested the queen's giving *The flower of Souvenance* to the lord Scales, as a charge to undertake the enterprize, and his delivery of it to Chester-herald, that he might carry it over to be touched by the Bastard, in token of his accepting the challenge. This prize was a collar of gold with the rich flower of Souvenance enamelled, and was fastened above the earl's knee by some of the queen's ladies on the Wednesday after the feast of the resurrection. The Bastard, attended by four hundred lords, knights, squires and heralds, landed at Gravesend; and at Blackwall he was met by the lord high constable with seven barges and a galley full of attendants, richly covered with cloth of gold and arras. The king proceeded to London; in Fleet-street the champions solemnly met in his presence; and the palaces of the bishops of Salisbury and Ely were appointed to lodge these brave sons of holy church; as saint Paul's cathedral was for holding a chapter for the solution of certain doubts upon the articles of combat. The timber and workmanship of the lists cost above 200 marks. The pavilions, trappings, &c. were sumptuous in proportion. Yet however weighty the expence, the queen could not but think it well bestowed, when she had the satisfaction of beholding her bro-

\* Dugdale ubi supra, and Biogr. Brit. p. 1231.

† That it was so, is confirmed by Hall, who has given a particular account of the combat in his Chronicle.

ther victorious in so sturdy an encounter; the spike in the front of the lord Scales's horse having run into the nostril of the Bastard's horse, so that he reared an end and threw his rider to the ground. The generous conqueror disdained the advantage, and would have renewed the combat, but the Bastard refused to fight any more on horseback. The next day they fought on foot; when Widville again prevailing, and the sport waxing warm, the king gave the signal to part them.

Earl Rivers had his share of his sister's afflictions as well as of her triumphs; but making a right use of adversity, and understanding that there was to be a jubilee and pardon at St. James's in Spain in 1473, he sailed from Southampton, and for some time was "full vertuoussly occupied in goyng of pilgrimagis to St. James in Galice, to Rome, and to seint Nicholas de Bar in Puyle, and other diverse holy places. Also he procured and got of our holy fader the pope a greet and large indulgence and grace unto the chapel of our Lady of the piewe by St. Stephen's at Westmentre\*."

The dismal catastrophe of this accomplished lord, in the forty-first year of his age, is well known:

"—— Rivers, Vaughan and Gray †,  
Ere this lie shorter by the heads at Pomfret."

The works of this gallant and learned person were:

I. "The dictes and sayinges of the philosophers; translated out of Latyn into Frenshe by a worshipful man called Messire Jehan de Teonville, provost of Paris;" and from thence rendered into English by our lord Rivers, who sailing to the Spanish jubilee, "and lackyng fyght of all londes, the wynde being good and the weder fayr, thenne for a recreacyon and passyng of time,

\* Ames, p. 14.

† Queen Elizabeth Gray is deservedly pitied for losing her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son sir Richard Gray. It is as remarkable how slightly

the death of our earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors.

had delyte and axed to rede some good historye. A worshipfull gentyelman called Lowys de Bretaylles" lent him the above-mentioned treatise, which when he had " heided and looked upon, as he had tyme and space, he gaaf thereto a veray affection; and in special by cause of the holfom and swete saynges of the Paynems, which is a glorious fair myrroure to all good christen people to behold and underfonde." And afterwards being appointed governor to the prince, he undertook this translation for the use and instruction of his royal pupil. The book is supposed to be the second ever printed in England by \*Caxton; at least the first which he printed at Westminster, being dated November 18, 1477. A fair manuscript of this translation, with an illumination representing the earl introducing Caxton to Edward the fourth, his queen and the prince, is preserved in the archbishop's library at Lambeth †.

The most remarkable circumstance attending this book is the gallantry of the earl, who omitted to translate part of it, because it contained sarcasms of Socrates against the fair sex: and it is no less remarkable that his printer ventured to translate the satire, and add it to his lordship's performance; yet with an apology for his presumption ‡.

II. "The moral proverbs of Christian of Pyse;" another translation §. The authorefs Christina was daughter of Thomas of Pifa, otherwise called of Boulogne, whither her father removed; and though she styled herself a woman Ytalien, yet she wrote in French, and flourished about the year 1400 ||. In this translation the earl discovered new talents, turning the  
work

\* Ames, p. 9.

§ Ames, p. 12.

† There is another old version of this book, "Sythe now translatyd out of Frenshe tung into Englyshe, the yere of our Lorde 1450. (dedicated) to John Fostalfe knyghte for his contemplation and solas, by Stevyn Scrope sqyer, sonne in law to the seide Fostalfe. Deo gratias." *V. Catal. of Harl. MSS. N° 2266.* Though this translation was made for the use of so considerable a personage, yet, through the deficiency of printing, it is plain that our earl had never heard of it.

|| She wrote *La vie du roi Charles le Sage.* It is preserved in MS. in the library of the king of France. Another of her works is in the Harleian collection of MSS. entitled *Epistre d'Othea déesse de Prudence à Hector, exhortant à les choses nécessaires à vaillance, & contraires à l'oposite de prouesse. Mis en vers François & dédié à Charles V. roy de France, par Christine fille de Thomas de Pizan de Buloin le grasse & conseiller de meme roy.* *Harl. Cat. N° 219, art. 5.* She also wrote songs and ballads: See *Memoire historique,*

‡ Ames; and the British Librarian.





*Reason, Rectitude & Justice appearing to Christina de Pisan,  
and promising to assist her in writing La Cité des Dames  
from an illumination in the Library of the King of France.*



work into a poem of two hundred and three lines, the greatest part of which she contrived to make conclude with the letter E: an instance at once of his lordship's application, and of the bad taste of an age, which had witticisms and whims to struggle with as well as ignorance. It concludes with two stanzas of seven lines each, beginning thus:

“ The grete vertus of our elders notable  
Ofte to remembre is thing profitable;  
An happy hous is, where dwelleth Prudence,  
For where she is, Raifon is in presence, &c.”

## E X P L I C I T.

“ Of these fayynges Cristyne was the auctureffe,  
Which in makyn had such intelligence,  
That thereof she was mireur and maistresse;  
Her werkes testifie the experience;  
In Frensh language was written this sentence;  
And thus englished doth hit reherse  
Antoin Widevylle therle Ryvers.”

Caxton, inspired by his patron's muse, concludes the work thus:

“ Go thou litil quayer and recommaund me  
Unto the good grace of my special lorde  
Therle Ryveris, for I have emprinted the  
At his commandement, following evry worde  
His cotype, as his secretarie can recorde;  
At Westmestre, of Feverer the xx daye,  
And of kyng Edward the xvii yere vraye.”

Emprinted by CAXTON  
In Feverer the colde season.”

Historique, p. 31, prefixed to the first volume of the Anthologie Française. For a farther account of her see Memoires de l'academie des belles lettres, tom. ii. p. 762. Her father was an astro-

loger whom Charles V. had sent for from Italy, for in that age France was so ignorant that it could not furnish an impostor.

III. The book named “Cordial, or memorare novissima;” \* a third translation from the French; the original author not named: begun to be printed by Caxton “the morn after the purification of our blissid lady in the yere 1478, which was the daye of seint Blase, bishop and martir; and finished on the even of thannunciation of our said blissid lady in the xix yere of kyng Edward the fourth, 1480.” By which it seems that Caxton was above two years in printing this book. It does not appear that he published any other work in that period; yet he was generally more expeditious; but the new art did not, or could not, multiply its productions, as it does now in its maturity.

IV. A little elegy composed the night before his execution, preserved by Rofs of Warwick, who calls it, *unum Balet in Anglicis*; and reports that the earl had for some time worn out of devotion a haircloth, which was long-preserved by the Carmelite friars of Doncaster, and hung up before an image of the virgin Mary †. It is printed among Mr. Percy’s Reliques of ancient English poetry, vol. ii. p. 44.

These are all the remains of this illustrious lord, though, as Caxton says, “notwithstanding the greet labours and charges he had in the service of the kyng and of my said lord prince, which hath be to him no little thought and bisiness, yet over that, tenrich his vertuous disposition, he put him in devoyr at all tymes, when he might have a leyser, which was but starte mete, to translate diverse bookes out of Frensh into English.” He then mentions those I have recited, and adds,

V. “Over that hath made divers balade ayenst the seven dedely fynnes ‡.”

It is observable with what timidity and lowliness young Learning ventured to unfold her recent pinions, how little she dared to raise herself above the ground. We have seen that earl Tiptoft and earl Rivers, the restorers and patrons of science in this country, contented themselves with translating the works of others; the latter condescending even to translate a translation. But we must remember how scarce books were; how few of the classic standards

\* Ames, page 13.

† Page 214.

‡ Ames, page 14.

were known, and how much less understood. Whoever considers the account which Caxton gives of his meeting "with the lytyle book in Frenshe, translated out of Latyn by that noble poete and grete clerke Virgyle," will not wonder that invention did not exert itself. Whatever was translated, was new and a real present to the age. Invention operates only where there is no pattern, or where all patterns are exhausted. He, who in the dawn of science made a version of *Christina of Pifa*, in its vigorous maturity would translate *Montesquieu*—and, I trust, not in metre!

I have dwelled the longer on the articles of these two lords, as they are very slightly known, and as I think their country in a great measure indebted to them for the restoration of learning. The countenance, the example of men in their situation must have operated more strongly than the attempts of an hundred professors, *Benedictines*, and commentators. The similitude of their studies was terminated by too fatal a resemblance in their catastrophe!

## NICHOLAS LORD VAUX

**S**EEMS to have been a great ornament \* to the reign of Henry the seventh, and to the court of Henry the eighth in its more joyous days, before queens, ministers, peers, and martyrs, embued so many scaffolds with their blood. William Vaux his father had forfeited his fortunes in the cause of Henry the sixth: they were restored to the son with the honour of knight-hood on his fighting stoutly at the battle of Stoke against the earl of Lincoln, on the side of Henry the seventh. In the seventeenth of that reign, at the marriage of prince Arthur, the brave young Vaux appeared in a gown of purple velvet, adorned with pieces of gold so thick and massive, that exclusive of the silk and furs it was valued at a thousand pounds: about his neck he wore a collar of S.S. weighing eight hundred pounds in nobles. In those days, it not only required great bodily strength to support the weight of their

\* The rev. and judicious Mr. Percy, editor of the *Reliques of ancient poetry*, has, on very good reasons (which see at the end of the third volume), surmised, that Nicholas lord Vaux was not the poet, but his son Thomas. Puttenham calls the poet Nicholas; yet mentions him as

succeeding lord Surrey and sir Thomas Wyat: and in truth, as Mr. Percy observes, lord Vaux's poetry is too elegant for the age of Henry VII. This criticism therefore is submitted to the reader, till more certain evidence can be discovered.

cumberfome armour ; their very luxury of apparel for the drawing-rooms would opprefs a fyftem of modern mufcles ! In the firft of Henry the eighth, Vaux was made lieutenant of the caſtle of Guifnes in Picardy ; and in the fifth of that reign was at the ſiege of Therouenne. In the tenth year he was one of the embaffadors for confirming the peace between Henry and the French king ; and ſoon after in commiſſion for preparing the famous interview between thoſe monarchs near Guifnes. Theſe martial and feſtival talents were the direct road to Henry's heart, who in his fifteenth year created ſir Nicholas a baron at the palace of Bridewell : but he lived not long to enjoy the ſplendour of this favour. Departing this life in 1523, he founded chantries for the ſouls of his anceſtors ; portioned his three daughters with five hundred pounds a-piece for their marriages ; and to his ſons Thomas and William bequeathed all his wearing gere, except cloth of gold, cloth of ſilver, and tiſſue\*. A battle, a pageant, an embaffy, a ſuperſtitious will, compoſe the hiſtory of moſt of the great men of that age : but our peer did not ſtop there : he had been bred at Oxford, and had a happy genius for poetry, of which ſome ſamples are extant in *The Paradife of dainty devices* †. An author ‡, who wrote nearer to thoſe times, ſays, “ that his lordſhip's fancy lay chiefly in the facility of his metre, and the aptneſs of his deſcriptions, ſuch as he takes upon him to make ; namely, in fundry of his ſongs, wherein he ſheweth the counterfeit-aſtion very lively and pleaſantly.” And he quotes a ſonnet printed among thoſe of the earl of Surrey, beginning “ When Cupid ſcaled firſt the fort, &c. §” In Antony Wood || may be ſeen the titles of ſome of his ſonnets ; and the ſame author ſays that there goes a doleful ditty alſo under his name, beginning thus, “ I loath that I did love, &c.” which was thought by ſome to be made upon his death-bed. It is printed among lord Surrey's poems, p. 157, and contains the ſtanza ſung by the grave-digger in Hamlet, “ A pickaxe and a ſpade.”

\* Wood, vol. i. p. 19. Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 304. Tanner, p. 731.

† Written by Richard Edwards. *Vide Wood*, vol. i. p. 152.

‡ Art of Engliſh poeſy.

§ *Ib.* p. 201.

|| Vol. i. p. 19.

## JOHN BOURCHIER, LORD BERNERS,

GRANDSON and heir of a lord of the same name, who was descended from Thomas of Woodstock duke of Gloucester, and had been knight of the garter and constable of Windsor-castle under Edward the fourth\*. Our lord John was created a knight of the bath at the marriage of the duke of York, second son of Edward the fourth, and was first known by quelling an insurrection in Cornwall and Devonshire under the conduct of Michael Joseph a blacksmith in 1495 †, which recommended him to the favour of Henry the seventh. He was captain of the pioneers at the siege of Therouenne under Henry the eighth, by whom he was made chancellor of the exchequer for life, lieutenant of Calais and the marches ‡, appointed to conduct the lady Mary, the king's sister, into France on her marriage with Louis the twelfth, and with whom [Henr. viii.] he had the rare felicity of continuing in favour eighteen years. He died in 1532, leaving his gown of damask-tawney furred with jennets to his natural son Humphrey Bourchier; and certain legacies to two other illegitimate sons, having had only two daughters by his wife Catherine, daughter of John duke of Norfolk; from one of which ladies is descended the present lady baroness Berners, whose right to that title, which had long lain in obscurity, was clearly made out and recovered by the late Peter Leneve, esq. Norroy.

Lord Berners, by the command of king Henry §, translated "Froissart's Chronicle," which was printed in 1523, by Richard Pynson, the fifth on the list of English printers, and scholar of Caxton.

Others of his works were a whimsical medley of translations from French, Italian and Spanish novels, which seem to have been the mode then, as they were afterwards in the reign of Charles the second,

"When ev'ry flow'ry courtier wrote romance."

\* Blomfield's Hist. of Norf. vol. iii. p. 100.

‡ Dugd. Baron. vol. ii. p. 133.

† Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 34.

§ Ames in Pynson, p. 125.

These were, "The Life of sir Arthur, an Armorican knight \*; The famous exploits of sir Hugh of Bourdeaux †; Marcus Aurelius ‡; and The castle of Love §." He composed also a book "Of the duties of the inhabitants of Calais;" and a comedy, entitled "Ite in Vineam ¶," which is mentioned in none of our catalogues of English plays: Antony Wood ¶¶ says it was usually acted at Calais after vespers \*\*.

Some of his letters of negotiation are preserved in the British museum. †† By these letters it appears that he was ambassador to the emperor Charles the fifth; a circumstance unknown to, or overlooked by, all the writers who mention him.

Lord Berners died at Calais, 1532, aged 63.

## GEORGE BOLEYN, VISCOUNT ROCHFORD,

THE unfortunate brother of Anne Boleyn; raised by her greatness, involved in her fall, and more cruelly in her disgrace. He was accused of too intimate familiarity with his sister, by a most infamous woman his wife, who continued a lady of the bed-chamber to the three succeeding

\* Lord Oxford had one of these, with this title, "The history of the most noble and valyaunt knight, Arthur of Lytell Brytaine, translated out of Frenche by John Bourgcher, knyght, lord Barners." Black letter.

V. *Harleian catal.* vol. iii. p. 32, and *Ames*, p. 151.

† Done at the desire of the earl of Huntingdon; it passed through three editions. *Tanner*, p. 116.

‡ *Ames*, p. 169. This was undertaken at the desire of his nephew sir Francis Bryan.

*Tanner*, *ib.* and *Ames*, p. 169.

§ Dedicated to the lady of sir Nicholas Carew,

at whose desire he translated it from the Spanish. *Tanner*, *ib.* and *Ames*, p. 158.

¶ Bale, cent. 9, p. 706.

¶¶ Vol. i. p. 33.

\*\* Fuller [in his *Worthies of Hertfordshire*, p. 27] says, "I behold his [lord Berners's] as the *second*, accounting the lord Tiptoft the *first*, noble hand, which, since the decay of learning, took a pen therein to be author of a book." But I have shown that lord Berners was but the fifth writer among the nobility in order of time.

†† See *Catal. of Harleian MSS.* N<sup>o</sup> 295, art. 41 and 66.

queens,



queens, till her administering \* to the pleasures of the last of them, Catherine Howard, brought that sentence on her, which her malice or jealousy had drawn on her lord and her sister-in-law. The weightiest proof against them was his having been seen to whisper the queen one morning as she was in bed †. But that could make incest, where a jealous or fickle tyrant could make laws at his will!—Little is recorded of this nobleman, but two or three embassies to France, his being made governor of Dover and the cinque ports, and his subscribing the famous declaration to Clement the seventh. Like earl Rivers, he rose by the exaltation of his sister; like him, was innocently sacrificed on her account; and, like him, showed that the lustre of his situation did not make him neglect to add accomplishments of his own.

Antony Wood says he was much adored at court, especially by the female sex, for his admirable discourse and symmetry of body; which one may well believe: the king and the lady Rochford would scarce have suspected the queen of incest, unless her brother had had uncommon allurements in his person.

Wood ascribes to him

Several poems, songs and sonnets, with other things of the like nature.

Bale calls them "Rythmos elegantissimos," lib. 1. But none of his works are come down to us, unless any of the anonymous pieces, published along with the earl of Surrey's poems, be of his composition.

\* Honest Stowe has preserved a conversation between Anne of Cleves and this lady Rochford, in which the arch simplicity of the former and the petulant curiosity of the latter are very remarkable. The lady Eleanor Rutland, the lady Catherine Edgumbe, and lady Rochford, were sitting to know whether her majesty was breeding: the queen fairly owned, "That the king, when they went to bed, took her by the hand, kissed her, and bid her *Good-night, sweet heart*; and in the morning, kissed her, and bid her *Farewell, darling*: and is not this enough?" quoth her majesty. *Stowe's Annals*, p. 578.

† The poor queen had so little idea of guilt,

2

or of what she was accused, that, on her first commitment to the Tower, she exclaimed tenderly, "Oh! where is my sweet brother?" The lieutenant, willing to spare her a new shock, replied, without telling her that the lord Rochford was committed too, "That he left him at York-place." *Strype*, vol. i. p. 280. The author of *English Worthies* tells a story which is related too by Fuller in his *Worthies of Wiltshire*, p. 146. That on Jane Seymour's first coming to court, queen Anne snatched at a jewel pendent about this Jane's neck, and hurt her own hand with the violence she used.—She was struck with finding it the king's picture. Page 848.

J O H N

## JOHN LORD LUMLEY,

SON of Richard lord Lumley \*, was the seventh baron of that family, and an eminent warrior in the reign of Henry the eighth. Being about the age of twenty-one in the fifth of that king, he carried a considerable force to the earl of Surrey at York, and was a principal commander at Flodden-field, where he distinguished himself with great bravery. He was present at most of the interviews between his master and foreign monarchs, which so much delighted that prince and his historians; and again served against the Scots in the fifteenth of that king. He was one of the barons who signed the memorable letter to Clement the seventh, threatening him with the loss of his supremacy in England, unless he proceeded to dispatch the king's divorce: but notwithstanding this, we find him deeply engaged in the rebellion, which our old writers call *The pilgrimage of grace*. The duke of Norfolk, general of the royalists, offered them a free pardon; lord Lumley was commissioned to treat on the part of the revolvers, and with great dexterity extricated himself and his followers. Yet soon after he lost his only son George, who, being taken in another insurrection with the lord Darcy, was beheaded. Of the father we find no more mention, but that in the year 1550 he translated "Erasmus's institution of a christian prince," which is preserved in manuscript in the king's library †.

## HENRY PARKER, LORD MORLEY,

WAS son of sir William Parker ‡, by Alice sister of Lovel lord Morley, by which title this Henry was summoned to parliament in the twenty-first of Henry the eighth. Except being a pretty voluminous author, we find nothing remarkable of him, but that he too signed the before-mentioned letter to pope Clement; and, having a quarrel for precedence with the lord Dacre of Gillefland, had his pretensions confirmed by parliament. § Antony

\* Vide Dugdale's and Collins's Peerages.

‡ Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 307.

† Vide Casley's Catalogue, p. 262.

§ Vol. i p. 53.

Wood says, he was living an ancient man and in esteem among the nobility in the latter end of the reign of Henry the eighth \*; and in the catalogue of king Charles's collection †, a portrait is mentioned of a lord Parker, who probably was the same person.

He wrote

“ A declaration of the xciv psalm,” printed by T. Berthelet, 1539‡.

“ The lives of sectaries.”

“ An epitaph on Thomas West, lord Delawar §.”

Several tragedies and comedies, whose very titles are lost ¶.

And, according to Bale and Baker ¶¶, certain rhimes.

Besides these pieces, there are in the \*\* king's library the following manuscripts translated by him, styling himself Henry Parker, knight, lord Morley.

“ Seneca's xviii and xcii epistles.”

“ Erasmus's praise to the virgin Mary ;” dedicated to the princess Mary.

“ St. Athanasius's prologue to the psalter.”

“ Thomas Aquinas of the angelical salutation.”

“ Anselme, of the stature, form and life of the virgin Mary and our Saviour.”

\* It is plain, by the last article in the list of his works, that he outlived king Henry and king Edward VI ; and in the History and Antiquities of Essex, p. 93, I find that sir Henry Parker, lord Morley, died in 1556 (which was the fourth of queen Mary), and was buried at Walbury in that county.

† Page 3.

‡ Ames, p. 171.

§ Collins's Peerage in Delawar.

¶ Theatr. Records, p. 5.

¶¶ Vide Men of note under Henry the eighth.

\*\* Vide Casley's Catalogue.

“The Ecclesiastes of Solomon, with a long paraphrase.”

“Translation of the Somnium Scipionis.”

“The history of Paulus Jovius.”

“History of the pope’s ill-treatment of the emperor Frederick, translated from the Latin of Massuetius Salernitanus\*.”

“Plutarch’s life of Theseus;” dedicated to Henry the eighth.

“Plutarch’s lives of Scipio and Hannibal.”

“Plutarch’s life of Paulus Æmilius †.”

“John de Turre crematâ, his exposition of the xxxiv psalm.”

And there is in the same collection a book entitled “Expositio in psalterium,” in which is written “Henricus Parker, eques, baro Morley, hunc codicem dono dedit dominæ Mariæ, regis Henrici VIII. filiæ.”

In an old catalogue of a sale of books I found this article:

“Lyff of the good kyng Agefilaus, wretten by the famous clerke Plutarche in the Greke tounge, and traunslated out of the Greke into Latyn by Antony Tudartyn, and drawen out off Latyn into Englishe by me Henry lord Morley, and dedycated unto the right honorable baron the lorde Cromwell, lord privy-seal; with a comparison adjoyned of the life and actions of our late famous king Henrie the eighth, MS. wrote in his lordship’s own hand-writing, as appears by letter to the lord Zouch, president of the queene’s counsaill in the marches of Wales, wrote by William Henrick, one of the clerkes of that court in 1602. Price ten shillings and six-pence.”

\* Tanner, p. 573.

† MS. in the Bodl. library. Vide *Tanner*, ib.

## HENRY HOWARD, EARL of SURREY.

WE now emerge from the twilight of learning to an almost classic author, that ornament of a boisterous, yet not unpolished court, the earl of Surrey, celebrated by Drayton, Dryden, Fenton and Pope, illustrated by his own muse, and lamented for his unhappy and unmerited death: "A man," as sir Walter Raleigh says \*, no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes."

He was son and grandson of two lord treasurers, dukes of Norfolk, and seemed to have a promise of fortune as illustrious, by being the friend, and at length the brother-in-law, of the duke of Richmond, Henry's natural son—But the cement of that union proved the bane of her brother! He shone in all the accomplishments of that martial age; his name is renowned in its tournaments and in his father's battles: in an expedition of his own he was unfortunate, being defeated endeavouring to cut off a convoy to Boulogne; a disgrace he soon repaired, though he never recovered the king's favour, in whose eyes a moment could cancel an age of services!

The unwieldy king, growing distempered and froward, and apprehensive for the tranquillity of his boy successor, easily conceived or admitted jealousies infused into him by the earl of Hertford and the protestant party, though one of the last acts of his fickle life was to found a convent †! Rapin says, he apprehended, if the popish party should prevail, that his marriage with Catherine of Arragon would be declared good, and by consequence his son Edward bastardized.—A most inaccurate conclusion! It would have affected the legitimacy of Elizabeth, whose mother was married during the life of Catherine; but the latter was dead before the king married Jane Seymour. An odd circumstance is recorded, that Anne Boleyn wore yellow for mourning for her predecessor ‡.

\* In the preface to his History.

† Lord Herbert's Life of Henry the eighth.

‡ Notes to Tindal's Rapin: fol. It was a

fashion she had brought from France. Du Tillet says, "Le pourpre est le deuil des rois, et le jaune celui des reines." *Recherches*, liv. ii. p. 196.

It seems that the family of Howard were greatly at variance \*; the duke and his son had been but lately reconciled; the duchess was frantic with jealousy, had been parted four years from her husband, and now turned his accuser; as her daughter the duchess of Richmond, who inclined to the protestants, and hated her brother, deposed against him. The duke's mistress too, one Mrs. Holland, took care to provide for her own safety, by telling all she knew: that was little, yet equal to the charge, and coincided with it. The chief accusation against the earl was his quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor †: the duke had forborne them, but left a blank quarter. Mrs. Holland deposed, that the duke disapproved his son's bearing them, and forbade her to work them on the furniture for his house. The duchess of Richmond's testimony was so trivial, that she deposed her brother's giving a coronet ‡, which to her judgment seemed a close crown, and a cypher which she took to be the king's: and that he dissuaded her from going too far in reading the scripture. Some swore that he loved to converse with foreigners; and, as if ridiculous charges, when multiplied, would amount to one real crime, sir Richard Southwell affirmed, without specifying what, that he knew certain things which touched the earl's fidelity to the king. The brave young lord vehemently affirmed himself a true man, and offered to fight his accuser in his shirt; and with great spirit and a ready wit defended himself against all the witnesses—to little purpose! When such accusations could be alleged, they were sure of being thought to be proved. Lord Herbert insinuates that the earl would not have been condemned, if he had not been a commoner and tried by a jury. On what could he ground this favourable

\* Lord Herbert.

† Yet in the 13th of Edward IV. it was decided in a chapter of the office of arms, that where a nobleman is descended lineally hereditably to three or four coats, and afterwards is ascended to a coat near to the king, and of his royal blood, he may for his most honour bear the same coat alone, and no lower coat of dignity to be quartered therewith, &c. *Sanford*, p. 232, book iii. c. 15. And it appears by a deed in the possession of James West, esq. that the duke actually did so for some time; his seal to this deed containing only the arms of England with a label

of three points within the garter and his name over it. This deed was shewn to the Society of Antiquaries, March 11, 1735, as appears by their minutes.

‡ This shews that at that time there were no established rules for coronets. I cannot find when those of dukes, marquises and earls were settled: sir Robert Cecil, earl of Salisbury, when viscount Cranborn, was the first of that degree that bore a coronet. Barons received theirs from Charles the second: the original warrant is preserved among the Harleian MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 1073, art. 8.

opinion of the peers? What twelve tradesmen could be found more servile than almost every court of peers during that reign? Was the duke of Buckingham, was Anne Boleyn condemned by a jury, or by great lords\*?

The duke, better acquainted with the humour of his master, or fonder of life as it grew nearer the dregs, made a most abject confession, in which however the greatest crime he avowed was having concealed the manner in which his son bore his coat-armour—an offence, by the way, to which the king himself and all the court must long have been privy. As this is intended as *a treatise of curiosity*, it may not be amiss to mention, that the duke presented a petition to the lords, desiring to have some books from Lambeth, without which he had not been able to recompose himself to sleep for a dozen years. He desired leave too to buy faint Austin, Josephus, and Sabellicus †; and he begged for some sheets.—So hardly was treated a man, who had married a daughter of Edward the fourth ‡, who had enjoyed such dignities, and, what was still more, had gained such victories for his master!

The noble earl perished; the father escaped by the death of the tyrant.

\* The parliaments of that reign were not less obsequious than the peers distinctively: “The countess of Salisbury,” says Stowe in his Annals, p. 581, “was condemned by parliament, though she was never arraigned nor tried before. Catherine Howard was attainted by parliament, and suffered without trial. Cromwell, earl of Essex, though a lord of parliament, was attainted without being heard.” The power granted to the king of regulating the succession by his will was an unheard-of abuse. If we pass from the peers to the house of commons, and from thence to the convocation, we shall find that juries by no means deserved to be stigmatized for peculiar fervility. The commons besought the king to let his marriage with Anne of Cleves be enquired into. The dissolution of that marriage for such absurd reasons as his majesty vouchsafed to give,

*as her being no virgin*, which it seems he discovered by a peculiar secret of his own, without using the common method of knowing ‖; and his whimsical inability, which he pretended to have in vain attempted to remove by taking physic the more to enable him; that dissolution, I say, was an instance of the grossest complaisance; as Cranmer’s having before pronounced the divorce from Anne Boleyn was an effect of the most wretched timidity.

† The artful duke, though a strong papist, pretended to ask for Sabellicus as the most vehement detector of the usurpations of the bishop of Rome. *Lord Herbert*, p. 629.

‡ His first wife was the lady Anne, who left no issue. His second was daughter of the duke of Buckingham.

‖ *In the case of his next wife it proved how bad a judge he was of those matters; nay, so humble did he grow on that head, and consequently so uncertain did his conforming parliament immediately think that*

*disquisition, that an act was passed to oblige any Woman, before she should espouse a king, To declare whether she was a virgin or not.*

We

We have a small volume of elegant and tender sonnets composed by Surrey; and with them some others of that age\*, particularly of sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, a very accomplished gentleman, father of him who fell in a rebellion against queen Mary. Francis the first had given a new air to literature, which he encouraged by mixing gallantry with it, and by producing the ladies at his court along with the learned. Henry, who had at least as much taste for women as letters, and was fond of splendour and feats of arms, contributed to give a romantic turn to composition; and Petrarch, the poet of the fair, was naturally a pattern to a court of that complexion. In imitation of Laura, our earl had his Geraldine. Who she was, we are not told directly; himself mentions several particulars relating to her, but not her name. The author of the last edition of his poems says, in some short notes on his life, that she was the greatest beauty of her time, and maid of honour to queen Catherine; to which of the three queens of that name he does not specify. I think I have very nearly discovered who this fair person was: here is the earl's description:

“ From Tuscan came my ladies worthy race,  
 Fair Florence was sometime *her* † ancient seat;  
 The western yle whose pleasant shore doth face  
 Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat:  
 Fostered she was with milke of Irish brest:  
 Her sire, an earl; her dame, of princes blood;  
 From tender yeres in Britaine she doth rest  
 With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly foode.  
 Honfdon did first present her to myne yien:  
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight,  
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine,  
 And Windsor alas! doth chase me from her sight.  
 Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,  
 Happy is he, that can obtain her love.”

\* The earl was intimate too with sir Thomas More and Erasmus; and built a magnificent house, called Mount-Surrey, on Lennard's hill

near Norwich. See note to verse 152, of Drayton's epistle from Geraldine to the earl.

† I would read, *their*.



I am inclined to think that her poetical appellation was her real name, as every one of the circumstances tallies. Gerald Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare, in the reign of Henry the eighth, married to his second wife Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gray, marquis of Dorset; by whom he had three daughters, lady Margaret, who was born deaf and dumb (probably not the fair Geraldine); *Elizabeth*, third wife of Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln; and the lady Cicely.

Our genealogists say, that the family of Fitzgerald derives its origin from Otho, descended from the dukes of *Tuscany*, who in the reign of king Alfred settled in England, and from thence transplanted themselves into Ireland. Thus

“ From Tuscane came his lady's noble race.”

Her sire an earl, and her being fostered with milk of Irish breast, follow of course. Her dame being of prince's blood is as exact; Thomas marquis of Dorset being son of queen Elizabeth Gray, daughter of the duchess of Bedford, of the princely house of Luxemburg. The only question is, whether the lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, or her sister lady Cicely, was the fair Geraldine: I should think the former, as it is evident she was settled in England.

The circumstance of his first seeing her at Hunsdon, indifferent as it seems, leads to a strong confirmation of this conjecture: sir Henry Chauncy says\*, that Hunsdon-house in Hertfordshire was built by Henry the eighth, and destined to the education of his children. The lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald was second cousin to the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and it was very natural for her to be educated with them, as the sonnet expressly says the fair Geraldine was. The earl of Surrey was in like manner brought up with the duke of Richmond at Windsor †: here the two circumstances clearly

\* In his Hertfordshire, p. 197.

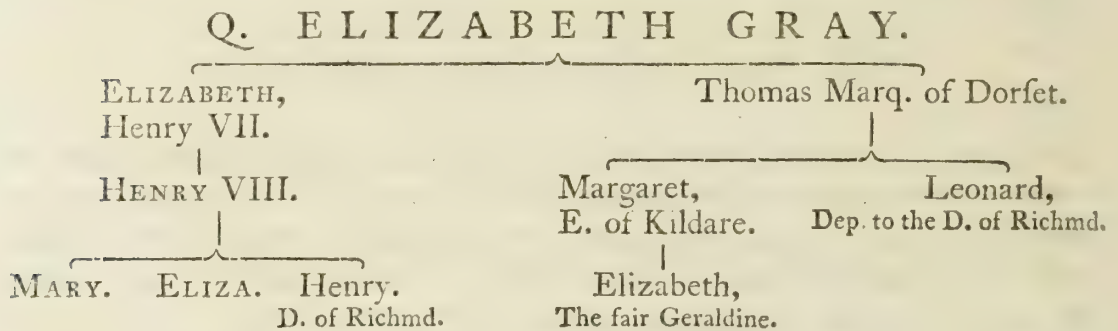
† One of the most beautiful of lord Surrey's compositions is a very tender elegy written by him

when a prisoner at Windsor, lamenting the happier days he formerly passed there. His punishment was for eating flesh in Lent.

Wood, vol. i. p. 58.  
correspond

correspond to the earl's account of his first seeing his mistress at Hunfdon \*, and being deprived of her by Windsor: when he attended the young duke to visit the princesses, he got sight of their companion; when he followed him to Windsor he lost that opportunity. If this assumption wanted any corroborating incidents, here is a strong one: the lord Leonard Gray, uncle of the Fitzgeralds, was deputy of Ireland for the duke of Richmond; and that connection alone would easily account for the earl's acquaintance with a young lady, bred up with the royal family.

The following short genealogy will at once explain what I have said, and show that in every light my opinion seems well grounded.



Since I made the above discovery, I find that Michael Drayton, in his heroical epistles, among which are two between this earl and Geraldine †, guesses

\* Strype has preserved a curious letter, relating to the maintenance of the lady Elizabeth after the death of her mother: it is written from Hunfdon by Margaret lady Bryan, governess to the princess, and who, as she says herself, had been made a baroness on her former preferment to the same post about the lady Mary; a creation which seems to have escaped all our writers on the peerage. The letter mentions *the towardsly and gentle conditions of her grace*. Vol. i. N<sup>o</sup> LXXI. In the same collection are letters of prince Edward from Hunfdon.

† Antony Wood was still more mistaken, for he thinks she was born at Florence: he says that Surrey, travelling to the emperor's court, grew

acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, *famous for natural magic*, who showed him the image of his Geraldine in a glass, sick, weeping on her bed, and resolved all into devout religion for the absence of her lord; that from thence he went to Florence, her native city, where he published an universal challenge, in honour of her beauty, and was victorious in the tournament on that occasion. The challenge and tournament are true; the shield presented to the earl by the great duke for that purpose is represented in Vertue's print of the Arundel family, and was in the possession of the last earl of Stafford. *Wood*, vol. i. p. 68. It is now in the collection of the duke of Norfolk; and being not only a curiosity, but having intrinsic

guesses that she was of the family of Fitzgerald, though he does not specify any particular personage\*.

† Bale and Tanner ascribe likewise to lord Surrey the following translations and poems :

“ Ecclesiastes and some psalms.”

“ One book of Virgil : in blank verse.” Wood says ‡ he translated two.

“ Poems, addressed to the duke of Richmond.”

“ Satires on the citizens of London,” in one book.

“ Juvenile poems.”

And a translation of “ Boccace’s consolation to Pinus on his exile.”

Five of his letters are preserved among the Harleian MSS. §

In Philip Labbè’s Biblioth. nummar. Jesuit. part 2d. p. 11, is this note :

“ Henricus Houvedde, Suriaë in Angliâ comes, de ponderibus & mensuris

fic merit, the reader may not be sorry to have a description of it. It is round, and painted on leather within and without: the handles of green velvet. On the outside is the story of Cocles defending the bridge, the horses and figures painted black and white; the helmets and armour in gold. The inside is divided into two histories, represented in like manner. One exhibits the story of Mutius Scaevola, the other of Curtius. All three are finely drawn and highly finished, in the good antique taste, and little inferior to Polydore. The rims of the shield are worn; the outside damaged, but inconsiderably. The inside has scarcely suffered at all, either by time or accident.

\* Since the above was written I was informed, that in the new edition of the Peerage, in the earl of Kildare’s pedigree, it is hinted that this lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald was the fair Geraldine; but as no reasons nor authority are quoted to prove it, these conjectures before mentioned may serve to supply their place. Since the first edition I have been told that Hollinshed confirms my supposition.

† Page 104.

‡ Vol. i. p. 57.

§ See the Catal. N<sup>o</sup> 78, 12; and N<sup>o</sup> 284, art. 183, 190, 197, 199.

libros duos confeciffè perhibetur à quibusdam: verùm Simlerus ex Joanne Baleo eorum non meminit, docetque decollatum Londini 1547.”

In Lambeth church was formerly an affectionate epitaph in verfe, written by this lord on one Clere, who had been his retainer, and caught his death by attending him in his wars. It is preferved in Aubrey’s Survey of Surrey \*, and ought to be printed with the earl’s poems.

His daughter Jane, countefs of Westmoreland, was a great miftrefs of the Greek and Latin languages †.

### EDMUND LORD SHEFFIELD.

OF this lord little is recorded. He was made a baron by Edward the fixth, and had his brains knocked out by a butcher at an infurrection in Norfolk, to quell which he attended the marquis of Northampton. Falling into a ditch near Norwich, and raifing his helmet to fhew the rebels who he was, he was difpatched.

To this little, Bale ‡ has added (what obliges us to give him a place in this catalogue), that he wrote

“ A book of fonnets, in the Italian manner.”

### EDWARD SEYMOUR, DUKE of SOMERSET.

THE rife, the valour, ambition, weaknefs, and fall of this great lord are fo univerfally known, that it would be tranfcribing whole pages of our moft common hiftories, to give a detail of his life. His contributing to the ruin of the Howards hurt him much in the eyes of the nation: his feverity to his own brother, though a vain and worthlefs man, was ftill lefs excufable; his injuftice to his own iffue by his firft wife was monftrous; and both

\* Vol. v. p. 247.

† Fox’s Acts and Monuments.

‡ Page 106.

the latter crimes were imposed on him by his second duchess, a haughty bad woman. I have mentioned the complaisance of the parliaments and of the nobility under Henry the eighth: their servility is still more striking, when we see them crouch under a protector, and scandalously suffer him to deprive his eldest son of his inheritance and titles to humour a domineering wife. Yet having the misfortune to fall by the policy of a man more artful, more ambitious, much less virtuous than himself [for with all his faults he had many good \* qualities], he died lamented by the people, and even his unjust disposition of his fortunes and honours was suffered to take place, when his family was restored. At last the true line has recovered their birthright.

He had been educated at Oxford, and was chancellor of Cambridge; and, as Antony Wood observes, there is no foundation for what one Parsons has asserted, that he could scarce write or read. On the contrary, he appears to have been an author: while he was lord protector there went under his name

“Epistola † exhortatoria missa ad nobilitatem ac plebem universumque populum regni Scotiæ.” Printed in 4to at London, 1548. This might possibly be composed by some dependent: his other works were penned during his troubles, when he does not appear to have had many flatterers. During his first imprisonment he wrote

“A spiritual and most precious pearl, teaching all men to love and

\* I choose to throw into a note a particularity on this head, that it may be the more remarked. Great clamour was raised against him for a merit of the most beautiful nature: this was, his setting up a *court of requests* within his own house, “to hear the petitions and suits of *poor men*; and upon the compassion he took of their oppressions, if he ended not their businesses, he would send his letters to chancery in their favour.” *Strype*, vol. ii. p. 183. In times when almost every act of state was an act of tyranny, how amiable does this illegal jurisdiction appear! If princes, who affect an arbitrary power, would exert it in this manner, despotism would become the only eligible species of government. To the disgrace of

history, while there are volumes on *the destroyers of mankind*, not ten lines are written on the life of Mahomet Galadin, emperor of Mogul, who gave audience twice a day to his subjects, and who had a bell which reached from his own chamber to the street, at which the poor might ring for justice: at the sound of the bell he always went to, or sent for the person who rung. The Benedictine who records this says, it is not known of what sect he was. The wretched monk did not perceive that this emperor was above all sects; THAT HE WAS OF THAT DIVINE RELIGION, HUMANITY. *Vide Gen. Dict.* vol. vii

† Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 87.

embrace the cross, as a most sweet and necessary thing, &c." London, 1550. 16°.

About that time he had great respect paid to him by the celebrated reformers, Calvin and Peter Martyr \*. The former wrote to him an epistle of godly consolation, composed before the time and knowledge of his disgrace; but being delivered to him in the Tower, his grace translated it from French into English. It was printed in 1550, by Edward Whitchurch, and is entitled

“ An epistle † both of godly consolation, and also of advertisement, written by John Calvin, the pastour and preacher of Geneva, to the right noble prince Edward, duke of Somersset, and so translated out of French by the same duke.”

Martyr wrote an epistle to him in Latin about the same time, which pleased the duke so much, that at his desire it was translated into English by Thomas Norton ‡, and printed in 1550. 8vo.

In Strype § is a prayer of the duke “ for God’s assistance in the high office of protector and governor now committed to him.”

Some of his letters are preserved in the library of C. C. C. Camb.

Eighteen more are in the Harleian collection ||.

## HENRY LORD STAFFORD,

SON and heir of Edward last duke of Buckingham, was restored in blood and to part of his lands, but neither to the title of duke, nor to the dig-

\* Among the Harleian MSS. is a dispensation to the duke of Somersset from wearing doole or mourning, on occasion of the death of lady Seymour, his mother, as a thing serving rather to pomp than to any edifying. N° 6195, art. 14.

† Vide Ames, p. 207, 208. Bale, p. 109.

‡ The same who assisted Sternhold and Hopkins in their version of the psalms.

§ Vol. ii. app. B.

|| See the Catal. N° 284, and 523.

nity of lord high constable. Nothing is related of him but one incident, which discovers that he was proud, without feeling pride equal to his birth; for, having lost such exalted honours, he stooped to dispute precedence with the lord Clinton, in the reign of Philip and Mary—and lost it\*.

We have of his writing a treatise called

“The true difference between regal and ecclesiastical power, translated from the Latin of Edward Fox, bishop of Hereford, and dedicated to the protector Somerset.” Printed by William Copland. In the dedication he exceedingly praises Henry the eighth for establishing the reformation; and with the simplicity of that age tells the duke, “that reflecting on the usurpations of the Roman clergy, he bethought him of this book, which was lent him by his friend master Morison.

In the next reign, he returned to the old religion, and, I suppose to make his peace, translated

“Two epistles of Erasmus, wherein,” as Strype says †, “was undertaken to be shewn the brain-sick headiness of the Lutherans.” They were printed by William Riddel ‡, in 16°.

In Lambeth church § was a wretched rhyming epitaph, written by this lord on his sister the duchess of Norfolk, mother of the earl of Surrey, who, it should seem, did not inherit from his uncle his poetic talents.

## FRANCIS HASTINGS, EARL of HUNTINGDON,

WAS the second earl of this illustrious blood, to which he added new dignity, not only by marrying one of the princesses of the line of Clarence, but by his own services and accomplishments. At the coronation of

\* Dugdale in Stafford.

‡ Ames, p. 286.

† Vol. iii. p. 115.

§ Aubrey's Survey of Surrey, vol. v. p. 236.

Anne Boleyn he was made knight of the Bath, and of the Garter by Edward the sixth; from whom he obtained licence to retain an hundred gentlemen and yeomen over and above those of his family\*. He was sent the same year with considerable forces to dislodge the French who had planted themselves between Boulogne and Calais, when in the possession of the English. He sat on the trial of the protector; and in the first of queen Mary, being lord lieutenant of Leicestershire, raised forces against the insurrection of the duke of Suffolk, and brought him prisoner from Coventry to the Tower. At the request of cardinal Pole, his uncle-in-law, he translated

“ Oforius de nobilitate;” and

“ . . . . . de gloriâ.”

Sir Francis, fifth son of this earl, was very learned, and author of several controversial tracts.—But not coming under the description to which I have confined myself, I shall say no more of him †.

## HENRY LORD PAGET.

I CANNOT direct the reader to any work of this peer; though he should not be omitted, being expressly mentioned by Puttenham, in his list of poets in the reign of queen Elizabeth ‡. Peacham too, whose book was printed in 1636, names him §, but seems to have copied Puttenham. Lord Henry was son of William lord Paget, a statesman of much note in that age, and whom Tanner has constituted an author too on the idle foundation of having written many letters.

\* Dugdale, vol. i. p. 588.

‡ Page 49.

† Vide Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 363.

§ See The Compleat Gentleman, p. 95.



*WILLIAM POWLETT*, MARQUIS of  
WINCHESTER,

GRANDSON of the lord treasurer, is memorable for nothing but being the author of a book stiled by Antony Wood \*,

“ *Essays, or some things called his idleness,*” printed at London in qu<sup>o</sup>. 1586, which was two years before his death. The whole title, as I find it in Ames’s *Typographical Antiquities* †, runs thus :

“ The lord marques [his] idleness, conteining manifold matters of acceptable device ; as sage sentences, prudent precepts, moral examples, sweet similitudes, proper comparisons, and other remembrances of special choise. No lesse pleasant to peruse, than profitable to practise. Compiled by the right honourable William marques of Winchester, that now is.” Ninety-four pages in qu<sup>o</sup>. printed by Ninian Newton.

Dugdale says ‡, that by one mistress Lambert, his concubine, he left four natural sons, all knights, called sir William, sir Hercules, sir John, and sir Hector, to whom he granted leases of lands for the term of one hundred years, of little less than 4000 *l.* per ann. value ; and that those lands retained the name of the Bastards’ lands.

I have been told that he left curious memoirs of his own life, extant in MS. in the possession of Thomas Jervoise, esq. of Herriard in Hampshire.

*WILLIAM CECIL*, LORD BURLEIGH.

ONE of those great names, better known in the annals of his country than in those of the republic of letters. In the latter light only it is the business of this work to record him.

\* Vol. ii. p. 525.

† Page 402.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 377.

He wrote

“ La complainte de l’ame pechereffe, par Guillaume Cicil :” in French verse ; extant in the king’s library\*.

“ Carmina duo Latina in obitum Margaretæ Nevillæ, reginæ Catherinæ à cubiculis.” The famous fir Thomas Chaloner wrote an epitaph on the same lady †.

“ Carmen Latinum in memoriam Tho. Chaloneri equ. aur. præfixum ejusdem libro de restaur. republ.”

“ A preface to queen Cath. Parr’s lamentation of a finner ‡.”

Being by the protector Somers set made master of the requests, the first who bore that title in England §, he attended his grace on the expedition to Scotland, and furnished materials for an account of that war, which was published by William Patten, under the title of “ Diarium exped. Scoticæ.” Lond. 1541, 12mo. It is on this account, I suppose, that his lordship is reckoned by Hollingshed among the English historians.

“ The first paper or memorial of fir William Cecil, &c. anno primo Eliz.” from a MS. in the Cotton library ; printed among Somers’s tracts ||. It is only a paper of memorandums.

“ Slanders and lies, maliciously, grossly and impudently vomited out in certain traiterous books and pamphlets, concerning two counsellors, fir Nicholas Bacon lord keeper of the great seal, and fir William Cecil principal secretary of state to her majesty ¶.”

“ A speech in parliament, 1592\*\*.”

\* Tanner, p. 216.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Camden.

|| Vol. i. p. 158.

¶ Biogr. p. 1261.

\*\* Strype’s Annals, vol. iv. p. 107.

“ Instructions for the speaker’s speech ; drawn up in several articles by the lord treasurer Burleigh \*.”

“ Lord Burleigh’s precepts, or directions for the well-ordering and carriage of a man’s life.” 1637 †.

“ Lord treasurer Burleigh’s advice to queen Elizabeth in matters of religion and state ‡.”

“ His instructions to his son, T. earl of Exeter, going to travel §.”

“ Discourse about queen Elizabeth’s matching with the arch-duke of Austria ||.”

“ Meditations on the death of his lady ¶.”

“ A meditation of the state of England during the reign of queen Elizabeth, by the lord treasurer of England, the lord Burleigh \*\*.”

He wrote answers to many libels against the queen and government, the titles of many of which are now lost ; some are said to be extant in print, more in manuscript ††. He was supposed too to be author of a thin pamphlet in defence of the punishments inflicted on the Roman catholics in the reign of queen Elizabeth ; it is called

“ The execution of justice in England for maintenance of public and christian peace, against certain stirrers of seditions and adherents to the traytors and enemies of the realm, without any persecution of them for questions of religion, as is falsely reported, &c.” Lond. 1583, second edit. ††

\* Strype’s Annals, p. 124.

¶ Ballard’s Memoirs, p. 184.

† Harleian Catal. vol. ii. p. 755.

\*\* Biogr. p. 1257.

‡ Somers’s Pap. 4th. coll. vol. i. p. 101.

†† Ib. 1261.

§ Catal. of Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 3638, art. 11.

‡‡ Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 271.

|| Ib. N<sup>o</sup> 4228, art. 14.

Other political pieces were ascribed to him, and even the celebrated libel called "Leicester's Commonwealth:" it was pretended that he at least furnished the hints for that composition to Parsons the jesuit. This assertion was never proved: it ought to be, before it deserves any credit. Leicester was a bad man; but would that justify Cecil in employing one of his mistress's bitterest enemies to write against one of her ministers?

Great numbers of his letters are preserved, a list of which may be seen in bishop Tanner. Thirty-three more are printed in Peck's *Desiderata curiosa*.

Three others in Howard's collections\*.

"Six more, with draughts of instructions, published in the collection of his papers by Murdin, 1759."

"His diary is printed at the end of the same collection."

"Near one hundred more of his letters are extant in MS. in the Harleian collection."

His lordship also drew up a great number of pedigrees, some of which are preserved in the library of the archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, particularly the genealogies of the kings of England from William the Conqueror to Edward the fourth; of queen Anne Boleyn; and of several princely houses in Germany. MS. libr. Lambeth, N° 299, N° 747.

## ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL of ESSEX.

TO enter into all the particulars of this remarkable person's life, would be writing a history of the sixteen or eighteen last years of the reign of queen Elizabeth: yet I shall touch many passages of his story, and enter into a larger discussion of some circumstances relating to him than may be agreeable to persons who are not curious about such minute facts as do not compre-

\* Pages 202, 314.

find the history of illustrious men, though they in a great measure compose their character. It is essential to the plan of this work to examine many particulars of this lord's story, because it was not choice or private amusement, but the cast of his public life that converted him into an author. Having consulted a great variety of writers who describe or mention him, I may perhaps be able to unfold some of the darker parts of his history; at least some anecdotes, though of a trifling sort, will appear in a stronger light than I think they have hitherto done. These sheets are calculated for the closets of the *idle* and *inquisitive*: they do not look up to the shelves of what Voltaire so happily calls "la bibliotheque du monde."

"The elegant perspicuity\*," the conciseness, the quick strong reasonings, and the engaging good breeding of his letters, carry great marks of genius.—Yet his youth gave no promise of parts; his father died with a mean opinion of him. The malicious subtleties of an able court were an overmatch for his impetuous spirit: yet he was far from wanting art; but was so confident of the queen's partiality, that he did not bend to her as his enemies did, who had not the same hold on her tender passions: he trusted to being always able to master her by absenting himself: his enemies embraced those moments to ruin him. I am aware that it is become a mode to treat the queen's passion for him as a romance. Voltaire laughs at it, and observes, that when her struggle about him must have been the greatest [the time of his death] she was sixty-eight—had *he* been sixty-eight, it is probable she would *not* have been in love with him. As a great deal turns upon this point, and as there are the strongest presumptions of the reality of her majesty's inclination for him, I shall take leave to enter into the discussion.

I do not date this passion from her first sight of him, nor impute his immediate rise to it, as some have done, who did not observe how nearly he was related to the queen, as appears by the following short table:

\* Biographia Britannica.

## Thomas Boleyn Earl of Wiltshire.

ANNE,  
HENRY VIII.  
|  
Q. ELIZABETH.

Mary,  
William Lord Hunfdon.  
|  
Katherine,  
Sir Francis Knolles.  
|  
Lettice,  
Walter Earl of Effex.  
Robert Earl of Leicēster.  
|  
Robert Earl of Effex.

His mother being cousin to the queen, and wife of her great favourite Leicester, easily accounted for young Effex's sudden promotion: it went on rapidly without those supports. At twenty he was made master of the horse; the next year general of the horse at the camp at Tilbury, and knight of the garter. On these dignities were afterwards heaped the great poits of master of the ordnance, earl marshal, chancellor of Cambridge, and lord lieutenant of Ireland.—Lofty distinctions from a princess so sparing of her favours—of what she was still more sparing, he obtained to the value of 300,000l.\* In one of her letters she reproached him with her great favours bestowed without his desert: in every instance but in his and Leicester's, she was not wont to over-pay services †.

His early marriage with the widow of sir Philip Sidney did not look as if he himself had any idea of her majesty's inclination for him: perhaps he had learned from the example of his father-in-law, that her majesty's passions never extended to matrimony. Yet before this he had insulted sir Charles Blount, on a jealousy ‡ of the queen's partiality. Instead of sentimental soft-

\* So lord treasurer Buckhurst computed. *Vide* *for Henry Wotton's Parallel*, p. 175.

† Biogr. Brit. p. 1661, in the notes.

‡ Sir Charles Blount, afterwards earl of Devonshire, a very comely young man, having distinguished himself at a tilt, her majesty sent him

a chess-queen of gold enamelled, which he tied upon his arm with a crimson ribband. Effex perceiving it, said with affected scorn, "Now I perceive every fool must have a favour!" On this sir Charles challenged, fought him in Marybone-park, disarmed and wounded him in the thigh.

*Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 191.  
ness,

ness, the spirit of her father broke out on that occasion; she swore a round oath, "That unless some one or other took him down, there would be no ruling him."

Lord Clarendon, in his sensible answer to sir Harry Wotton's Parallel of the earl of Essex and the duke of Buckingham, observes, that the former endeavoured rather to master the queen's affection than to win it: if he was crossed in a suit, he absented himself from court, and made her purchase his return. A fond woman may be moulded thus; it is not the method practised on princes by mere favourites. When Charles the first on some jealousy restrained the earl of Holland to his house, the queen would not cohabit with the king till the restraint was taken off. Whenever Essex acted a fit of sickness, not a day passed without the queen's sending often to see him; and once went so far as to sit long by him, *and order his broths and things* \*. It is recorded by a diligent † observer of that court, that in one of his sick moods he took the liberty of going up to the queen in his night-gown. In the height of these fretful fooleries, there was a ‡ mask at Black-Friars on the marriage of lord Herbert and Mrs. Ruffel. Eight lady-maskers chose eight more to dance the measures. Mrs. Fitton, who led them, went to the queen and wooed her to dance. Her majesty asked what she was?—AFFECTION—the said. AFFECTION!—said the queen;—AFFECTION IS FALSE.—Were not these the murmurs of a heart ill at ease?—Yet her majesty rose and *dawned*.—She was then sixty-eight:—sure it was as natural for her to be in love!

That her court and cotemporaries had an uniform opinion of her passion is evident from many passages. Sir Francis Bacon, in a § letter of most sensible advice to the earl, in which he dissuades him from popular courses, which the queen could not brook in her greatest favourites, says to him, "Win the queen; I will not now speak of favour or affection, but of other correspondence and agreeableness."—That is, do not be content with her prepossession in your favour, but humour and make yourself agreeable to her. "How dangerous," adds he, "to have her think you a man not to be ruled, that has her affection and knows it; that seeks a popular reputation and a military

\* Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 312.

† Sidney Papers, vol. ii. p. 203.

‡ Rowland White, in the Sidney Papers.

§ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 159.

dependence!" He advises the earl not to play or stratagem with too long journies from her; and bids him consult her taste in his very apparel and gestures. He concludes remarkably with advising the earl even to give way to any other inclination she may have; "for whosoever shall tell me that you may not have singular use of a favourite at your devotion, I will say he understandeth not the queen's affection nor your lordship's condition." The queen herself fir Francis advised, as knowing her inclination, to keep the earl about her for *society* \*. Osborne † ascribes Essex's presumption to the fond opinion which he entertained that the queen would not rob her eyes of the dear delight she took in his person. But the most marked expression is one of Henry the fourth of France to the queen's own embassador fir Antony Mildmay, "Que sa majesté ne laisseroit jamais son cousin d'Essex s'esloigner de son cotillon ‡". Sir Antony reporting this to the queen, she wrote four lines with her own hand to the king, which one may well believe were sharp enough; for he was near striking fir Antony, and drove him out of his chamber.

When the earl had offended the queen so much by his abrupt return from Ireland, he was treated with a whimsical fond mixture of tenderness and feverity. Though he burst into her bed-chamber as she was rising, she talked to him long with coolness and kindness: when her other counsellors had represented his boldness, she repented it too. She suspended him from all his offices but the mastership of the horse; she gave him a keeper, but who was soon withdrawn. On hearing Essex was ill, she sent him word, with tears in her eyes, "That if she might with her honour, she would visit him §."—These are more than symptoms of favour; royal favour is not romantic; it is extravagant, not gallant.

If these instances are problematic, are the following so? In one of the curious letters of Rowland White, he says, "The queen hath of late used the fair Mrs. Bridges with words and blows of anger||." In a subsequent letter he says, "The earl is again fallen in love with his fairest B. it cannot chuse but come to the queen's ears, and then he is undone. The countess hears of it, or rather suspects it, and is greatly unquiet ¶." I think there can be

\* Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 432.

† Osborne's Deduction, p. 688.

‡ Bacon Papers, p. 305.

§ Sidney Papers, vol. ii. p. 151.

|| Ib. vol. ii. p. 38.

¶ Page 90.



no doubt but that the *fairest B.* and the *fair Mrs. Bridges* were the same: if so, it is evident why she felt the weight of her majesty's displeasure\*.

It is indeed a very trifling matter for what reason a prince chooses a favourite; nor is it meant as any reproach to this great woman, that she could not divest herself of all *sensibility*: her *feeling* and *mastering* her passion adds to her character. The favourites of other princes never fail to infuse into them their own prejudices against their enemies: that was not the case with Elizabeth: she was more jealous of the greatness she bestowed, than her subjects could be. How did she mortify Leicester, when the states heaped unusual honours on him! For Essex, it is evident, from multiplied instances, that his very solicitation was prejudicial. Bacon † says to his brother Antony, "Against me she is never peremptory but to my lord of Essex." Amongst the papers of the Bacons is a most extraordinary ‡ letter from lord treasurer Burleigh to lord Essex, recounting unmeasured abuse that he had received from the queen, on her suspecting Burleigh of favouring the earl.—So quick was her nature to apprehend union where she loved to disunite, and with such refinement did old Cecil colour his inveteracy §. Her majesty was wont to accuse the earl of *opiniastreté*, and that he would not be ruled, but she would bridle and stay him ||. On another occasion she said, "she observed such as followed her, and those which accompanied such as were in her displeasure; and that they should know as much before it were long ¶." No wonder the earl complained "that he was as much distasted with the glorious greatness of a favourite, as he was before with the supposed happiness of a courtier\*\*." No wonder his mind was so tost with contradictory passions, when her soul, on whom he depended, was a composition of tenderness and haughtiness!—nay, when even œconomy combated her affection! He professes, "that her fond

\* In the old house of sir Nicholas Carew, at Beddington, was extant on a pane of glass this kind of rebus, ICSXOQPU.

† Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 196.

‡ Ib. p. 146.

§ It may be worth while to direct the reader to another curious letter, in which that wise man

forgot himself most indecently, speaking of Henry the fourth to his ambassador in most illiberal terms, and with the greatest contempt for the person of the ambassador himself. Ib. p. 328.

|| Ib. p. 5.

¶ Ib. p. 389.

\*\* Ib. p. 116.

parting with him, when he fet out for Ireland, pierced his very foul\*.”— In a few weeks ſhe quarrelled with him for demanding a poor ſupply of one thouſand foot and three hundred horſe †.

Having pretty clearly aſcertained the exiſtence of the ſentiment, it ſeems that the earl’s ruin was in great meaſure owing to the little homage he paid to a ſovereign, jealous of his perſon and of her own, and not accuſtomed to pardon the want of a proper degree of awe and adoration! Before his voyage to Ireland, ſhe had treated him as ſhe did the fair Mrs. Bridges—in ſhort, had given him a box on the ear for turning his back on her in contempt. What muſt ſhe have felt on hearing he had ſaid “ That ſhe grew old and cankered, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcaſe ‡!” What provocation to a woman ſo diſpoſed to believe all the flattery of her court! How did ſhe torture § Melville to make him prefer her beauty to his charming queen’s! Elizabeth’s foible about her perſon was ſo well known, that, when ſhe was ſixty-ſeven, Veriken, the Dutch embaffador, told her at his audience, “ That he had longed to undertake that voyage to ſee her majeſty, who for *beauty* and wiſdom excelled all other princes of the world ||.” The next year lord Effex’s ſiſter, lady Rich, interceding for him, tells her majeſty, “ Early did I hope this morning to have had mine eyes bleſſed with your majeſty’s *beauty*—That her brother’s life, his love, his ſervice to her *beauties* did not deſerve ſo hard a puniſhment—That he would be diſabled from ever ſerving again his ſacred goddeſs! whoſe excellent *beauties* and perfections ought to feel more compaſſion ¶.” Whenever the weather would permit, ſhe gave audience in the garden; her lines were ſtrong, and in open day-light the ſhades had leſs force. Vertue, the engraver, had a pocket-book of Iſaac Oliver, in which the latter had made a memorandum that the queen would not let him give any ſhade to her features, telling him, “ That ſhade was an accident, and not naturally exiſting in a face.” Her portraits are generally

\* Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 425.

† Camden and Bacon. She even mortified him ſo bitterly, as to oblige him to diſpoſſeſs his dear friend the earl of Southampton of the generalſhip of horſe, which the earl had conferred on him. Page 423.

‡ Dr. Donne, in his 6th ſatire, ſpeaks of the

queen and Effex thus :

“He ſaid ſhe ſtunk; and men might not have ſaid  
That ſhe was old before that ſhe was dead.”

§ Vide his Memoirs.

|| Sidney Papers, vol. ii. p. 171.

¶ Bacon Papers, p. 442, 443.

without any shadow. I have in my possession another strongly presumptive proof of this weakness; it is a fragment of one of her last broad pieces, representing her horridly old and deformed: an entire coin with this image is not known: it is universally \* supposed that the die was broken by her command, and that some workman of the mint cut out this morsel, which contains barely the face. As it has never been engraved, so singular a curiosity may have its merit, in a work which has no other kind of merit.



On whatever her favour was founded, it was by no means placed undeservedly: the earl's courage was impetuous and heroic: to this were added, great talents for the state, great affection for literature and protection of learned men, and the greatest zeal for the service and safety of his mistress. At nineteen he distinguished himself at the battle of Zutphen, where sir Philip Sidney fell. At twenty-two he undertook as a volunteer to promote the restoration of don Antonio to the throne of Portugal, usurped by the queen's black enemy, Philip; and by sound of trumpet challenged the governor of Corunna, or any of equal quality, to single combat. He treated Villars †, the governor of Rouen, in the same style. In the expedition to Cadiz he threw his hat into the sea for joy, that the lord admiral consented to attack the Spanish fleet. Few royal favourites are so prodigal of life! His indignation against Philip rose to the dignity of a personal aversion: in his letters he used to say, "I will teach that proud king to know." As much reason as she had to hate Philip, the queen could not endure the earl's assuming such arrogance against a crowned head. So formidable an ‡ enemy he was, that when the greatest offers could not bribe him from his duty, the court of

\* This piece was purchased from the cabinet of the late earl of Oxford.

† In his letter to Villars the earl said, "Si vous voulez combattre vous-même à cheval ou à pied, je maintiendrai que la querelle du roi (Henry iv.)

est plus juste que celle de la ligue; que je suis meilleur que vous; & que ma *maitresse* est plus belle que la votre, &c."

*Essais Hist. sur Paris, par Saintfoix, vol. ii. p. 82.*

‡ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 307.

Spain attempted to have him poisoned:—luckily they addressed their poison to the arms of his great chair, which no more than the pummel \* of a saddle are a mortal part. And as he supported the enemies of the Spaniard, he endeavoured to dispossess the pope of the duchy of Ferrara, sending the famous sir Antony Shirley † thither, to promote the interests of a bastard of the house of Este. There was as much policy and activity of enterprise in this, as in his holiness sending a ‡ plume of phoenix-feathers to Tir Oen. While the one island flourished with Cecils, Walsinghams, Bacons, the other was so buried in barbarism, that Rome ventured to reward its martyrs with the spoils of an imaginary fowl! The earl's intelligences, his spies, his pensioners in foreign courts were as numerous as the boasted informations of Walsingham §. His munificence was unbounded.—What sums did the perjured house of Bacon obtain or extort from him ||! He buried Spenser; and, which was more remarkable, was heir to sir Roger Williams ¶, a brave soldier, whom

\* Walpole, a jesuit, was hanged for attempting to poison the queen's saddle. *Camden*, p. 561.

† Wood's Athen. vol. i. p. 551.

‡ Bacon Papers.

§ *Ib.* vol. ii. p. 429, &c.

|| *Ib.* vol. ii. p. 371; and sir Henry Wotton's Parallel.

¶ Son of T. Williams, of Penrofs, Monmouthshire, by Eleanor, daughter of sir William Vaughan, knight, educated at Oxford in the reign of queen Mary; but being more inclined to a military than a studious life, he became a soldier of fortune, and in 1586 was knighted by queen Elizabeth, and was one of the standing council of nine, appointed to provide for defence of the realm against the Spanish armada. *Biogra.* vol. iv. p. 2287. He wrote a valuable history of the wars in the Low-countries, in which he had served with great reputation, and where he was one of the introducers of a new military discipline, and a brief discourse of war 1590. *Camd. Epist.* p. 350. A Spanish captain having challenged the general, sir John Norris, sir Roger fought

him; assaulted afterwards the prince of Parma's camp near Venlo, and penetrated to his very tent; and made a brave defence of Sluys. *Fuller in Monmouth*, p. 52. There is a story of sir Roger Williams, in sir Robert Dallington's "Method of travel, shewed, by taking the view of France, as it stood in the year of our Lord 1598."—"Their [the French] march, it should seeme, is somewhat more sharp than ours: for I remember I have heard say, that upon a time the olde marshall Biron should bid sir Roger Williams bring up his companies faster, taxing the slow march of the English. Sir, sayth he, with this march our forefathers conquered your country of France, and I meane not to alter it. A memorable answer of an honourable souldier." D'Aubigné mentions his behaviour at the siege of Rouen with great encomiums, and calls him "un des plus vaillans hommes du monde." *Hist. Univ.* liv. iii. chap. 13. He died in 1595, and was buried in saint Paul's. King James lamented his death so much, that he wished rather to have lost five thousand of his own subjects; and intended to write his epitaph. *Bacon Papers*, vol. i. pp. 296, 355. A letter of sir Roger, complaining of the queen's displeasure and expressing a desire of going into the service of some foreign prince, is extant among

whom he brought to a religious and penitent death. But what deserved most, and must have drawn the queen's affection to him, was his extreme attention to the security of her person; he alone persisted in unravelling the mysterious treasons of her physician Lopez, who was screened and protected by the Cecils—not merely by the son, whose base nature was capable of any ingratitude.—It is melancholy that faction could make even Burleigh careless of the safety of his queen, when detection of the treason would reflect honour on the prosecutor! Yet this zealous Essex did she suffer her council to keep kneeling for eleven hours at his examination; for this man's liberty did she accept presents from his mother and sister, yet without vouchsafing to see them, or grant their suit.—Indeed she did permit him to celebrate saint George's day alone\*: one should like to know how he played at this ceremony by himself. In short, this gallant though rash man she delivered over to the executioner, because his bitterest enemies had told her he had declared, That his life was inconsistent with her safety—A tale so ridiculous that it is amazing how most of our historians can give credit to it!—How was he dangerous, or could he be?—His wild attempt on the city had demonstrated his impotence. So far from this declaration, on receiving sentence he besought the lords, “not to tell the queen that he neglected or slighted her mercy.” He died with devotion, yet undaunted. Marshal Biron derided his death, and died himself like a frantic coward. Raleigh imitated his death more worthily than he beheld it †!

The queen at first carried her resentment so far, as to have a sermon preached at Paul's cross to blacken his memory ‡. Besides the ridicule thrown on her person, many passages in his behaviour had shocked her haugh-

among the Harleian MSS, N<sup>o</sup> 6995, art. 30: but though he complained of her displeasure, it is certain he did not fear it; for once when he wanted pay from her for himself and his soldiers, he said, Madam, I tell you true, we will be without money for no man's pleasure. This is related in Peacham's *Worth of a penny*, p. 34.

\* Vide Sidney and Bacon Papers.

† Sir Walter Raleigh was known to bear personal enmity to the earl, and endeavoured to excuse his appearing at the execution, by pretending

it was to clear himself if the earl should tax him with any indirect dealings. One of their first quarrels was the earl's braving sir Walter at a tilt, and appearing there in defiance of him with two thousand orange tawney feathers; an affront not very intelligible at present. *Vide lord Clarendon's Disparity*, p. 190. However, it is certain that sir Walter bore great malice to the earl, and fell sick on the apprehension of his being restored to the queen's favour. *Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 438; and *Sidney Papers*, vol. ii. p. 139.

‡ Clarendon's *Disparity*, p. 192.

tines and combated her affection. His pretending to be head of the Puritans, and to dislike monarchy, in order to flatter the Dutch; his speaking of the king of Spain in terms too familiar; his presuming to create knights in some of his Spanish expeditions; his blaming the queen's parsimony in the affairs of Ireland, which she had once near lost for the trifling sum of two thousand pounds \*; his treating with Tir Oen † to abridge his own stay in that island; his threatening that he would make the earth tremble under him; his boasting of one hundred and twenty lords devoted to him; his popularity; his importunity for his friends; and his paying court to her successor, probably exaggerated to her by sir Robert Cecil, who was ten times more guilty in that respect, all this had alienated her tenderness, and imprinted an asperity which it seems even his death could not soften.

On a review of his character it appears, that if the queen's partiality had not inflated him, he would have made one of the bravest generals, one of the most active statesmen, and the brightest ‡ Mæcenas of that accomplished age. With the zeal though without the discretion of Burleigh, he had nothing of the dark soul of Leiceſter. Raleigh excelled him in abilities, but came not near him in generosity. It was no small merit to have insisted on giving Bacon to that orb, from which one of Bacon's first employments was to contribute to expell his benefactor. The earl had a solemn tincture of religion, of which his enemies availed themselves to work him to the greatest blemish

\* Sidney Papers.

† The earl's treaty with Tir Oen is a great blemish on his memory. Though the Irish general had an army of five thousand foot and five hundred horse, and Essex but two thousand five hundred foot and three hundred horse, yet Tir Oen had discovered evident marks of dreading the English; and as the earl had received such unusual powers in his commission, it behoved him to do a little more than patch up a treaty with the Irish. There even appeared on his trial some symptoms of too ambitious designs in his union with Tir Oen. Sir Christopher Blount, father-in-law of Essex, confessed that there had been some mention of transporting part of the Irish army into England, that they meditated no hurt

to the queen, yet rather than miscarry, they would have drawn blood even from herself. *Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 493. I fear no practices of his enemies could justify Essex in such views! If it is true that sir Robert Cecil, to draw him into an unwarrantable and hasty journey to England, stopped all vessels but one, which was to spread a false report of the queen's death, Cecil's art was equal to his iniquity. The paltry account he gives of Essex's insurrection, in a letter to sir G. Carew, is by no means of a piece with such capacity. *Ib.* p. 468.

‡ As an instance of his affection for learning, he gave to the university of Oxford his share of the library of the celebrated bishop Oforius, which his lordship got at the plunder of Faro.

*Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 58.

of his life, the discovery of the abettors of his last rash design. He had scarce a fault besides which did not flow from the nobleness of his nature. Sir Harry Wotton says he was delicate in his baths. It was a slight luxury, and proceeded so little from any effeminacy in his person, that he read letters and attended to suitors the whole time he was dressing. Brutality of manners is not essentially necessary to courage: Leonatus, one of Alexander's generals, no unmanly school, in all the marches of the army was followed by camels loaded with sand, which he got from Egypt, to rub his body for his gymnastic exercises. Essex was gallant, romantic and ostentatious; his shooting-matches in the eye of the city gained him great popularity; the ladies and the people never ceased to adore him. His genius for shows, and those pleasures that carry an image of war, was as remarkable as his spirit in the profession itself. His impresses \* and inventions of entertainment were much admired. One of his masks is described by a cotemporary †; I shall give a little extract of it, to present an idea of the amusements of that age, and as it coincides with what I have already remarked of the queen's passion.

My lord of Essex's device, says Rowland White, is much commended in these late triumphs. Some pretty while before he came in himself to the tilt, he sent his page with some speech to the queen, who returned with her majesty's glove. And when he came himself, he was met by an old hermit, a secretary of state, a brave soldier, and an esquire. The first presented him with a book of meditations; the second with political discourses; the third with orations of brave fought battles; the fourth was but his own follower, to whom the other three imparted much of their purpose before the earl's entry. In short, each of them endeavoured to win him over to their profession, and to persuade him to leave his vain following of love, and to betake him to heavenly meditation. But the esquire answered them all, and told them plainly, "That this knight would never forsake his mistress's love, whose virtue made all his thoughts divine, whose wisdom taught him all true policy, whose *beauty* ‡ and worth were at all times able to make him fit to command armies. He pointed out all the defects of their several pursuits, and therefore thought his own course of life to be best in serving his mistress."

\* Sir H. Wotton, p. 174. His device was a diamond with this motto, DUM FORMAS MINUIS.

*Camden's Remains.*

† Rowland White, in the Sidney Papers, vol. i. p. 362.

‡ The queen was then sixty-three.

—The queen said, “That if she had thought there would have been so much said of *her* she would not have been there that night.” The part of the esquire was played by sir Toby Matthews, who lived to be an admired wit in the court of Charles the first, and wrote an affected panegyric on that affected beauty the countess of Carlisle.

The works of this lord were,

“A memorial drawn up on the apprehension of an invasion from Spain\*.”

“A narrative of the expedition to Cadiz.”

“To Mr. Antony Bacon, an apology of the earl of Essex, against those which falsely and maliciously take him to be the only hindrance of the peace and quiet of his country.” Reprinted in 1729, under the title of “The earl of Essex’s vindication of the war with Spain.” Both these pieces were justifications of himself from the aspersions of his enemies. A † very good judge commends both pieces much, and says of the latter particularly, “that the earl resolved to deliver his own arguments with all the advantages that his own pathetic eloquence could give them, and which still remains a memorial of his great virtues and admirable abilities.”

“Advice to the earl of Rutland for his Travels;” published at London in 1633, 8vo. in a book entitled “Profitable instructions, describing what special observations are to be taken by travellers in all nations ‡.”

“Directions both general and particular, drawn by the lord general Essex, for the better instructing and government of the army, in anno 1596 §.”

“Verses in his trouble,” likewise “Meditations,” both preserved in the king’s library.

“A letter of great energy, with a sonnet to the queen ||.”

\* Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 292.

† Biograph. Brit. pages 1665, 1669.

‡ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 487.

§ Catal. of Harl. MSS. N° 703, art. 23.

|| Printed in the Biographia, p. 1670.



“Another sonnet,” sung before the queen by one Hales, in whose voice she took some pleasure. It was occasioned by a discovery that sir Fulke Greville, his seeming friend, had projected to plant the lord Southampton in the queen’s favour in Essex’s room, during one of his eclipses. “This sonnet, methinks,” says sir Harry Wotton \*, “had as much of the hermit as of the poet :” it concluded thus,

“And if thou shouldst by her be now forsaken,  
She made thy heart too strong for to be shaken.”

The same author mentions another of the earl’s compositions, but unfortunately does not give any account what it was; he calls it †

“His darling-piece of love and self-love.”

“A pretious and most divine letter, from that famous and ever to be renowned earl of Essex [father to the now lord general his excellence] to the earl of Southampton in the latter end of queen Elizabeth’s reign.” Printed in 1643. Re-printed in Cogan’s collection of tracts from lord Somers’s library, vol. iv. p. 132.

A letter to the lord chamberlain ‡.

Some of his letters in beautiful Latin to the celebrated Antonio Perez are published among the Bacon Papers §. But of all his compositions the most excellent, and in many respects equal to the performances of the greatest

\* Page 165.

† Page 174.

‡ Vide Howard’s Collection, p. 232.

§ Pages 296, 367, 399. There are nine more among the Burleigh Papers published by Murdin, of which one to lord Burleigh is in La-

tin, and another, p. 650, very pathetic and remarkable. Eighty-eight more are preserved in different volumes of the Harleian MSS. and as a proof of his humane and friendly nature, in two volumes only of that number there are sixty-four, of which all but three contain suits and applications in behalf of others. See *Catal. of Harleian MSS.* No. 6996, 6997.

geniuses,

geniuses, is a long letter to the queen from Ireland, stating the situation of that country in a most masterly manner, both as a general and statesman, and concluding with strains of the tenderest eloquence on finding himself so unhappily exposed to the artifices of his enemies during his absence\*. It cannot fail to excite admiration, that a man ravished from all improvement and reflection at the age of seventeen, to be nursed, perverted, fondled, dazzled in a court, should notwithstanding have snatched such opportunities of cultivating his mind and understanding! In another letter from Ireland he says movingly, "I provided for this service a breast-plate but not a cuirass; that is, I am armed on the breast, but not on the back †." Dr. Birch has a volume of letters in manuscript, containing some from the earl, and others addressed to him. Besides these, we have a great variety in the Cabala and among Bacon's Papers of the earl's occasional letters ‡, written in a style as nervous as the best compositions of that age, and as easy and flowing as those of the present. The vehement friend, the bold injured enemy, the statesman, and the fine gentleman, are conspicuous in them.—He ceased to be all these by the age of thirty-four §.

\* It should be mentioned here, that formerly his dispatches were attributed to Bacon; of late, to his secretary Cuffe. The latter might have some hand in collecting the materials relative to business; but there runs through all the earl's letters a peculiarity of style, so adapted to his situation and feelings, as could not have been felt for him or dictated by any body else. See the letter mentioned in the text in the *Bacon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 415.

† Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 420.

‡ Two little notes of his are in the Introduction to the Sidney Papers, vol. i. p. 115.

§ I shall not dwell on the now almost authenticated story of lady Nottingham, though that too long passed for part of the romantic history of this

lord. I mention it but to observe that the earl had given provocation to her husband—though no provocation is an excuse for murder. How much to be lamented that so black an act was committed by one of our greatest heroes, to whom Britain has signal obligations! This was Charles earl of Nottingham, the lord high admiral, and destroyer of the Spanish armada. It seems, Essex had highly resented its being expressed in the earl of Nottingham's patent, that the latter had equal share with himself in the taking of Cadiz. He was so unreasonable as to propose to have the patent cancelled, or offered to fight Nottingham or any of his sons. *Bacon Papers*, p. 365. Alas! that revenge, interest and ingratitude, should have stained such services and abilities as those of Nottingham, Raleigh, and Bacon!

## EDWARD VERE, EARL of OXFORD,

WAS the seventeenth earl of that ancient family, and by no means the least illustrious. His youth was distinguished by his wit, by adroitness in his exercises, by valour and zeal for his country. Having travelled into Italy, he is \* recorded to have been the first that brought into England embroidered gloves and perfumes; and presenting the queen with a pair of the former, she was so pleased with them as to be drawn with them in one of her portraits. The earl of Oxford shone in the tournaments of that reign, in two of which he was honoured with a prize from her majesty's own hand, being led armed by two ladies into her presence-chamber †.

In the year 1585, he was at the head of the nobility that embarked with the earl of Leicester for the relief of the states of Holland; and in eighty-eight joined the fleet with ships hired at his own expence to repel the Spanish armada.

He was knight of the garter, and sat on the celebrated trials of the queen of Scots, of the earls of Arundel, of Essex and Southampton: but another remarkable trial in that reign proved the [voluntary] ruin of this peer. He was an intimate friend of the duke of Norfolk that was condemned on account of the Scottish queen: lord Oxford earnestly solicited his father-in-law the treasurer Burleigh to save the duke's life; but not succeeding, he was so incensed against the minister, that in most absurd and unjust revenge [though the cause was amiable] he swore he would do all he could to ruin his daughter ‡, and accordingly not only forsook her bed, but sold and consumed great part of the vast inheritance descended to him from his ancestors.

He lived to be a very aged man, and died in the second year of James the first.

\* Stowe.

† Collins's Historical collections, p. 264.

‡ That lady aimed at poetry as well as her husband; at least there is a curious account of verses said to be written by her in the fragment

of a book by one Southern, who seems to have been as vain of most wretched poetry as any of the first princes of Parnassus might have been, and as able to confer crowns of immortality. This strange account is to be found in the European Magazine for June 1783, and for which the editor must be accountable.

He was an admired poet \*, and reckoned the best writer of comedy in his time: the very names of all his plays are lost: a few of his poems are extant in a miscellany called "The Paradife of dainty devices." Lond. 1578, qu°. The chief part of the collection was written by Richard Edwards, another comic writer †. And Puttenham quotes part of another copy of verses written by the earl ‡. There are some few of his lines too in another curious and scarce book, called "England's Parnassus, or the choicest flowers of our English poets:" published by R. A. 1600. See pp. 21, 172, 209.

An epistle in prose, addressed to Thomas Bedingfeld, esq. one of her majesty's gentlemen pensioners, and another in verse, to the reader, both written by this earl, are prefixed to the above-mentioned Bedingfeld's translation of Cardan's comfort, who dedicated it to the earl, and published it, as he says in the title-page, at his commaundement. 1573.

Three letters to his father-in-law, lord Burleigh, are extant among the Harleian MSS. §

A Latin letter of this earl of Oxford is prefixed to doctor Bartholomew Clerke's Latin translation of Balthazar Castilio *de curiali sive aulico*, first printed at London about 1571.

## THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST.

IT is not my business to enter into the life of this peer, as a statesman: it is sufficient to say that few first ministers have left so fair a character. His family disdained the offer of an apology for it against some little cavils, which "spreta exolefcunt; si irascare, agnita videntur ||." It is almost as needless to say that he was the patriarch of a race of genius and wit. He early quitted

\* Spenser presented his Fairy Queen to him with a copy of verses celebrating the earl's turn to poetry.

† Wood's Athenæ, vol. i. p. 152; and Fasti, p. 99.

‡ P. 172. It is published at length in Mr. Percy's second volume of the Reliques of ancient English poetry.

§ N° 699, art. 5: N° 6996, 22, and 117.

|| Lloyd's Worthies, p. 680.

the study of the law for the flowery paths of poetry, and shone both in Latin and English composition. In his graver years the brilliancy of his imagination grew more correct, not less abundant. He was called, says Lloyd, *The star-chamber bell*, [a comparison that does not convey much idea at present, but he explains it by adding] so very flowing was his invention\*. "His secretaries," says sir Robert Naunton, "had difficulty to please him, he was so facete and choice in his style."

He was author of the celebrated tragedy called "Gorboduc;" the first dramatic piece of any consideration in the English language, written many years before Shakespeare set forth his plays †. He was assisted in it by Norton, a fellow-labourer of Sternhold and Hopkins. This tragedy was acted before the queen at Whitehall, by the gentlemen of the inner Temple, 1561. It originally had the title of "Ferrex and Porrex," was printed incorrectly and surreptitiously in 1565; more completely in 1570: in 1590, by the title of "Gorboduc." It was re-published by Doddsley in 1736, with a preface by Mr. Spence, by the procurement of Mr. Pope, "who wondered ‡ that the propriety and natural ease of it had not been better imitated by the dramatic authors of the succeeding age." It is to be found at the head of the second volume of the Collection of old plays, published by Doddsley. Sir Philip Sidney in his Apology for poetry gives this lofty character of it: "It is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy." Puttenham says, "I think that for tragedy the lord of Buckhurst and maister Edward Ferreys for such doings as I have seen of theirs, do deserve the highest price: the earl of Oxford and maister Edwards of her majesty's chappel for comedy and interlude §."

His lordship wrote besides,

"A preface and the life of the unfortunate duke of Buckingham in the reign of Richard the third, in verse," in a work entitled

\* Lloyd's Worthies, p. 678.

† Vide Preface.

‡ Antony Wood.

§ Art of poetry.

“ A mirrour for magistrates, being a true chronicle history of the untimely falls of such unfortunate princes and men of note, as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this island until this latter age.” This work was published \* in 1610, by Richard Niccols of Magdalen college in Oxford, but was the joint-produce of lord Buckhurst, Mr. Baldwine, Mr. Higons, Mr. Ferrers, and Mr. Churchyard, men of the greatest wit in that age †. The original thought was his lordship’s, as we learn from the editor, who says, “ That the penmen [of the chronicle] being many and diverse, all diversly affected in the method of this their mirrour, he followed the intended scope of that most honourable personage, who, by how much he did surpass the rest in the eminence of his noble condition, by so much he hath exceeded them all in the excellency of his style, which with a golden pen he limned out to posterity in that worthy object of his mind, the tragedy of the duke of Buckingham, and in his preface then intituled, Master Sackville’s induction. This worthy president of learning intending to perfect all this story himself from the conquest, being called to a more serious expence in the great state-affairs of his most royal lady and sovereign, left the disposal thereof to Mr. Baldwine, &c.” ‡

Several letters in the Cabala.

Others among the Harleian MSS. §

Tiptoft and Rivers set the example of borrowing light from other countries, and patronized the importer of printing, Caxton. The earls of Oxford and || Dorset struck out new lights for the dramas, without making the multitude laugh or weep at ridiculous representations of scripture. To the two former we OWE PRINTING, to the two latter, TASTE—what do we not

\* It was begun and part of it was printed in the reign of queen Mary, but was stopped by authority; yet by the interest of Henry lord Stafford, whose writings and love of letters have been mentioned, the first part was licensed. *Vide the prefatory epistle to the edition of 1571.*

† Life of Drayton before his works, p. 5.

‡ Collins’s Peerage in Dorset, p. 714.

§ See vols. 703, 6995, 6997.

|| Lord Buckhurst was created earl of Dorset. There is a letter from him to the earl of Suffex, printed in Howard’s coll. p. 297. Lord Dorset wrote too a Latin letter to doctor Barth. Clerke prefixed to his translation mentioned in the preceding article.

owe perhaps to the last of the four! Our historic plays are allowed to have been founded on the heroic narratives in *The mirroure for magistrates*; to that plan, and to the boldness of lord Buckhurst's new scenes, perhaps we owe SHAKESPEAR. Such debts to these four lords, the probability of the last obligation, are sufficient to justify a CATALOGUE of NOBLE AUTHORS.

## SIR ROBERT CECIL, EARL of SALISBURY.

THIS man, who had the fortune to please both queen Elizabeth and king James the first; who, like the son of the duke of Lerma, had the uncommon fate of succeeding \* his own father as prime-minister, and who, unlike that son of Lerma, did not, though treacherous to every body else, supplant his own father, this man is sufficiently known; his public story may be found in all our histories, his particular in the *Biographia*; and if any body's curiosity is still unsatisfied about him, they may see a tedious account of his last sickness in Peck's *Desiderata curiosa*.

He wrote

“ *Adversus perduelles* ;” an answer to some popish libels.

“ The state of a secretary's place and the peril thereof †.”

“ Some notes, offered to king James for the necessity of calling a parliament ‡.”

“ Mr. secretary Cecil his negotiation into France, with the instructions for his guidance therein from queen Elizabeth, in the year of our Lord 1597.”

“ The hermit's oration at Theobald's, 1594.” It was in MS. in Mr. Ames's collection, and, I believe, never printed.

\* After a short interval. It were sufficient to blast this man's memory, that on the access of James I. when there was a proposal for obtaining a capitulation or charter of liberties from him, the scheme was defeated by sir Robert Cecil.— See *Robertson's Hist. of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 246.

† Vide *Catal. of Harl. MSS.* N<sup>o</sup> 305, art. 44; and 354, 7.

‡ *Ib.* 737, 4; and among the *Conway Papers*.

“ Several

“Several speeches in parliament;” and

Many letters\*.

“One among the Burleigh Papers published by Murdin in 1759,” p. 588.

Near forty letters, preserved in different volumes in the Harleian collection of MSS. now in the British museum. One of them in particular gives a more exact relation of the gunpowder-plot than is to be found in our histories, and contradicts the common report of king James himself being the person who first guessed the meaning of the mysterious letter to lord Montague; lord Salisbury, in this letter, ascribing to himself and lord Suffolk the unriddling of the hint of gunpowder. *See Catal. of Harl. MSS. No. 1875, 88.*

“Three, in Fynes Morryson’s travels.”

“Fourteen in the secret correspondence of sir Robert Cecil with king James,” by which it appears that Northampton was the agent in that intercourse. Published by sir David Dalrymple, Edinb. 1766.

“One in the Cabala to his father.”

“Another to sir Francis Segar †.”

“Some notes on Dr. Dee’s discourse on the reformation of the calendar.”

## HENRY HOWARD, EARL of NORTHAMPTON,

YOUNGER son of the famous earl of Surrey, was said to be the learnedest among the nobility, and the most noble among the learned. To these advantages of birth and education were added the dignities of earl,

\* Vide Sawyer’s Memorials, in three vols. folio. † Vide Howard’s Collection, p. 196.

knight



knight of the garter, lord warden of the cinque ports, governor of Dover-castle [where he was buried\*] one of the commissioners for the office of earl-marshal, lord privy-seal, high-steward of Oxford, and chancellor of Cambridge. He added himself the still nobler title of founder of three hospitals, at Greenwich in Kent, at Clien in Shropshire, and at Castle-rising in Norfolk †. These topics of panegyric were sure not to be over-looked by our writers of genealogies, who winnow the characters of all mankind, and take due care not to lay up any of the chaff.—But what have our historians to say of this man! What a tale to tell of murder!—But it is necessary to take up his character a little higher. On his father's death he appears to have been left in very scanty circumstances; and though there is no doubt of his having parts, and very flexile ones too, they carried him no great lengths during the long reign of Elizabeth ‡: in her successor's they produced ten-fold. Antony Bacon, giving an account of a conference he had with his aunt about the Cecils, wishes for the genius of the lord Henry Howard, or that of signor Perez, to assist him with the facility and grace which they had in relating their own actions §. Lady Bacon, the severe and froward, but upright mother of Antony and sir Francis, had no such favourable impressions of lord Henry, against whom, as he was an intimate of Antony and the earl of Essex, she often warns her son, calling Howard *a dangerous intelligencing man, and no doubt a subtle papist inwardly, a very instrument of the Spanish papists* ||. No mistaken judgment: he had been bred a papist; and though at this time he seems to have acted protestantism ¶, he openly reverted to popery in the next reign, which at the king's request he again abandoned, and yet at his

\* He died at the palace he had built at Charing-cross, now Northumberland-house: supposed to be raised with Spanish gold. *Harris's Life of James the first*, p. 145. He gave the design for Audley-inn. *Lloyd's Worthies*, p. 780.

† Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. ii. p. 275. His will, and many papers, of statutes, grants, &c. relating to these hospitals, are preserved in the Museum among the Harleian MSS.

‡ From a letter of one of the agents of the queen of Scots to her, it appears that lord Henry was one of her instruments too. *Vide Burleigh Papers by Murdin*, pages 488, 489.

§ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 132.

|| On the treaty with France, the king asking him, how it happened that he had been presented with no jewel like other lords, he answered, "*Quia non sum Gallus.*" *Vide lord Bacon's Apothegms.*

¶ He had even been a competitor with Grindal for the archbishoprick of York, but miscarried from the doubtfulness of his religion. *Vide Life of Grindal in the Biograph.* p. 2432. The king asking him why he wished to go to Rome, he replied, "To see him, who can forgive sins, confessing his own; and Antichrist saying his creed." *Vide lord Bacon's Apothegms.*

death avowed himself a catholic \*. The same lady apprehends his betraying his brother Norfolk, whom he was still soliciting to his ruin: "For he [lord Henry] pretending courtesy, worketh mischief perilously. I have long [says she] known him, and observed him. His workings have been stark naught †." Her ladyship had learning, and was profuse of it; in another place ‡ she calls him "*Subtiliter subdolanus*, and a subtle serpent." Rowland White, of a nature less acrimonious, only says, "That the lord Henry Howard was held for a ranter §." Sir Antony Weldon speaks of him as one of the grossest flatterers alive.—But it is the mode to reject his testimony as too severe a writer.—Yet on what times was he bitter? What character that he has censured, has whitened by examination? To instance in this lord Northampton: I shall not content myself with observing that sir Fulke Greville says ||, "He was famous for secret insinuation and for cunning flatteries, and by reason of these flatteries a fit man for the conditions of those times:" nor that monsieur de Beaumont, the French ambassador at that time, calls him one of the greatest flatterers and calumniators that ever lived ¶:" let him speak for himself. He first founded his hopes of preferment on the earl of Essex, to whom he seems to have made unbounded court. In one of his letters he tells that favourite, "So God deal with me in *die illo*, as I would lose of my own blood to save yours; and hold all those given over utterly in *sensum reprobissimum*, whose malice can distinguish at this day between the safe-guard of your worthy person and the life of your country \*\*." In another, "When I see you not, yet I think of you, and with the most divine philosophers will ever settle my beatitude in contemplation of that shining object, unto which hypocrisy or flattery can add no grace, because the rare worth of itself hath made it very truly and singularly super-excellent ††." And as excess of flattery to the creature is not content till it has dared to engage even the Creator in its hyperboles, he tells Essex, "My hope of your safe return is anchored in heaven. I believe that God himself is not only pleased with his own workmanship in you, as he was when *vidit omnia quæ creavit, et erant valdè bona*; but withal that he is purposed to protect that

\* Lord Brook's Five years of king James, p. 57.

|| In his Five years of king James, p. 5.

† Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 227.

¶ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 501.

‡ Ib. p. 309.

\*\* Ib. p. 246.

§ Sidney Papers, p. 129.

†† Ib. p. 363.

worthy person of your lordship's under the wings of his cherubim\*." What could sir Antony Weldon say too bad of the flattery of a man, who paints the *great God* of heaven smitten, like an old doting queen, with a frail phantom of his own creation!

But though Northampton could flatter, honest Abbot could not: the earl prosecuting some persons in the Star-chamber for defamation, as his infamy began to grow public, when the lords were ready to pass sentence, the archbishop rose and to the earl's face told him, "Those things said of him *were* grounded upon reason, and for which men of upright consciences had some reason to speak—and that his lordship's own letters made evident that he had done some things against his own conscience, merely to attain unto honour and sovereignty and to please the king"—And then pulled out a letter from Northampton to cardinal Bellarmine, in which the earl professed to the latter, "That howsoever the condition of the times compelled him, and his majesty urged him to turn protestant, yet nevertheless his heart stood with the papists, and that he would be ready to further them in any attempt †."—But to have done with this topic, which I should gladly quit, if it were not to pass to that of blood. Howard, who always kept terms with the Cecils, and, when he had presented one of his compositions to Essex, sent another to Burleigh, at the same time with a true sycophant's art confessing it to his friend, skirmished himself out of Essex's misfortunes, and became the instrument of sir Robert Cecil's correspondence with king James ‡, which Cecil pretended was for the service of his mistress, as the confidence of her ministers would assure that prince of his peaceful succession, and prevent his giv-

\* Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 429.

† Northampton was so abashed with this reproach, that as soon as the court broke up he went to Greenwich, made his will, confessing himself a papist, and died soon after. *Sir Fulke Greville's Five years of king James*, p. 57. This small book contains little more than the story of the earl and countess of Somerset and of Northampton, to whom sir Fulke would not only ascribe almost every thing done at that period, but resolves all into malicious designs of mischief, as Northampton's drawing the bishops into declaring for the divorce, in order to expose that bench; an un-

necessary finesse to circumvent men so ready for any infamy as many of the order were at that time. It seems strange that an author who refined so much, should have reasoned so little, as to believe in witches and incantations. The *Biographia* rejects this work as not lord Brooke's, for no better reason than his not having mentioned it in his other writings. A clergyman might as well refuse to baptize a child, because the father at a former christening did not tell him that he intended to beget it.

‡ Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 514.

ing her any disturbance. This negotiation \* was immediately rewarded by James, on his accession, with his favour and with the honours I have mentioned; but, as every rising favourite was the object of Northampton's baseness, he addicted his services to the earl of Somerset, and became a chief and shocking instrument in that lord's match with Northampton's kinswoman the countess of Essex, and of the succeeding murder of sir Thomas Overbury. Northampton, the pious endower of hospitals, died luckily before the plot came to light; but his letters were read in court—not all, for there was such a horrid mixture of obscenity and blood in them, that the chief justice could not go through them in common decency.—It is time to come to this lord's works.

He wrote

“ A defensative against the poison of supposed prophecies,” dedicated to sir Francis Walsingham, and printed in qu<sup>o</sup>. at London, in 1583, and reprinted there in folio in 1620, by J. Charlwood, printer to the earl's great nephew, the earl of Arundel. There is a long account of this work in *The British librarian*, p. 331.

“ An apology for the government of women,” never published, but extant in MS. in the Bodleian library, and in my possession.

“ An answer to the copy of a railing invective against the regiment of women in general, with certain malapert exceptions to divers and sundry matters of state, written unto queen Elizabeth.” Perhaps this is the same as the former, with only a different title †.

“ An abstract of the frauds of the officers of the navy,” addressed to king James; MS. in the king's library ‡.

“ A devotional piece, with the judgments of primitive interpreters.”

\* Lloyd says that Northampton was no flatterer, nor ambitious! page 781. Those who condemn sir Antony Weldon's impartiality, may perhaps admire Lloyd's veracity.

† Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 7021, art. 11.

‡ Casley's Catal. p. 273.

This is all we know of this piece, only mentioned by his lordship in a letter to lord Burleigh, to whom he sent it\*.

“ Another treatise of devotion,” that seems to have been different from the last, and rather, “ forms of prayer,” sent to the archbishop of Canterbury in March 1596-7, with a letter in which this hypocrite tells the bishop, “ That he had tasted, by experience of private exercises for the space of many years, what comfort these proportions work in a faithful soul; and desiring his grace to refer the book to doctor Andrews or doctor Bancroft; and if no objection was found with it, he humbly craves his grace’s favour that the press might ease him of so great a charge and fatigue as it had been to him to copy it out, and cause it to be copied for his importunate friends †.” In this letter, as in all his lordship’s compositions, is a great mixture of affectation and pedantry.

“ Defence of the French monsieur’s desiring queen Elizabeth in marriage.” This piece was in answer to Stubb’s Gaping gulph, and is preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British museum ‡.

“ A spesyall prayere to God the father, the fyrste persone in Trynetye; made and practysed by the lord Henrye Howard earle of Northampton.” Perhaps this is one of the prayers mentioned above §.

“ His speech against the conspirators in the gunpowder-plot;” printed in *The true and perfect relation of the whole proceedings, &c.*

“ A copie of the last enstruptions which the emperour Charles the fifth gave to his sonne Philippe the second king of Spain, before his death. Translated out of Spanish by the lord Henry Howard, being (as it seems) as then somewhat under queen Elizabeth’s displeasure; and by him dedicated in a long epistle to her majesty.” Among the Harleian MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 836; and again, N<sup>o</sup> 1506, art. 3.

\* Bacon Papers, vol. ii. p. 247.

‡ See Catal. of Harleian MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 180, art. 3.

† Ib. p. 325.

§ Ib. 252, 24.

There are nine of his letters in various volumes of the Harleian MSS. besides others from him or relating to him in N° 7031, 14.

Four others are printed among sir Ralph Winwood's papers.

In the secret correspondence of secretary Cecil with king James, published by sir David Dalrymple, are fourteen letters of Northampton, who was the chief agent in that intercourse; but they are so tedious, obscure and pedantic, that even James was disgusted with them.

Two more letters, amongst the memorials and letters of state, published by the same gentleman.

Among sir Ralph Winwood's papers are four letters from Northampton; the first, very long and full of invectives on his cousin the lord admiral Nottingham: the second, as profuse of flattery on king James. The two last are addressed to sir Jervase Elways, lieutenant of the Tower, containing most importunate and peremptory directions for hastening the burial of Overbury's body, and fully explanatory of Northampton's share in that black business\*.

By a letter of the earl of Essex to him, it looks as if one of Northampton's arts of flattery to the former was drawing up his pedigree †. And to raise and ascertain Essex's authority as earl-marshal, Northampton appears to have undertaken a treatise on that office, but not to have completed it ‡.

## LORD CHANCELLOR *ELESME*RE,

**T**HE founder of the house of Egerton, published nothing during his life but a "Speech in the Exchequer-chamber touching the postnati," printed at London, in qu°. in 1609. After his death there appeared in his name

\* Vol. ii. p. 91; vol. iii. pp. 54, 481, 482.

† Ib. p. 342.

‡ Ib. 365.

“ Certain observations concerning the office of lord chancellor.” London, 1651, octavo.

“ The conference held February 25th, 1606, betwene the lords committées and the commons touching the naturalizinge of the Scots, &c.\*”

“ Observations on lord Coke’s reports, published by doctor Paul of the commons.”

His “ Observations on the statute of magna charta” is preserved in the Harleian collection, N<sup>o</sup> 42652, 2; as also

“ Cases wherein there is no remedy in Chancery.” 2809, 22.

“ Speech in the Star-chamber, touching the contempt of Robert earl of Effex.” And

“ Some letters, in the Harl. MSS. in N<sup>o</sup> 286, 159: N<sup>o</sup> 444, 13, 14. Three between him and Effex, N<sup>o</sup> 677, 33, 34, 35: N<sup>o</sup> 2084, 22: N<sup>o</sup> 6995, 116: N<sup>o</sup> 6996, 30, 116: N<sup>o</sup> 6997, 36, 66: N<sup>o</sup> 7042.

“ Four letters in the Cabala.”

He left to his chaplain, Mr. Williams, afterwards the celebrated lord-keeper and bishop of Lincoln, four manuscript collections concerning “ The prerogative royal, privileges of parliament, proceedings in Chancery, and the power of the Star-chamber †.” Of which I find printed “ Elefmere’s “ privileges and prerogatives of the high court of Chancery, 1614 †.”

## SIR FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT St. ALBANS,

THE PROPHECY OF ARTS, which NEWTON was sent afterwards to *reveal*.  
It would be impertinent to the reader to enter into any account of this amazing genius or his works: both will be universally admired as long as

\* Printed in Somers’s Tracts, 4th coll. vol. i. p. 372, from the Cotton library.

† Ib. vol. i. p. 479.

‡ Harl. Catal. vol. ii. p. 651.

*science* exists.—As long as *ingratitude* and *adulation* are despicable, so long shall we lament the depravity of this great man's *heart*!—Alas! that HE, who could command *immortal fame*, should have stooped to the little *ambition of power*!

## SIR FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE,

A MAN of much note in his time, but one of those admired wits who have lost much of their reputation in the eyes of posterity. A thousand accidents of birth, court-favour or popularity, concur sometimes to gild a slender proportion of merit. Succeeding ages, who look when those beams are withdrawn, wonder what attracted the eyes of the multitude. No man seems to me so astonishing an object of temporary admiration as the celebrated friend of the lord Brooke, the famous sir Philip Sidney. The learned of Europe dedicated their works to him; the republic of Poland thought him at least worthy to be in the nomination for their crown. All the muses of England wept his death. When we at this distance of time enquire what prodigious merits excited such admiration, what do we find?—Great valour?—But it was an age of heroes.—In full of all other talents we have a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through; and some absurd attempts to fetter English verse in Roman chains; a proof that this applauded author understood little of the genius of his own language. The few of his letters extant are poor matters; one \* to a steward of his father, an instance of unwarrantable violence. By far the † best presumption of his abilities [to us who can judge only by what we see] is a pamphlet ‡ published among the Sidney Papers, being an answer to the famous libel called *Leicester's Commonwealth*. It defends his uncle with great spirit: what had been said in derogation to

\* Sidney Papers, vol. i. p. 256.

† I have been blamed for not mentioning sir Philip's Defence of poetry, which some think his best work. I had indeed forgot it when I wrote this article; a proof that I at least did not think it sufficient foundation for so high a character as he acquired. This was all my criticism pretended to say, that I could not conceive how a man

who in some respects had written dully and weakly, and who at most was far inferior to our best authors, had obtained such immense reputation. Let his merits and his fame be weighed together, and then let it be determined whether the world has overvalued, or I undervalued sir Philip Sidney.

‡ lb. in the Introduction, p. 62.



their blood seems to have touched sir Philip most. He died with the rashness of a volunteer \*, after having lived to write with the *sang froid* and prolixity of mademoiselle Scuderi.

Let not this examination of a favourite character be taken in an ill light. There can be no motive but *just criticism* for calling in question the fame of another man at this distance of time. Were posterity to allow all the patents bestowed by cotemporaries, *the temple of Fame* would be crowded by worthless dignitaries. How many princes would be pressing in, the weakest or wickedest of mankind, because courtiers or medals called them *great*! One man still appears there by a yet more admissible title, Philip *the Good* duke of Burgundy—one shudders to read what massacres he made of his Flemish subjects. Louis the thirteenth claims under the title of *the just*: there can scarce be a more abominable fact than one in Voltaire's Universal History. Monsieur de Cinqmars, the king's favourite, had with his majesty's secret approbation endeavoured to destroy Richlieu—and failed. The king was glad to appease the cardinal by sacrificing his friend, whom he used to call *cher ami*. When the hour of execution arrived, Louis pulled out his watch, and with a villainous smile said, “ Je crois qu'à cette heure *cher ami* fait un vilaine mine.” Voltaire commending him says, that this king's character is not sufficiently known.—It was not indeed, while such an anecdote remained unstained with the blackest colours of history!

I am sensible that I have wandered from my subject by touching on sir Philip Sidney; but writing his life is writing sir Fulke Grevile's, who piqued himself most, and it was his chief merit, on being, as he styled himself on his tomb, THE FRIEND OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—It is well he did not make the same parade of his friendship with the earl of Essex: an anecdote I have mentioned before † seems to show that he was not so strict in all his friendships. He had more merit in being the patron of Camden.

This lord's works were,

“ A very short speech in parliament,” recorded by lord Bacon ‡.

\* Queen Elizabeth said of lord Essex, “ We shall have him knocked o' the head like that rash fellow Sidney.”

† Vide p. 327.

‡ Apothegms, p. 221; and Biograph. p. 2395.

“The life of the renowned sir Philip Sidney.”

“Sir Fulke Grevile’s Five years of king James, or the condition of the state of England, and the relation it had to other provinces.” A very thin quarto, 1643.

We are told \* that he proposed to write the life of queen Elizabeth, a work not much to be regretted, as he himself acquainted the earl of Salisbury, “that though he intended to deliver nothing but the truth, yet he did not hold himself bound to tell all the truth :” a dispensation which of all ranks of men an historian perhaps is the last that has a right to give himself. What he conceals is probably the part that would afford most information. It is worth the reader’s while to have recourse to the original passage, where he will find the gross shifts used by Salisbury to render sir Fulke’s meditated history abortive, which however he seemed to have little reason to dread, after the declaration I have mentioned.

“A letter to an honourable lady, with advice how to behave herself to a husband of whom she was jealous.”

“A letter of travel :” it contains directions to his cousin Grevile Verney then in France.

A letter among the Harleian MSS. N° 286, art. 32 ; another, N° 1581, art. 64.

“Cælica,” a collection of CIX. songs.

“A treatise of human learning,” in CL. stanzas.

“An inquisition upon fame and honour,” in LXXXVI. stanzas.

“A treatise of wars,” in LXVIII. stanzas.

His “remains,” consisting of political and philosophical poems.

\* Vide Biograph. p. 2396.

“ M. Tullius Cicero, a tragedy ;” but this is disputed.

“ Alaham, a tragedy.”

“ Mustapha, a tragedy.”

The two last plays have the chorus after the manner of the ancients; a pedantry as injudicious as sir Philip's English hexameters. After all the attempts to revive that mob of confidants, after all the laborious Pere Brumoy's dissertations \* to justify them, do they cease to appear unnatural excrescencies of a *drama*, whose faults are admired as much as its excellencies? With all the difference of Grecian, and French or English manners, it is impossible to conceive that Phædra trusted her incestuous passion, or Medea her murderous revenge, to a whole troop of attendants. If Metastasio's operas survive for so much time as constitutes certain and unlimited admiration in lovers of antiquity, it will be in vain for future pedants to tell men of sense two thousand years hence, that our manners were different from theirs; they will never bear to hear every scene concluded with a song, whether the actor who is going off the stage be in love or in rage, be going to a wedding or an execution. In fact, the ancients no more trusted their secrets, especially of a criminal sort, to all their domestics, than we sing upon every occasion: the manners of no country affect the great out-lines of human life, of human passions. Besides, if they did, whenever the manners of an age are ridiculous, it is not the business of tragedy to adopt, but of comedy to expose them. They who defend absurdities, can have little taste for real beauties. There is nothing so unlike sense as nonsense, yet in how many authors is the latter admired for the sake of the former!

## JAMES LEY, EARL of MARLBOROUGH,

ONE of that crowd of high-treasurers, whom the corruption of the coun-  
tess of Buckingham or the caprice of her son raised and depressed with  
such intemperate rapidity, that, as lord Clarendon says †, five noble persons

\* Theatre de Grecs.

† Vol. i. p. 47.

were at that time alive, who had all succeeded one another immediately in that unsteady office, without any other person intervening.

Ley raised himself by his knowledge of the law to be chief-justice of the King's-bench; and in the 22d of James I. was made lord high-treasurer, from whence he was removed (says the same noble historian) under pretence of his age and disability for the work, which had been a better reason against his promotion. After his death were published his

“ Reports of divers cases in law tried in the time of king James and some part of the reign of king Charles I.” Printed in 1659\*.

“ A treatise of wards and liveries †.” And he made “ collections relating to Ireland ‡.”

## GEORGE CAREW, EARL of TOTNESS,

THE younger son of a dean of Exeter, raised himself by his merit to great honours. Though his titles were conferred by the kings James and Charles, his services were performed under Elizabeth, in whose reign he was master of the ordnance in Ireland, treasurer of the army there, president of Munster, and one of the lords justices. With less than 4000 men he reduced many castles and forts to the queen's obedience, took the earl of Desmond prisoner, and brought the Bourks, O'Briens, and other rebels to submission. He baffled all attempts of the Spaniards on his province, and established it in perfect peace. He died in an honourable old age at the Savoy in 1629 §, and is buried under a goodly monument at Stratford upon Avon. He was a great patron of learning and lover of antiquities.

He wrote

“ Pacata Hibernia, or the history of the wars in Ireland, especially within the province of Mounster, 1599, 1600, 1601, and 1602;” which after his

\* Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 452.

† Vide Usher's Letters, p. 403.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ib. pages 403, 405.

death

death was printed in folio at London in 1633, with seventeen maps, being published by his natural son Thomas Stafford\*.

It is certain that his lordship proposed to write the reign of Henry the fifth, and had made collections and extracts for that purpose. The author of the Life of Michael Drayton says †, that Speed's Reign of that prince was written by our earl: others ‡ only say, that his lordship's collections were inserted in it.

Others of his collections in four volumes folio, relating to Ireland, are in the Bodleian library at Oxford. Others were sold by his executors to sir Robert Shirley §. And several are in the library at Lambeth.

Sir James Ware says, that this earl translated into English a history of the affairs of Ireland, written by Maurice Regan, servant and interpreter to Dermot, son of Murchard king of Leinster, in 1171, and which had been turned into French verse by a friend of Regan ||.

A letter among the Harleian MSS. N° 1581, 76.

## WILLIAM HERBERT, EARL of PEMBROKE.

HIS character is not only one of the most amiable in lord Clarendon's History, but is one of the best ¶ drawn: not being marked with any strong lines, it distinguishes the delicacy of that happy pencil, to which the real

\* Vide Ant. Wood, and Dugdale's Baronage.

† Page 15.

‡ Gen. Dict. vol. ix. p. 324; Biogr. p. 1171.

§ Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 423.

|| Vide Hist. of Irish writers, p. 20; and Hibernica, a thin folio, published at Dublin, 1747, by Walter Harris. It contains eleven tracts, of which the first is the history above mentioned of Maurice

Regan. The second is a great curiosity; an account of Richard 2d, his last journey to Ireland: written by a French gentleman who accompanied that king thither in 1399, and translated into English by lord Totnes. In the preface to the same book it is said, that 42 volumes of collections relating to the affairs of Ireland, with maps of the whole country, are in the library at Lambeth, and four more in the Cottonian. The Frenchman's whole account is in the Museum.

¶ Hist. of the Rebellion, vol. i. p. 57.

pencil must yield of the renowned portrait-painter of that age.—Vandyke little thought, when he drew fir Edward Hyde, that a greater master than himself was sitting to him. They had indeed great resemblance in their manners; each copied *nature* faithfully. Vandyke's men are not all of exact height and symmetry, of equal corpulence; his women are not Madonnas or Venuses: the likeness seems to have been studied in all, the character in many: his dresses are those of the times. The historian's fidelity is as remarkable; he represents the folds and plaits, the windings and turnings of each character he draws; and though he varies the lights and shades as would best produce the effect he designs, yet his colours are never those of imagination, nor disposed without a singular propriety. Hampden is not painted in the armour of Brutus, nor would Cromwell's mask fit either Julius or Tiberius.

“The earl of Pembroke,” says another writer\*, “was not only a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, but was himself learned, and endowed to admiration with a poetical geny, as by those amorous and not inelegant airs and poems of his composition doth evidently appear; some of which had musical notes set to them by Henry Lawes and Nicholas Lanear.” All that he hath extant were published with this title,

“Poems written by William earl of Pembroke, &c. many of which are answered by way of repartee by fir Benjamin Rudyard; with other poems written by them occasionally and apart.” Lond. 1660, 8vo. They were published by doctor Donne, and dedicated by him to Christiana countess dowager of Devonshire †, in whose praise many of the pieces in that collection were written.

Among the Conway Papers is a pretty letter from this earl to the duke of Buckingham on the miscarriage at the isle of Rhee.

Others among the Harleian MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 1581, 110; N<sup>o</sup> 7002.

\* Wood's Athenæ, vol. i. p. 546.

† She was the patroness of men of genius, particularly of Waller: the lord Lisle, in a letter to

fir William Temple in 1667, tells him, that the old countess of Devonshire's house was Mr. Waller's chief theatre. *Fenton's notes on Waller*, p. xlv.

And one of humour, published with some papers of state by sir David Dalrymple, 1762.

## SIR DUDLEY CARLETON, VISCOUNT DORCHESTER,

IS little known but in his capacity of minister to foreign courts, for which he seems to have been well qualified; but by his subservience to his masters and to his patron the duke of Buckingham one should have thought he had imbibed his prerogative-notions, as embassadors are a little apt to do, in other schools than Holland and Venice where he was chiefly resident. His negotiations have been lately presented to the public; a munificence *it* might oftener, but never should without gratitude receive. It was not the fault of the minister or of the editor that these transactions turned chiefly on the synod of Dort. It is always curious to know what wars a great monarch waged: sir Dudley would probably have been glad to negotiate in earnest the interests of the Palatinate; but the king had other business to think of than the preservation or ruin of his children—while there was a chance that the dyer's son Vorstius might be professor of divinity at Leyden, instead of being burnt, as his majesty hinted *to the christian prudence* † of the Dutch that he deserved to be, our embassadors could not receive instructions, and consequently could not treat, on any other business. The king, who did not resent the massacre at Amboyna, was on the point of breaking with the States for supporting a man who professed the heresies of Enjedinus, Ostodorus, &c. points of extreme consequence to Great Britain! Sir Dudley Carleton was forced to threaten the Dutch, not only with the hatred of king James, but also with his pen.

This lord's writings are †,

\* Vide histor. preface to the new edition of his Letters, p. 20.

*to the article VORSTIUS in the General Dictionary, vol. x. p. 36, where may be seen a summary of this whole affair.*

† They are the king's own words from his letter in the *Mercure François*. *Vide marginal note*

† Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 563.

“ Balance

“ Balance pour pefer en toute equité & droicteure la harangue faite n’agueres en l’affemblée des illuftres et puiffans feignoures meffeigneurs les Eftats Generaux des Provinces Unies du Pais Bas, &c.” 1618, qu<sup>o</sup>.

“ Harangue faite au counfeile de mefs. les Eftats Generaux des Provinces Unies, touchant le difcord & les troubles de l’eglife & la police, caufés par la doctrine d’Arminius.” 6 Oct. 1617, ftil. nov. Printed with the former.

“ Various letters in the Cabala.”

“ Others in the Harleian collection.”

“ Several French and Latin letters to Voffius,” printed with Voffius’s epiftles. Lond. 1690, fol.

“ Speeches in parliament,” printed in Rufhworth’s collections.

“ Explanation of a fpeech\*.”

“ Memoirs for difpatches of political affairs relating to Holland and England, 1618, with feveral propofitions made to the States.” MS.

“ Particular obfervations of the military affairs in the Palatinate and the Low-countries, annis 1621 & 1622.” MS.

“ Letters relating to ftate-affairs written to the king and vifcount Rochefter from Venice, ann. 1613.” MS.

“ Letters from and to fir Dudley Carleton, knt. during his embaffy in Holland from January 1615-16, to December 1620, with a judicious hiftorical preface.” Lond. 1757, qu<sup>o</sup>. This is the collection mentioned above.

“ A letter to the earl of Salifbury †.”

Cowley wrote an elegy on his death.

\* Harleian Collection, 160, 12.

† Howard’s Coll. p. 513.



## EDWARD CECIL, VISCOUNT WIMBLETON,

A MARTIAL lord in the reigns of king James and king Charles, followed the wars in the Netherlands for the space of thirty-five years, and was a general of great reputation till his miscarriage in the expedition to Calcs. He was second son of the earl of Exeter, and grandson of Burleigh. King Charles made him of his privy-council, governor of Portsmouth, and a peer. He has barely a title to this catalogue, and yet too much to be omitted: in the king's library are two tracts in manuscript drawn up by his lordship\*, one entitled

“The lord viscount Wimbleton his method how the coasts of the kingdom may be defended against any enemy, in case the royal navye should be otherwise employed or impeached, 1628.”

As I am unwilling to multiply authors unnecessarily, it will be sufficient to mention, that in the same place is another paper on the same subject with a noble name to it, and called

“† The opinion of the LORD GRAY, sir JOHN NORRIS, &c. for the defence of the realm against invasion, 1588.”

Our peer's other piece is entitled

“Lord viscount Wimbleton's demonstration of divers parts of war; especially of cavallery ‡.”

Among the Harleian MSS. are the following:

“Letter to the king, 30 Oct. 1635, that the navy and army are in readiness for the attempt on the coast of Spain. Also his journal. And his an-

\* Casley's Catalogue, p. 276.

† Ib. 281.

‡ Ib. 283. There is a letter from Camden to this lord, who had consulted him upon some precedent of discipline. *Camdeni, &c. Epist.* p. 351.

swer to the colonel's objections: together with a list of the ships sent with him. And also his instructions \*."

"Others to prince Henry †."

"Speech made by sir E. Cecil in the lower house of parliament, 1620, concerning the necessary measures to be taken against the designs of Spain ‡."

"A letter to sir Simonds Dewes §."

Among the Conway Papers is a scheme "For the freeing the Palatinat by armes, &c."

There is extant besides in print,

"The answer of the viscount Wimbledon to the charge ¶ of the earl of Essex and nine other colonels at the council-table, relating to the expedition against Calés ¶."

"Some letters in the Cabala."

"A letter to the mayor of Portsmouth, reprehending him for the townsmen not pulling off their hats to a statue of king Charles which his lordship had erected there; and taking notice that the signs of their inns obscured and outfaced his majesty's image\*\*."

\* Vide Catal. N<sup>o</sup> 3638, art. 12.

† Ib. N<sup>o</sup> 7007.

‡ Ib. N<sup>o</sup> 6799, 2.

§ Ib. N<sup>o</sup> 287, art. 136.

¶ The charge itself is in the same place, N<sup>o</sup> 6807, 16.

¶ It is printed at the end of lord Lansdown's works, lord Wimbledon being supposed to be assisted in it by sir Richard Greenville. Vide the Life of the latter in the *Biogr. Brit.* vol. iv. The journal of this voyage, with all the instructions, letters, &c. is among the Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 354, art. 34.

\*\* Printed among the Stafford Papers, vol. i. p. 491.

As we have few memoirs of this lord, I shall be excused for inserting a curious piece in which he was concerned. It is a warrant of Charles the first, directing the revival of the old English march; as it is still in use with the foot. The MS. was found by the present earl of Huntingdon in an old chest; and as the parchment has at one corner the arms of his lordship's predecessor, then living, the order was probably sent to all lords lieutenants of counties.

Signed, Charles Rex.

“ Whereas the ancient custome of nations hath ever bene to use one certaine and constant forme of march in the warres, whereby to be distinguished one from another. And the march of this our English nation, so famous in all the honourable atchievements and glorious warres of this our kingdome in forraigne parts [being by the approbation of strangers themselves confest and acknowledged the best of all marches] was thorough the negligence and carelesnes of drummers, and by long discontinuance so altered and changed from the ancient gravitie and majestie thereof, as it was in danger utterly to have bene lost and forgotten. It pleased our late deare brother prince Henry to revive and rectifie the same, by ordayning an establishment of one certaine measure which was beaten in his presence at Greenwich anno 1610. In confirmation whereof, wee are graciously pleased at the instance and humble sute of our right trusty and right well beloved cousin and counsellor Edward viscount Wimbledon, to set down and ordaine this present establishment hereunder expressed. Willing and commanding all drummers within our kingdome of England and principallitie of Wales exactly and precisely to observe the same, as well in this our kingdome, as abroad in the service of any forraigne prince or state, without any addition or alteration whatsoever. To the end that so ancient, famous and commendable a custome may be preserved as a patterne and precedent to all posteritie. Given at our palace of Westminster the seventh day of February in the seventh yeare of our raigne of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.”

*The Voluntary before the March*

*Pou tou pou tou pou R pou tou pou pou tou pou R poung*

THE MARCH

*Pou tou Pou tou Poung*

*Pou tou Pou R poung*

*R pou tou R poung*

*R R pou R poung*

*R R pou tou R pou tou pou R tou pou R poung*

*R R R R poung*

*R R R pou R R pou tou pou R tou pou R poung potang*

*Subscribed Arundell & Surrey*

*This is a true Copie of the Originall Signed by his Majtie*

*Ed Norgate Windfor*

## ROBERT CAREY, EARL of MONMOUTH,

WAS a near relation of queen Elizabeth, but appears to have owed his preferment to the dispatch he used in informing her successor of her death. Her majesty seems to have been as little fond of advancing her relations by the mother, as she was solicitous to keep down those who partook of her blood-royal\*. The former could not well complain, when she was so indifferent even about vindicating her mother's fame. This will excuse our earl Robert's assiduity about her heir, which indeed he relates himself with great simplicity. The queen treated him with much familiarity: visiting her in her last illness, and praying that her health might continue, she took him by the hand and wrung it hard and said, "No, Robin, I am not well," *and fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs*, which he professes he never knew her to do in all his life-time, but for the death of the queen of Scots. He found she would die.—"I could not, says he, but think in what a wretched estate I should be left, most of my livelihood depending on her life. And hereupon I bethought myself with what grace and favour I was ever received of the king of Scots, whensoever I was sent to him. I did assure myself it was neither unjust nor dishonest for me to do for myself, if God at that time should call her to his mercy." These words are taken from an account of that princess's death, published by doctor Birch among sir Thomas Edmonds's papers, and are extracted from the only work of this earl, viz.

"Memoirs of his own life;" published in 1759, by John earl of Cork and Orrery †.

\* Yet the gallantry of his behaviour, particularly against the Spaniards when their famous armada was defeated, would have warranted her in being less sparing of her favours to him. His portrait is preserved in one of the borders of the tapestry hangings which record that great event.

† Dr. Birch told me a remarkable anecdote, not mentioned in these memoirs (which do not go down so late in time), but which he learned from a tradition preserved by the earl of Mon-

mouth's descendants. One day that Charles I. was gone to hunt, Harry Jermyn was in private with the queen. The king returned unexpectedly, and went to the queen's apartment: lord Monmouth, who knew who was there, pretended to fall up stairs, as he lighted the king, and by putting out the candles, and by the noise of his fall, gave Jermyn notice to escape. If this anecdote is genuine, it is plain that the earl of Monmouth had not in his old age lost his presence of mind in making his court.

A letter to his father, in which he relates the queen's anger against the latter, expressed in a full oath, is preserved in the Harl. coll. N° 6993, art. 36.

## HENRY MONTAGU, EARL of MANCHESTER,

**W**AS grandson of sir Edward Montagu, lord chief justice of the King's-bench in the reign of Edward the sixth, and was father of the lord Kimbolton, who with five members of the house of commons was so remarkably accused by king Charles the first. Earl Henry was bred a lawyer, and rose swiftly through most of the ranks of that profession to some of the greatest honours of the state and peerage: his preferments are thus enumerated by Lloyd in his *State-worthies*\*; serjeant at law, knight, recorder of London, lord chief justice of the King's-bench, lord treasurer of England †, baron of Kimbolton, viscount Mandeville, president of the council, earl of Manchester, lord privy-seal. Lord Clarendon has drawn his character ‡. He lived to a very great age, and wrote a book called

“Manchester al mondo, or meditations on life and death.”

A letter of his, much commended, to his son abbot Walter Montagu, on the latter's changing his religion, is preserved among the Harleian MSS. § and another in N° 7001.

## ROBERT GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE,

**M**ADE a figure at the beginning of the civil war, and probably was a man of great virtue; for the royalist writers condescend to say, that if

\* Page 1027.

† He bought his staff of the countess of Buckingham for 20,000l. yet was removed within the year. He was asked, on his return to London, “Whether he did not find wood extremely dear at Newmarket?” It was there he had re-

ceived the white stick. *Howell's Letters*, sect. 3. p. 116.

‡ Vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

§ N° 1506, art. 8.

he had lived a little longer, he would probably have seen through the designs of his party and deserted them. This silly sort of apology has been made for other patriots, and by higher writers than mere genealogists, as if nothing but the probability of a conversion could excuse those heroes who withstood the arbitrary proceedings of Charles and his ministers, and to whose spirit we owe so much of our liberty. Our antiquaries weep over the destruction of convents, and our historians sigh for Charles and Laud! But there is not the least reason to suppose that this lord Brooke would have abandoned his principles: lord Clarendon represents him as one of the most determined of the party; and it is not probable that a man who was on the point of seeking *liberty* in the forests of America, would have deserted her banners when victorious in her own Britain. He and the lord Say and Seal had actually pitched upon a spot in New England, whither they proposed to transport themselves, when the excesses of the court threatened destruction to the freedom of their country. In 1635, the two lords sent over Mr. George Fenwicke to prepare a retreat for them and their friends; in consequence of which a little town was built, and called by their joint names Saybrook. But a nobler spirit arising, the two lords refused to the king's face to enter into the engagement, which he proposed to the peers at York, of professions of loyalty, and abhorrence of those he called rebels. Their lordships were active in all the patriot measures in the house of lords; and the lord Brooke exerted the utmost spirit and gallantry in the war that followed, though he was one of the first victims in the cause of his country, being shot in the eye in 1643, as he was storming the church-cloze at Litchfield. It is lamentable that my lord Clarendon should relate \* gravely many remarks of the populace on his death, in their language called *judgments*. Lord Brooke it seems had prayed aloud that very morning, "That if the cause he was engaged in were not just and right, he might instantly be cut off."—Had lord Clarendon mentioned this as an instance of lord Brooke's sincerity, it had been commendable: but did the noble historian suppose that the Ruler of the universe inflicts sudden destruction as the way to set right a conscientious man? Alas! the historian was not thinking of the Ruler of Heaven, but of those trumpery vicegerents, who would indeed be more proper avengers of a royal cause! He says, "It was observed that the day of lord Brooke's death was faint Chadd's day, to whom Litchfield cathedral was formerly dedicated." My

\* Vol. iii. p. 149.

lord Clarendon with the majesty of Livy was not without his superstition.—The Roman had his holy chickens, and lord Clarendon his faint Chadd\*!

Lord Brooke's works are,

“The nature of truth, its union and unity with the soul, which is one in its essence, faculties, acts, one with truth.” Lond. 1640, 12mo. This was addressed in a letter to his friend J. S. who published it with a preface. It was answered in 1643 by John Wallis, a minister in London, afterwards professor of geometry at Oxford.

“A discourse opening the nature of episcopacy, which is exercised in England.” Lond. 1641. Antony Wood says his lordship was assisted therein by some puritanical ministers. Milton, a better judge, commends it for breathing the spirit of toleration—which was not the spirit of the puritans.

“Two speeches spoken in the Guildhall, London, concerning his majesty's refusal of a treaty of peace.” Lond. 1642.

“Answer to the speech of Philip earl of Pembroke, concerning accommodation, in the house of lords, December 19, 1642.” In one sheet, quarto, printed by order of the house; re-printed in the collection of lord Somers's tracts †.

As the utmost impartiality is intended in this treatise, it is right to acquaint the reader, that this lord Brooke, with Roman principles, was not without Roman prejudices, and gross ones too. In this speech he declared his approbation of such men in the parliament's army *as would piously have sacrificed their own fathers to the commands of both houses.* Was a

\* There are many of these ominous reflections in the Athenæ Oxonienses: party could lower my lord Clarendon's understanding to a level with Antony Wood's. *Vide Athen.* vol. i. p. 523. God's vengeance against the profaners of faint Chadd's day is largely treated of by Dr. South in

one of his sermons; though decently avoiding all mention of lord Brooke, and paying that respect to a noble family which he did not pay to his own common sense.

† Vol. i. page 16.



man possessed with such horrid enthusiasm on the point of changing his party \* ?

“ Speech at the election of his captains and commanders at Warwick-castle.” Lond. 1643.

## LORD KEEPER *LITTLETON*

IS so fully described by my lord Clarendon, and there are so few † additional circumstances related of him elsewhere, that it would be an useless recapitulation to mention more than the list of his compositions, which are,

“ Several speeches ‡.”

“ Several arguments and discourses.”

“ Reports in the Common-pleas and Exchequer.”

“ His humble submission and supplication to the house of lords, September 28, 1642.” Uncertain if genuine§. And

“ Two letters ||.”

\* I leave this passage as it stood in the former editions, because the justice due to the character of this patriot lord will appear in the stronger colours, when the censure extorted from me by the appearance of truth is contrasted with the real truth. In fact, his lordship never made the speech in question. From the private history of the earl of Clarendon it at last comes out, that that speech was coined by the chancellor, who seems struck with his own art, not with the lengths to which party carried men in order to blacken their antagonists. One might excuse what he did in the turbulence of factions; one wonders that he could coolly recollect such an imposition so many years afterwards, without paying one repentant syllable of apology to an injured foe!—At least let it be my part to observe,

that this speech, which he did *not* make, is the worst act I can find recorded of lord Brooke.

See *Life of lord Clarendon*, fol. part ii. p. 70, 1759.

† That good man bishop Hall insinuates in his *Hard Measure*, p. 48, &c. that the keeper attempted to make his peace with the prevailing party, by an untimely sacrifice of the protestation of the bishops. Vide *Biogr. Brit.* p. 2492. And whoever will examine vol. xi. pp. 46, 123, 199, of that curious and useful work the *Parliamentary History*, will find instances of even more than time-serving or prevarication in the keeper.

‡ Wood, vol. ii. p. 83; and *Harleian Collection*, 161, 72.

§ Wood, vol. ii. p. 83.

|| Harl. Catal N<sup>o</sup> 286, art. 180; and 374, 97.

## ARTHUR LORD CAPEL.

IT was a remarkable scene exhibited on the scaffold on which lord Capel fell: at the same time was executed the once gay, beautiful, gallant earl of Holland, whom neither the honours showered on him by his prince, nor his former more tender connections with the queen, could preserve from betraying, and engaging against both. He now appeared sunk beneath the indignities and cruelty he received from men, to whom and from whom he had deserted—while the brave Capel, who, having shunned the splendour of Charles's fortunes, had stood forth to guard them on their decline, trod the fatal stage with all the dignity of valour and conscious integrity.

He wrote

“ A book of meditations\*,” published after his death; to which are added a few of his letters †. Mr. Lort, of Trinity-college, Cambridge, has a copy of this book, given by the duchess dowager of Beaufort (lord Capel's daughter) to Francis Lowthorp in 1710; in which all the names are marked of the persons to whom they were addressed. It is remarkable that the spirited remonstrance in behalf of the king, p. 109, was written to Oliver Cromwell, and is subscribed, “ Your most affectionate friend.” The first edition, under the title of “ Daily observations or meditations divine and moral, written by a person of honour and piety,” was published in 1654, without his name. It was reprinted in 1685 with his life, and then entitled, “ Excellent contemplations divine and moral, written by the magnanimous and truly loyal Arthur lord Capel, &c.”

“ Stanzas, written while he was prisoner in the Tower,” published in the Gentleman's magazine for February, 1757, p. 82.

\* Fuller in Hertfordshire, p. 28.

† His device was a sceptre and crown, or, on a field azure, with this motto, Perfectissima Gu-

bernatio. *Vide Catal. of Coronet-devices in the civil war, at the end of a thin pamphlet, called The Art of making Devices, done into English by T. Blount, 1648.*

## EDWARD LORD HERBERT of CHERBURY,

ONE of the greatest ornaments of the learned peerage, was a man of a martial spirit and a profound understanding. He was made knight of the Bath when prince Henry was installed for the Garter; and being sent ambassador to France to interpose in behalf of the protestants of that kingdom, he returned the insolence of the great constable Luynes with the spirit\* of a gentleman, without committing his dignity of ambassador. It occasioned a coolness between the courts, but the blame fell wholly on the constable. In 1625 sir Edward was made a baron of Ireland, in 1631 of England, but in the cause of his country sided with its representatives †. He died in 1648, having written

“ De veritate, prout distinguitur à revelatione, à verisimili, à possibili, à falso. Cui operi additi sunt duo alii tractatus; primus, de causis errorum; alter, de religione laici. Unà cum appendice ad sacerdotes de religione laici; & quibusdam poematibus.” It was translated into French, and printed at Paris in quarto, in 1639. In this book the author asserts the doctrine of innate ideas. Mr. Locke, who has taken notice of this work, allows his lordship to be *a man of great parts*. Gassendi answered it at the request of Peiresc and Diodati, but the answer was not published till after Gassendi's death. Baxter made remarks on the treatise *De veritate*, in his “*More reasons for the christian religion*;” and one Kortholt, a foolish German zealot, took such offence at it, that he wrote a treatise entitled, “*De tribus impostoribus magnis, Edvardo Herbert, Thomâ Hobbes, & Benedicto Spinosâ, liber ‡.*”

“ De

\* Dr. Donne wrote a poem to him when he was at the siege of Juliers. *Donne's works*, p. 159.

† In the Parliamentary History it is said, that lord Herbert offended the house of lords by a speech in behalf of the king, and that he attended his majesty at York. Yet the very next year, on a closer insight into the spirit of that party, he quitted them, and was a great sufferer in his fortune from their vengeance. *Vide Parliamentary History*, vol. xi. pages 3, 87.

VOL. I.

‡ Gen. Dict. vol. vi. p. 122; Wood, vol. ii. p. 118. In Leland's View of deistical writers, vol. i. p. 24, it is said that there exists a MS. life of this lord, drawn up from memorials penned by himself, in which is a most extraordinary account of his lordship putting up a solemn prayer for a sign to direct him whether he should publish his treatise *De veritate* or not; and that he interpreted a sudden noise as an imprimatur. There is no stronger characteristic of human nature than its being open

“De religione gentilium, errorumque apud eos causis.” The first part was printed at London 1645, 8vo. and the whole in 1663, qu<sup>o</sup>. and reprinted in 1700, 8vo. It was translated into English by Mr. W. Lewis, 1705, 8vo.

“Expeditio Buckinghami ducis in Ream insulam.” Published by Tim. Baldwin, LL. D. 1656, Lond. 8vo.

“Life and reign of Henry the eighth.” Lond. 1649, 1672, and 1682. Re-printed in Kennet’s Compleat history of England. The original MS. was deposited by the author, in 1643, in the archives of the Bodleian library. It was undertaken by command of king James the first, and is much esteemed: yet one cannot help regretting that a man who found it necessary to take up arms against Charles the first, should have palliated the enormities of Henry the eighth, in comparison of whom king Charles was an excellent prince. It is strange that writing a man’s life should generally make the biographer become enamoured of his subject; whereas one should think that the nicer disquisition one makes into the life of any man, the less reason one should find to love or admire him\*.

“Occasional

to the grossest contradictions: one of lord Herbert’s chief arguments against revealed religion is, the improbability that Heaven should reveal its will to only a portion of the earth, which he terms *particular religion*. How could a man who doubted of *partial*, believe *individual revelation*? What vanity to think his book of such importance to the cause of truth, that it could extort a declaration of the Divine will, when the interests of half mankind could not!

\* It appears from a letter to archbishop Usher, from sir Henry Bourghier, [afterwards earl of Bath] that in 1629 he was gathering materials for writing the history of Henry VIII. but there being no traces of any such work extant, it is not improbable that he gave his collections to lord Herbert. This earl of Bath was a very studious person and a great promoter of learning, as is evident

from several of his letters to the prelate above mentioned; to whom he made an offer of publishing Dionysius exiguus for him; and he actually transcribed for the press the Lives of David and Patrick by Giraldus Cambrensis, of whose works he intended to give a complete edition. We learn from the same source that he bought Camden’s library, and that he was in some public commission; but our biographers and genealogists are very defective in their accounts of him, though both Dugdale and Sandford speak of him with great encomiums. The latter says he was privy-seal to Charles I. and gives a draught of his monument. Lord Clarendon mentions him three or four times, but either slightly or with ill-humour. In vol. i. p. 240, lord Bath is said to have no excellent or graceful elocution, for which reason a report drawn up by *Mr. Hyde* was read to the lords by another person; and in vol. iii.

“Occasional poems.” Lond. 1665, octavo. Published by H. Herbert, his younger son, and by him dedicated to Edward lord Herbert, grandson of the author.

Others of his poems are dispersed among the works of other authors, particularly in Joshua Sylvester’s “*Lacrymæ lacrymarum, or the spirit of tears distilled for the untimely death of prince Henry.*” Lond. 1613, quarto.

“His own life;” mentioned in a preceding note: this singular work was printed from the original MS. in 1764, at Strawberry-hill, and is perhaps the most extraordinary account that ever was given seriously by a wise man of himself. One knows not which is the more surprising, that a man who had lived in a duel should write the book *De veritate*, or that, having written that book, he should record the former part of his life with satisfaction and self-applause.

In the library of Jesus college, Oxford, are preserved his lordship’s historical collections\*.

In the Harleian collection a letter, N° 286, art. 177; and four more in N° 1581.

p. 21, lord Clarendon says that the parliamentarians took lord Bath prisoner, and treated him with great harshness and ignominy, “*though he neither had nor ever meant to do the king the least service; but only out of the morosity of his own nature had before expressed himself not of their minds.*” Some few circumstances, collected chiefly from his lordship’s own words, will evince that there was some private acrimony in these reflections: for, not to mention the great friendliness and modesty that appear in lord Bath’s letters to the archbishop, I must observe, that lord Clarendon himself names the earl among the peers who bore testimony to the king’s declaration of not designing to make war on the parliament [a declaration so irreconcilable with

their credit, that at least they must be supposed to have designed *to do the king some service*]. And in another place lord Clarendon says, the marquis of Hertford was accompanied into the West by the earl of Bath, “*thought then to be in notable power and interest in Devonshire;*”—words, which, though spoken invidiously, must be meant to undervalue the earl’s influence, not his zeal. There is another letter of this lord Bath, in which he offers to serve sir Simonds Dewes in his industrious search of antiquities. See *Catal. of Harl. MSS.* No. 374, art. 72.

\* Vide Account of the antiquities and curiosities of Oxford, 1749, p. 100.

“ A dialogue on education, (supposed to be) written by lord Herbert,” was published by Bathoe, in quarto, May 19, 1768.

He is buried at faint Giles’s in the Fields, but had erected an allegorical monument for himself in the church of Montgomery, a description of which is given by Lloyd \*. His lordship had been indemnified by the parliament for his castle of Montgomery, which they thought proper to demolish.

## JAMES STANLEY, EARL of DERBY.

**A**MONG the sufferers for king Charles the first none cast greater lustre on the cause than this heroic lord, who seems to have been actuated by a true spirit of honour and disinterestedness. Some contracted great merit from their behaviour in that quarrel; the conduct and brave death of this lord were but the conclusion of a life of virtue, accomplishments and humanity.

He wrote

“ The history and antiquities of the isle of Man, [his own little kingdom] with an account of his own proceedings and losses in the civil war: interspersed with sundry advices to his son.” It was not completed as he intended it, but is published as he left it in Peck’s *Desiderata curiosa* †.

But what did him greater honour was the spirited answer he sent to Ireton, who made him large offers if he would deliver up the island to him. Though that letter has been ‡ printed more than once, such a model of brave natural eloquence cannot be thought tedious :

\* Eng. Worthies, p. 1018.

† Vol. ii. lib. 11.

‡ In a collection of letters printed by Bick-

erton, 1745, p. 10; and in another in two volumes by Doddsley, 1755, vol. i. p. 190. There are some slight variations in the two copies, and the former by mistake supposes the letter sent to Cromwell instead of Ireton.

“ I received

“I Received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer; that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of my former actings in his late majesty’s service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favour; I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any farther solicitations; for, if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn the paper and hang up the bearer. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice, of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his majesty’s most loyal and obedient subject

DERBY.”

“ From Castle-town this  
12th of July, 1649.”

## JOHN DIGBY, EARL of BRISTOL,

WAS father of the celebrated lord Digby, and by no means inconsiderable himself, though checked by the circumstances of the times from making so great a figure in various lights, as fortune and his own talents seemed to promise. Marked for a season as a favourite by king James, he was eclipsed by the predominant lustre of the duke of Buckingham, and traversed by the same impetuosity in his Spanish negotiations, to which his grave and stately temper had adapted him. Being attacked by that over-bearing man, he repelled and worsted him; and shone greatly among the discontented in parliament: but the violences of that assembly soon disgusted his solemn disposition; for he that was not supple enough for a court, was by far too haughty for popularity. He would have been a suitable minister for Austrian phlegm, or a proper patriot in a diet, which would have been content to proceed by remonstrance and memorial. A mercurial favourite, and a military senate, overset him\*.

In his youth he was a poet, and wrote

\* Vide Clarendon, and Antony Wood, vol. ii. p. 163.

“ Verses on the death of sir Henry Unton of Wadley, Berks.”

“ Other poems;” one of which, an air for three voices, was set by H. Lawes, and published in his “ Ayres and dialogues.” Lond. 1653, fol.

“ A tract wherein is set down those motives and ties of religion, oaths, laws, loyalty and gratitude, which obliged him to adhere unto the king in the late unhappy wars in England.”

“ A tract wherein he vindicates his honour and innocency from having in any kind deserved that injurious and merciless censure of being excepted from pardon or mercy either in life or fortunes.” These two pieces have the general title of his Apology.

“ An appendix to the first tract,” and printed together with both pieces, and “ Two of his speeches, at Caen, 1647:” thin folio. Reprinted 1656: quarto.

“ Tract on the intended marriage of prince Henry.” MS.\*

“ Answer to the declaration of the house of commons, Feb. 11, 1647, against making any more addressees to the king.” Caen, 1648, quarto.

“ An addition to the above.” MS.

“ Narrative of his embassy to the emperor.” MS. Harl. Coll. 160.

“ Several letters in the Cabala, and in the Harl. Collection, in vols. 160, 1580, 6799; and one in sir David Dalrymple’s Memorials and letters of state, second edit. 1766.”

Translation of Peter du Moulin’s book, entitled “ A defence of the catholic faith, contained in the book of king James against the answer of N. Coeffeteau, &c.” Lond. 1610. The dedication to the king is in the name of J. Sandford, his chaplain.

“ Speeches.” MSS. Harl. Coll. 1579, 6799.

\* Harl. Coll. N<sup>o</sup> 852, 5.



*ULICK DE BURGII*, MARQUIS of  
CLANRICKARDE, and EARL of St. ALBANS.

HE was son of the great earl of Clanrickarde by that remarkable woman the lady Frances, sole daughter and heiress of sir Francis Walsingham, widow of sir Philip Sidney and of Robert earl of Essex, and mother of the generals of the parliament's army in England and of the king's army in Ireland, Robert the second earl of Essex, and this lord Ulick, who is represented as a man of great honour, and, though a steady Roman catholic\*, was a zealous servant of the king against the Irish rebels, succeeding the marquis of Ormond in his lieutenancy and ill success. He lost an immense estate in that kingdom; and being obliged to submit to the superior arms of the parliament, he retired to England in 1657, and died within the year at his house called Summer-hill, in Kent. He has left a large collection of papers relating to the affairs of the Irish rebellion: they were published imperfectly at London in 1722, in octavo, under the title of

“Memoirs of the right honourable the marquis of Clanrickarde, lord deputy of Ireland, containing several original papers and letters of king Charles the second, the queen mother, the duke of York, the duke of Lorraine, the marquis of Ormond, archbishop of Tuam, lord viscount Taaffe, &c. relating to the treaty between the duke of Lorraine and the Irish commissioners from February 1650, to August 1653. [said to be] Published from his lordship's original manuscript. To which is prefixed a dissertation containing several curious observations concerning the antiquities of Ireland.”

But a complete edition has been lately given in folio, by the present earl, called

“The memoirs and letters of Ulick marquis of Clanrickarde and earl of St. Albans, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and commander in chief of the forces

\* His mother turned papist after lord Essex's death.

of king Charles the first in that kingdom during the rebellion, governor of the county and town of Galway, lord lieutenant of the county of Kent, and privy counsellor in England and Ireland. Printed from an authentic manuscript, and now first published by the present earl of Clanrickarde. Lond. 1757. With a dedication to the king, and an account of the family of De Burgh.”

The title of the new edition is more proper than the former, as it is in reality little more than a collection of letters strung together to preserve the connection.

## HENRY CAREY, EARL of MONMOUTH.

THE depression of the nobility after the death of Charles the first threw many of them into studious retirement; of which number this second earl of Monmouth \* appears to have been the most laborious. He seems to have distrusted his own abilities, and to have made the fruits of his studies his amusement, rather than his method of fame. Though there are several large volumes translated by him, we have scarce any thing of his own composition; and are as little acquainted with his character as with his genius. Antony Wood †, who lived so near his time, and who tells us that the earl was made a knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles prince of Wales in 1616, professes that he knows nothing more of him but the catalogue of his works, and that he died in 1661. In sir Henry Chauncy's Hertfordshire is the inscription on his monument in the church at Rickmansworth, which mentions his living forty-one years in marriage with his countess, Martha, daughter of the lord treasurer Middlesex.

There are extant of his lordship's no less than seven folios, two octavos, and a duodecimo, besides the following

“ Speech in the house of peers, Jan. 30, 1641, upon occasion of the present distractions, and of his majesty's removal from Whitehall.” Lond. 1641.

\* He had been excluded from sitting in parliament, and committed to the Tower, by the prevailing party, as early as July 1642.

† Vol. ii. p. 257.

“Romulus and Tarquin, or, De principe et tyranno.” Lond. 1637, 12mo. A translation from Marq. Virg. Malvezzi. Sir John Suckling has written a copy of verses in praise of this translation, printed in his *Fragmenta aurea*. Lond. 1648.

“Historical relations of the united provinces of Flanders.” Lond. 1652, folio. Translated from cardinal Bentivoglio.

“History of the wars in Flanders.” Lond. 1654, folio. From the same author. Before this translation is the earl of Monmouth’s picture; and a commendatory copy of verses in Latin by Waller.

“Advertisements from Parnassus in two centuries; with the politic touchstone.” Lond. 1656, folio. From Boccacini.

“Politic discourses, in three books.” Lond. 1657, folio. The original by Paul Paruta, a noble Venetian. To which is added, “A short discourse,” in which Paruta examines the whole course of his life.

“History of Venice, in two parts;” from the same author. Lond. 1658, folio. “With the wars of Cyprus,” wherein the famous sieges of Nicosia and Famagosta, and the battle of Lepanto are contained.

“The use of the passions.” Lond. 1649, 8vo. With a long dedication to Jesus Christ by the original author, and a copy of verses by the translator; and

“Man become guilty, or the corruption of his nature by sin.” London. Both written in French by J. Francis Senault. Before the latter is a bust of the earl, engraved by Faithorne, who, when he took pains, was an admirable engraver.

“The history of the late wars of Christendom.” 1641, folio. I believe this, which Wood says he never saw, is the same work with his translation

of "Sir Francis Biondi's history of the civil wars of England, between the houses of York and Lancaster \*."

His lordship began also to translate from the Italian, "Priorato's history of France," but died before he could finish it. It was completed by William Brent, esq. and printed at London, 1677.

### MILDMAY FANE, EARL of WESTMORLAND.

ALL I can say of this lord is, that he wrote

"A very small book of poems," which he gave to, and is still preserved in, the library of Emanuel-college, Cambridge †.

### DUDLEY LORD NORTH,

THE third baron of this accomplished family, was one of the finest gentlemen in the court of king James, but in supporting that character dissipated and gamed away the greatest part of his fortune. In 1645 he appears to have acted with the parliament, and was nominated by them to the administration of the admiralty in conjunction with the great earls of Northumberland, Essex, Warwick and others. He lived to the age of eighty-five, the latter part of which he passed in retirement, having written a small folio of miscellanies in prose and verse, under this title,

"A forest promiscuous of several seasons productions. In four parts." 1659. The prose, which is affected and obscure, with many quotations and allusions to scripture and the classics, consists of essays, letters, characters in the manner of sir Thomas Overbury, and devout meditations on his misfor-

\* Vide Biogr. Brit. page 2146.

† Among the poems of Robert Herrick, esq.

printed in 1648, is one addressed to this lord, desiring him to print his verses. Page 200.

tunes. The verse, though not very poetic, is more natural, and written with the genteel ease of a man of quality: a specimen of which, being very short, I shall produce\*.

## A I R.

“ So full of courtly reverence,  
 So full of formal fair respect,  
 Carries a pretty double sense,  
 Little more pleasing than neglect.  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not free;  
 It holds a distance half unkind:  
 Such distance between you and me  
 May suit with yours, but not my mind.  
 Oblige me in a more obliging way;  
 Or know, such over-acting spoils the play.”

There is one set of a sort of sonnets, each of which begins with a successive letter of the alphabet.

## EDWARD SOMERSET, MARQUIS of WORCESTER,

**A**PPERS in a very different light in his public character, and in that of author: in the former he was an active zealot; in the latter, a fantastic projector and mechanic—in both very credulous. Though literary character be the intention of this catalogue, it is impossible to give any idea of this lord merely from the sole work that he has published, it being nothing more than, scarce so much as heads of chapters. His political character is so remarkable, that it opens and makes even his whimsicalness as a writer less extraordinary. In short, this was the famous earl of Glamorgan, so created by Charles the first, while heir apparent to the marquis of Worcester. He was a bigoted catholic, but in times when *that* was no dis-recommendation at court, and when it grew a merit. Being of a nature extremely enterprising, and a warm royalist, he was dispatched into Ireland by the king.—

\* Page 98.

Here history lays its finger, at least is interrupted by controversy. The censurers of king Charles charge that prince with sending this lord to negotiate with the Irish rebel catholics, and to bring over a great body of them for the king's service. The devotees of Charles would disculpate him, and accuse the lord Glamorgan of forging powers from the king for that purpose. The fact stands thus: the treaty was discovered \*; the earl was imprisoned by the king's servants in Ireland †, was dismissed by them unpunished before the king's pleasure was known. The parliament complained; the king disavowed the earl, yet wrote to have any sentence against him suspended, renewed his confidence in him; nor did the earl ever seem to resent the king's disavowal, which with much good-nature he imputed to the necessity of his majesty's affairs. This mysterious business has been treated at large in a book published in 1747; and again with an appendix, in 1756, called, "An inquiry into the share which king Charles the first had in the transactions of the earl of Glamorgan, &c." It is there strenuously asserted against Mr. Carte that the king was privy to the negotiation. Seven years elapsed without Mr. Carte's reply. Two months before he died, he was supposed to be the author of an advertisement promising an answer. From the treatise just mentioned it appears plainly that the king was at least far from disapproving the attempt for his service; that the oftener he disavowed it, the more faintly he denied it; and that his best friends cannot but confess that he had delivered blank warrants or powers to the earl; and his majesty's own letters seem to allow every latitude which the earl took, or could take, in filling them up. Thus stands the dispute.—I cannot help forming an opinion, which, without reconciling, will comprehend what may be the strongest sentiments on either side. With the king's enemies, I cannot but believe he commissioned the earl to fetch Irish forces—with his favourers, I cannot think him so much to blame if he did. It requires very primitive resignation in a monarch to sacrifice his crown and his life, when persecuted by subjects of his own sect, rather than preserve both by the assistance of others of his subjects, who differed from him in ceremonials or articles of belief ‡. *The dreadful Irish pa-*

\* By the parliament of England.

† See lord Digby's and Glamorgan's letters on this affair in the Parl. Hist. vol. xiv. p. 224.

‡ His majesty, at least, in accepting their sup-

port, would but have acted as a pious princess has done since, whom nobody will suspect of tenderness for heretics.—In the last war the empress queen excused herself to the pope, for making use of the assistance of England, with this remarkable expression, "Ces sont des braves impies."

*pists,*

*hips*, [and they certainly were horrid men] founded very pathetically in a party remonstrance of the parliament: but when he was dipped in a civil war, can we in this age seriously impute it to him as a crime that he endeavoured to raise an army wherever he could? His fault was not in proposing to bring over the Irish, but in having made them necessary to his affairs. Every body knew that he wanted to do without them, all that he could have done with them. He had found the crown in possession of greater power than is fit to be trusted in a single hand: he had exerted it to the utmost. Could a man, who had stretched every string of prerogative, consent with a good grace to let it be curtailed?—I argue for the man, not for the particular man. I think Charles to be pitied, because few men in his situation would have acted better\*.—I am sure if he had acted with more wisdom it had been worse for us! It required a nobleness of soul and an effort of understanding united, neither of which he possessed, to prefer the happiness of mankind to his own will. He had been bred in a palace; what idea could that give him of the wretchedness of a cottage? Besides, Charles did not desire to oppress the poor: he wanted to humble, perhaps to enslave some free speakers in the house of commons, who possibly, by the bye, he knew were ambitious, interested, worthless men. He did not know, or did not reflect, that by enslaving or silencing two or three hundred bad men, he would entail slavery on millions of poor honest men and on their posterity. He did not consider, that if he might send a member to the Tower, an hundred of his subaltern ministers would, without his knowledge, send a thousand poor men to jail. He did not know, that by his becoming king of the parliament, his lords, nay, his very custom-house officers, would become the tyrants of the rest of his subjects. How seldom does a crisis happen like that under Henry the seventh, when the insolence of the little tyrants the nobility is grown to such a pitch that it becomes necessary for the great tyrant the king to trust liberty in the hands of the commons, as a balance between him and his lords!—It is more seriously objected to Charles, that, to obtain their assistance, he granted terms to his catholic subjects very unsuitable to the character of a protestant martyr king, as he has been represented. Yet they are his friends who give weight to this objection: if they would allow what was true, and what appeared clearly from his majesty's letter, when prince, to pope Gre-

\* Since this was published Mrs. Macaulay has proved such double-dealing on the king, and such concessions to the catholics, even to consenting that his children should be educated to a certain

age in their religion, that not only his protestant piety becomes very equivocal, but I am obliged to own, that I hope few men would have acted so ill in his situation.

gory xvth, that Charles had been originally not only not averse to the Romish religion, but had thought the union of the two professions very practicable and consistent, it would cease to appear extraordinary, that he should very readily make concessions to a party whom he believed his friends, in order to prevent being forced to make concessions to his enemies. With his principles, could Charles avoid thinking that it was better to grant great indulgences to catholic bishops, than to be obliged to consent to the depression or even suppression of episcopacy in England? The convocation itself perhaps would not have thought Charles much in the wrong. Yet it is certain that the king sent orders to the marquis of Ormond to endeavour to disunite the papists and turn their arms on one another, rather than grant them more indulgences\*. In my opinion, a toleration to papists is preferable to intrigues for making them cut one another's throats.—But to return to Glamorgan.—

The king, with all his affection for the earl, in † one or two letters to others mentions his want of judgment.—Perhaps his majesty was glad to trust to his indiscretion. With *that* his lordship seems greatly furnished. We find him taking oaths upon oaths to the pope's nuntio, with promises of unlimited obedience both to his holiness and his delegate; and ‡ begging five hundred pounds of the Irish clergy to enable him to embark and fetch fifty thousand pounds, like an alchemist, who demands a trifle of money for the secret of making gold. In another letter he promises two hundred thousand crowns, ten thousand arms for foot, two thousand cases of pistols, eight hundred barrels of powder, and thirty or forty ships well provided! It is certain that he and his father wasted an immense sum in the king's cause; of all which merits and zeal his majesty was so sensible, that he gave the earl the most extraordinary patent that perhaps was ever granted §, the chief powers of which were to make him generalissimo of three armies, and admiral, with nomination of his officers, to enable him to raise money by selling his majesty's woods, wardships, customs, and prerogatives, and to create by blank patents ||, to be filled up at Glamorgan's pleasure, from the rank of marquis to baronet. If any thing could justify the delegation of such authority, be-

\* Parl. Hist. vol. xiv. p. 95.

† Birch's Inquiry, p. 124.

‡ Ib. 219.

§ Vide Collins's Peerage in Beaufort.

|| If the earl had abused the king's power before, how came his majesty to trust him again? to trust him with blank powers? and of a nature so unknown? The house of lords did not question the reality of the second commission, which yet was more incredible than the former; especially if the former had been forged.



sides his majesty having lost all authority when he conferred it, it was the promise with which the king concluded of bestowing the princess Elizabeth on Glamorgan's son. It was time to adopt him into his family when he had into his sovereignty\*. This patent the marquis after the restoration gave up to the house of peers†. He did not long survive that æra, dying in 1667, after he had published the following amazing piece of folly :

“ A century of the names and scantlings of such inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected [my former notes being lost], &c.” First printed in the year 1663, and re-printed in 1746. It is a very small piece, containing a dedication to Charles the second; another to both houses of parliament, in which he affirms having, in the presence of Charles the first, performed many of the feats mentioned in his book; a table of contents, and the work itself, which is but a table of contents neither, being a list of an hundred projects, most of them impossibilities, but all of which he affirms having discovered the art of performing. Some of the easiest seem to be, how to write with a single line; with a point; how to use all the senses indifferently for each other, as, to talk by colours, and to read by the taste; to make an unsinkable ship; how to do and prevent the same thing; how to sail against wind and tide; how to form an universal character; how to converse by jangling bells out of tune; how to take towns, or prevent their being taken; how to write in the dark; how to cheat with dice; and, in short, how to fly. Of all these wonderful inventions the last but one seems the only one of which his lordship has left the secret: and by two ‡ of the others, it appears that the renowned bishop Wilkins was but the marquis's disciple.—But perhaps too much has been said on so fantastic a man. No.

\* Among the Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 1470, art. 38, is a copy of a Latin instrument by this lord granting to L. Morgan, esq. of Gray's inn, the liberty of bearing the porteullis, the crest of the house of Somerset, under the coronet of a marquis in an inescutcheon: and another similar, to Thomas Bayly, esq. N<sup>o</sup> 1470, art. 145. This mark of grandeur was common among our ancient nobility; the retainers of great families often bore the arms of their patron, but with some variation. In the same collection are instances of even private persons who communicated their arms to others. See No. 1178, 41.

† In the New Peerage by Guthrie, under the article of Somerset duke of Beaufort, is inserted a curious letter from the marquis, which looks as if he had had a mind to retrieve his own fortunes, when he found his master's were desperate. The author of the Peerage suspects that the consciousness of this time-serving weighed with the marquis to surrender his patent. It might: but without having forfeited his loyalty, can any man suppose that he would have been permitted to enjoy such extravagant powers?

‡ The universal character, and the art of flying.

wonder.

wonder he believed tranſubſtantiation, when he believed that himſelf could work impoſſibilities!

He publiſhed beſides, what he called,

“ An exact and true definition of the moſt ſtupendious water-commanding engine, invented by the right honourable (and deſervedly to be praiſed and admired) Edward Somerſet lord marquis of Worceſter, and by his lordſhip himſelf preſented to his moſt excellent majeſty Charles the ſecond, our moſt gracious ſovereign.” It is a thin pamphlet in ſmall quarto, of only 22 pages, and ſo far from a definition, it does not even contain a deſcription of the engine. There are indeed ſome wonderful properties of it barely mentioned, like thoſe in his century. The remainder of the pamphlet is filled up with an act of parliament, allowing him the monopoly of ſuch an engine, and reſerving the tenth of the profits to the king, though, as the act expreſſes it, on the marquis’s ſimple affirmation of the diſcovery he had made; with four wretched verſes of his own in commendation of his invention, with the Exegi monumentum of Horace, and the Barbara pyramidum fileat of Martial, and with ſome Latin and Engliſh verſes panegyricizing the noble inventor, by James Rollock, an old dependent on his lordſhip.

As I would by no means ſwell this catalogue unneceſſarily, I ſhall under the article of this marquis of Worceſter ſay a little of his father, in whoſe name two or three pieces are publiſhed, and yet without conſtituting him an author.

He appears to have been a worthy and diſinterreſted man \*, living with credit and character at his caſtle of Ragland during the peaceable part of king Charles’s reign, and defending it for him at his own expence till the very concluſion of the war, it being the laſt gariſon that ſurrendered. The marquis, the richeſt of the peers, ſpent his fortune in the cauſe, and died a priſoner ſoon after the demolition of his caſtle, the articles of the capitulation having been violated. One doctor Thomas Bayly, ſon of the author of *The practice of piety*, had found his lordſhip in the Welch mountains, had given him ſerviceable information of the approach of the enemy; and having been witneſs to ſome converſations on religion between the king, who was twice

\* Antony Wood, vol. ii. pages 98, 99, 100.

sheltered at Ragland, and the marquis, who had early embraced the catholic religion, doctor Bayly, as preparatory to his own subsequent change, published, in the year 1649, a book called

“ Certamen religiosum \*, or a conference between king Charles the first, and Henry late marquis of Worcester, concerning religion, in Ragland-castle, 1646.” This piece gave great offence, and was answered by Hamon L’Estrange, by Christopher Cartwright of York, and by an advertisement of doctor Heylin, the editor of king Charles’s works, wherein they asserted that the conference was the fiction of Bayly, and had nothing resembling his majesty’s style. Bayly returned abuse on Heylin in another book, called “ Herba parietis;” and to ascertain the capacity of the marquis for such a controversy, which had been called in question, he published

“ The † golden apothegms of king Charles the first, and Henry marquis of Worcester, &c.” Lond. 1660, in one sheet in quarto. In another place Wood ‡ calls this little piece

“ Worcester’s apothegms, or witty sayings of the right honourable Henry late marquis and earl of Worcester, &c.” In both places Wood says this was borrowed from the work of an anonymous author, called

“ Witty apothegms delivered at several times, and upon several occasions, by king James the first, king Charles the first, the marquis of Worcester, Francis lord Bacon, and sir Thomas More.” Lond. 1650, 8vo.

What wit there was in king James’s bon-mots we pretty well know: having never seen the collection in question, I can only judge of the marquis’s wit from a saying recorded by Antony Wood. His lordship being made prisoner was committed to the custody of the black-rod, who then lived in Covent-garden: the noble marquis, says his historiographer §, demanded of doctor Bayly and others in his company, *What they thought of*

\* Ant. Wood, vol. i. p. 563.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 99.

† lb. p. 569.

§ Ibid.

*fortune-tellers?* It was answered, *That some of them spoke shrewdly.* Whereupon the marquis said, "It was told me by some of them, before ever I was a catholic, that I should die in a convent; but I never believed them before now; yet I hope they will not bury me in a garden!"—I am not eager to see more proofs of his capacity!

## GEORGE MONCKE, DUKE of ALBERMARLE.

THIS memorable man, who raised himself by his personal merit within reach of a crown, which he had the prudence or the virtue to wave, whose being able to place it on the head of the heir is imputed to astonishing art or secrecy, when in reality he only furnished a hand to the heart of a nation; and who, after the greatest services that a subject could perform, either wanted the sense \*, or had the sense to distinguish himself no farther; [for perhaps he was singularly fortunate in always embracing the moment of propriety] this man was an author; a light in which he is by no means known, and yet in which he did not want merit. After his death was published by authority a treatise in his own profession, which he composed while a prisoner in the Tower: it is called

"Observations upon military and political affairs, written by the most honourable George duke of Albermarle, &c." A small folio, Lond. 1671. Besides a dedication to Charles the second, signed John Heath, the editor; it contains thirty chapters of martial rules interspersed with political observations, and is in reality a kind of military grammar. Of the science I am no judge: the remarks are short, sensible and pointed. Armour was not yet in disuse: he tells *his young galants* †, "That men wear not arms because they

\* The foolish author of a life of Moncke, in the Biographia Britannica, mentions three accusations brought against him by Burnet, which, says that writer, is almost sufficient to overthrow them. The same person, defending the abilities of the general against the bishop, urges, that as Moncke passed through London after the fire, the mob cried out, that if his grace had been there the city had not been burned; and produces this

as a proof of their opinion of his capacity. Undoubtedly the opinion of the mob, especially when delivered in so egregious an absurdity, is excellent authority! One cannot wonder that a man who quotes the mob and their nonsense, should undervalue the veracity and good sense of the prelate.

† Page 23.

are afraid of danger, but because they would not fear it." I mention this to show his manner. He gives an odd reason for the use of pikes, preferable to swords; "that if you arm your men with the latter, half the swords amongst the common men will on the first march be broken with cutting boughs \*."

We have besides

"The speech of general Moncke in the house of commons concerning the settling the conduct of the armies of the three nations for the safety thereof †."

"Speech and declaration of his excellency the lord general Moncke, delivered at Whitehall, February 21, 1659, to the members of parliament at their meeting, before the re-admission of the formerly secluded members ‡."

"Letter to Jervase Pigot §."

"Letters written by general Moncke relating to the restoration ||." London, 1714-15.

## CHARLES STANLEY, EARL of DERBY,

A PEER of whom extremely little is known. His father lost his head, and he his liberty, for Charles the second. The grateful king rewarded the son with the lord-lieutenancies of two counties. He has written a piece of controversy, the title of which is

"The protestant religion is a sure foundation of a true christian and a good subject, a great friend to human society, and a grand promoter of all virtues, both christian and moral. By Charles earl of Derby, lord of Man and the isles." Lond. 1671, the second edition; a very thin quarto.

This piece contains a dedication "To all supreme powers, by what titles soever dignified or distinguished, *i. e.* to emperors, kings, soveraign princes,

\* Page 27.

† Vide Buckingham's Works, vol. i. p. 344.

‡ Somers's Tracts, third coll. vol. ii. p. 155.

§ Peck's Desid. Curi. vol. i. lib. vi. p. 26.

|| Harl. Catal. vol. iv. p. 585.

republics, &c.” An epistle to the reader; another longer on the second edition; and the work itself, which is a dialogue between Orthodox, a royalist, and Cacodæmon, one popishly affected. His lordship is warm against the church of Rome, their casuists, and the jesuits; and seems well read in the fathers and in polemic divinity, from both which his style has adopted much acrimony. At the end of this tract is another, called “Truth triumphant, in a dialogue between a papist and a quaker, wherein (I suppose) is made manifest that quaking is the offspring of popery; at the least, the papist and the quaker are [fratres uterini] both of one venter.” This lord died in 1672. His father, as has been said, was the brave James earl of Derby; his mother, the heroine who defended Latham-house, grand-daughter of the great prince of Orange: a compound of protestant heroism that evaporated in controversy.

### EDWARD MONTAGU, EARL OF SANDWICH,

A WELL known character in our history, and one of the most beautiful in any history. He shone from the age of nineteen, and united the qualifications of general, admiral and statesman. All parties, at a time when there was nothing but parties, have agreed that his virtues were equal to his valour and abilities. His few blemishes are not mentioned here, but as a proof that this elogium is not a phantom of the imagination. His advising the Dutch war was a fatal error to himself, and might have been so to his country and to the liberty of Europe. His persuading Cromwell to take the crown was an unaccountable infatuation, especially as his lordship was so zealous afterwards for the restoration. It seems he had a fond and inexplicable passion for royalty, though he had early acted against Charles the first. The earl admired Cromwell; yet could he imagine that in any light a diadem would raise the protector's character? Or how could a man who thought Cromwell deserved a crown, think that Charles the second deserved one? If his lordship supposed English minds so framed to monarchy, that they must recoil to it, was Cromwell a man to be tender of a constitution, which Charles the first had handled too roughly\*? The earl's zeal for restoring  
Charles

\* It is often urged with great emphasis, that when a nation has been accustomed for ages to some particular form of government, it will [tho' that form of government may be changed for a time] always revert to it. No argument seems to me to have less solidity; for unless the climate, the

Charles the second could not flow from any principle of hereditary right; for he had contributed to dethrone the father, and had offered the son's crown to the usurper. Lord Sandwich was sacrificed by another man having as weak a partiality for royal blood: his vice-admiral, sir Joseph Jordan, thought the duke of York's life better worth preserving, and abandoned the earl to the Dutch fireships!

It is remarkable that admiral Montagu was the last commoner who was honoured with the garter, except one man, to whose virtues and merit may some impartial pen do as much justice, as I have satisfaction in rendering to this great person!

We have of his lordship's writing,

“ A letter to secretary Thurloe\*.”

“ Several letters during his embassy to Spain;” published with Arlington's letters. A great character of these dispatches is given in the Lives of the admirals †.

“ Original letters and negotiations of sir Richard Fanshawe, the earl of Sandwich, the earl of Sunderland, and sir William Godolphin, wherein divers matters between the three crowns of England, Spain and Portugal, from the year 1663 to 1678, are set in a clear light.” Two vols. 8vo.

“ Others among the Harleian MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 7010.”

And a singular translation called

“ The art of metals, in which is declared the manner of their generation, and the concomitants of them. In two books. Written in Spanish by

the air, and the soil of a country can imbibe habits of government or infuse them, no country can in reality have been accustomed to any sort of government but during the lives of its actual inhabitants. Were men, born late in the reign of Charles the first, bred to entertain irradicable prejudices in favour of royalty? It is supposed that no country is so *naturally* propense to *liberty*

as England.—Is it *naturally* propense to *monarchy*, too?—Is *monarchy* the *natural* vehicle of liberty?

\* Vide Thurloe's State Papers, vol. i. p. 726.

† Vol. ii. p. 402.

Albaro

Alvaro Alonzo Barba, M. A. curate of saint Bernard's parish in the imperial city of Potosi in the kingdom of Peru in the West Indies, in the year 1640. Translated in the year 1669, by the right honourable Edward earl of Sandwich." Lond. 1674, a small octavo. A short preface of the editor says, "The original was regarded in Spain and the West Indies as an inestimable jewel; but that falling into the earl's hands, he enriched our language with it, *being content that all our lord the king's people should be philosophers.*"

The present earl of Sandwich has thirteen large MSS. written by his ancestor, containing his diary, relations of his voyages, embassies, journeys, negotiations, correspondences, and observations; and accompanied with plans, draughts, views, &c. There are several curious passages, and a most minute and scrupulous exactness.

## JOHN POWLETT, MARQUIS of WINCHESTER,

GRANDSON of the marquis mentioned above; an imitator of the earl of Monmouth, whom I may call *the translator*; like the preceding lord, a prodigious sufferer for the royal cause, and not more bountifully rewarded. Indeed one does not know how to believe what our histories record, that his house at Basing, which he defended for two years together, and which the parliamentarians burned in revenge, contained money, jewels, and furniture, to the value of two hundred thousand pounds. Of what was composed the bed valued at fourteen thousand pounds? In every window the marquis wrote with a diamond, *Aimez loyauté*. His epitaph was the composition of Dryden.

His lordship translated from French into English

"The gallery of heroic women." Lond. 1652. Howell wrote a sonnet in praise of this work\*.

"Talon's holy history." Lond. 1653, qu<sup>o</sup>.

\* Vide his Letters, book iv. letter 49.



And other books, which, says Antony Wood, I have not yet seen\*.

## WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE of NEWCASTLE;

A MAN extremely known from the course of life into which he was forced, and who would soon have been forgotten in the walk of fame which he chose for himself. Yet as an author he is familiar to those who scarce know any other author—from his book of horsemanship. Though *amorous in poetry and music*, as my lord Clarendon says †, he was fitter to break Pegasus for a manage, than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus. Of all the riders of that steed perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace and his faithful duchess, who was never off her pillion. One of the noble historian's finest portraits is of this duke: the duchess has left another; more diffuse indeed, but not less entertaining. It is equally amusing to hear her sometimes compare her lord to Julius Cæsar, and oftener to acquaint you with such anecdotes, as in what sort of coach he went to Amsterdam. The touches on her own character are inimitable: she says ‡, “That it pleased God to command his servant Nature to *indue* her with a poetical and philosophical genius even from her birth, for she did write some books even in that kind before she was twelve years of age.” But though she had written philosophy, it seems she had read none; for at near forty she informs us that she applied to the reading of philosophic authors—“in order to learn the terms of art §.” But what gives one the best idea of her unbounded passion for scribbling, was her seldom revising the copies of her works, *lest it should disturb her following conceptions* ||. What a picture of foolish nobility was this stately poetic couple, retired to their own little domain, and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flattery on what was of consequence to no mor-

\* Vol. ii. p. 525.

† Vol. ii. p. 507.

‡ Dedication.

§ Ibid.

|| She had a servant on purpose who lay in a truckle-bed within her bed-chamber, and whenever in the night she felt inspiration she called out, “John, I conceive;” on which summons he rose, and wrote down the fruits of her reveries.

tal but themselves! In that repository of curious portraits at Welbeck is a whole length of the duchess in a theatric habit, which tradition says she generally wore. Besides lord Clarendon's description, and his own duchess's life of this nobleman, there is a full account of him in the *Biographia Britannica*\*, where the ample encomiums would endure some abatement. He seems to have been a man in whose character ridicule would find more materials than satire.

“La methode nouvelle de dresser les chevaux; avec figures; or the new method of managing horses; with cuts.” Antwerp, 1658, folio. This was first written in English, and translated into French by a Walloon.

“A new method and extraordinary invention to dress horses, and work them according to nature by the subtlety of art.” Lond. 1667, folio. This second piece, as the duke informs his reader, “is neither a translation of the first, nor an absolute necessary addition to it; and may be of use without the other, as the other hath been hitherto, and still is, without this. But both together will questionless do best.” A noble edition of this work has been printed of late years in this kingdom.

“The exile, a comedy †.”

“The country captain, a comedy;” written during his banishment, and printed at Antwerp, 1649: afterwards presented by his majesty's servants at Black-fryars, and very much commended by Mr. Leigh.

“Variety, a comedy;” presented by his majesty's servants at Black-fryars: first printed in 1649, and generally bound with *The country captain*. It was also highly commended in a copy of verses by Mr. Alexander Brome.

“The humorous lovers, a comedy;” acted by his royal highness's servants. Lond. 1677, qu°. This was received with great applause, and esteemed one of the best plays at that time.

“The triumphant widow, or the medley of humours, a comedy;” acted by his royal highness's servants. Lond. 1677, qu°. This piece pleased Mr.

\* Page 1214.

† Vide *Theatr. Records*, p. 57.

Shadwell so much that he transcribed part of it into his *Bury-fair*, one of the most successful plays of that laureate. His biographer says, "That his grace wrote in the manner of Ben Jonson, and is allowed by the best judges not to have been inferior to his master." I cannot think these panegyrics very advantageous: What compositions, that imitated Jonson's pedantry, and mixed well with Shadwell's poverty! Jonson, Shadwell, and Sir William Davenant, were all patronized by the duke.

His poems are scattered among those of his duchess, in whose plays too he wrote many scenes.

There is a letter of instructions from him to his pupil prince Charles, among the Harleian MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 6988, 60.

One does not know whether to admire the philosophy or smile at the triflingness of this and the last-mentioned peer, who after sacrificing such fortunes\* for their master, and during such calamities of their country, could accommodate their minds to the utmost idleness of literature.

## EDWARD HYDE, EARL of CLARENDON,

FOR his comprehensive knowledge of mankind styled † *The chancellor of human nature*. His character at this distance of time may, ought to be impartially considered. His designing or blinded contemporaries heaped the most unjust abuse upon him: the subsequent age, when the partisans of prerogative were at least the loudest, if not the most numerous, smit with a work that deified their martyr, have been unbounded in their encomiums. We shall steer a middle course, and separate his great virtues, which have not been the foundation of his fame, from his faults as an historian, the real sources of it.

\* It is computed by the duchess of Newcastle, that the loss sustained by the duke from the civil wars, rather surpassed than fell short of 733,579 l. *Vide the Life*.

† Vide Critical and philosophical inquiry into the causes of prodigies and miracles as related by historians, quoted in the Gen. Dict. vol. vi. p. 341.

Of all modern virtues patriotism has stood the test the worst. The great Strafford, with the eloquence of Tully and the heroism of Epaminondas, had none of the steadiness of the latter. Hampden, less stained, cannot but be suspected of covering ambitious thoughts with the mantle of popular virtue.— In the partition of employments on a treaty with the king, his *contenting* himself with asking the post of governor to the prince seems to me to have had at least as deep a tincture of self-interestedness as my lord Strafford had, who strode at once from demagogue to prime-minister. Sir Edward Hyde, who opposed an arbitrary court, and embraced the party of an afflicted one, must be allowed to have acted conscientiously. A better proof was his behaviour on the restoration, when the torrent of an infatuated nation entreated the king and his minister to be absolute. Had Clarendon sought nothing but power, his power had never ceased. A corrupted court and a blinded populace were less the causes of the chancellor's fall, than an ungrateful king, who could not pardon his lordship's having refused to accept for him the slavery of his country \*. In this light my lord Clarendon was more *The chancellor of human nature*, than from his knowledge of it. Like justice itself, he held the balance between the necessary power of the supreme magistrate and the interests of the people. This never-dying obligation his contemporaries were taught to overlook and to clamour against †, till they removed the only man,

\* This singular service to his country is ascribed to lord Clarendon, yet it is remarkable that neither in his Life nor in the Continuation of his History, though written so carefully for his own justification and for the satisfaction of his family, he any where pleads this highest merit. If from tenderness to the king, the compliment, the sacrifice was singular indeed! From some passages one would almost suspect the fact, yet such services are seldom imputed to fallen ministers without foundation. In one place the chancellor says, *that the parliament granted all that the king did or could expect from them*: p. 163 ‡. And he once asked his majesty, *if in three years any thing had fallen out short of his expectation*: p. 187 §. Indeed the king owned that the chancellor always

insisted *too much* upon the law: p. 446 ||. I can only reconcile these circumstances by supposing, what will add to his character the virtue of modest ignorance, that he prevented from innate uprightness an illegal stretch of the prerogative, without perceiving the obligation he laid on his country, or the offence it imprinted on the mind of his master.

† Burnet insists much on this merit and offence: but then he says it was a crime imputed to him by his enemies to enrage the king. Yet as the bishop sets out with declaring that he drew many of his materials from a son of lord Clarendon, and as he couples to this account a story of the death of the chancellor's father, who with his last words enjoined him to be tender of the laws  
of

‡ *Vide Continuation of his History.*

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Ibid.*

man, who, if he could, would have corrected his master's evil government. One reads with indignation that buffooneries too low and insipid for Bartholomew-fair were practised in a court called *jolite*, to make a silly man of wit laugh himself into disgracing the only honest minister he had\*. Buckingham, Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, Arlington, and such abominable men were the exchange which the nation made for my lord Clarendon! It should not be forgotten that sir Edward Seymour carried up the charge against him, and that the earl of Bristol had before attempted his ruin, by accusing him of being at once an enemy and a friend to the papists. His son-in-law † did not think him the latter, or he would have interposed more effectually in his behalf.

These I have mentioned and almost every virtue of a minister make his character venerable. As an historian he seems more exceptionable. His majesty and eloquence, his power of painting characters, his knowledge of his subject, rank him in the first class of writers—yet he has both great and little faults. Of the latter, his stories of ghosts and omens are not to be defended by supposing he did not believe them himself: there can be no other reason for inserting them, nor is there any medium between believing and laughing at them. Perhaps even his favourite character of lord Falkland takes too considerable a share in the history: one loves indeed the heart that believed till he made his friend the hero of his epic. His capital fault is, his whole work being a laboured justification of king Charles. No man ever delivered so much truth with so little sincerity. If he relates faults, some palliating epithet always slides in; and he has the art of breaking his darkest shades with gleams of light that take off all impression of horror.—One may

of his country, the whole account seems to come from good authority. As we know too from Burnet that lord Clarendon often took upon himself the blame of what the king had done contrary to his advice, I am still inclined to ascribe this merit to the chancellor, and his silence upon it, to his unwillingness to load a worthless master.

\* The conduct of Charles strikes one naturally with this observation: He and his grandfather Henry IV. had many resembling points in their characters; both, fond of women, and profuse to them; both, men of wit, of cheerfulness, and

easy society; neither, strict in morals or religious principles; for, if either believed, it was vice versa the very contrary of what they professed. Their ministers were still more alike. Clarendon and Sully were both, faithful, honest, able, œconomic, overbearing, severe and sour; and each had and did essentially serve their masters. Henry had the good sense to bear with a disagreeable minister, who was necessary to him; Charles, who neither cared for his people's interest or his own, disgraced the chancellor.

† The duke of York.

pronounce on my lord Clarendon in his double capacity of statesman and historian, that he acted for liberty, but wrote for prerogative.

There have been published of his lordship's writing

“ An elegy on doctor Donne; printed at the end of the doctor's poems.”

“ His epitaph on his first wife, in Ashmole's Berkshire.”

“ Some English commendatory verses prefixed to sir W. Davenant's tragedy of Albovine, printed in 1629.”

“ Many letters to promote the restoration\*.”

“ Several speeches in parliament during his chancellorship, from the restoration to 1667;” at least ten of them.

“ A full answer to an infamous and traitorous pamphlet, entitled, A declaration of the commons of England in parliament assembled, expressing the grounds and reasons of passing their late resolutions touching no farther address or application to be made to the king.” Lond. 1648, qu°.

“ The difference and disparity between the estates and conditions of George duke of Buckingham and Robert earl of Essex. Printed in the *Reliquiæ Wottoniæ*.” Lond. 1672, octavo. It is a kind of answer to sir Henry Wotton's parallel of those two favourites, and, though written when Mr. Hyde was very young, is much preferable to the affected author its answers.

“ Animadversions on a book called, Fanaticism fanatically imputed to the catholic church by doctor Stillingfleet, and the imputation refuted and retorted by J. C. By a person of honour.” Lond. 1674, octavo. Twice printed that year.

\* Printed in *Vitâ Johannis Barwick*. *Vide General Dictionary*, vol. vi. p. 336; and *Biographia Britannica*, vol. iv. p. 2332.

“ A letter to the duke of York, and another to his daughter the duchess, on her embracing the Roman catholic religion\*.”

“ A brief view and survey of the dangerous and pernicious errors to the church and state, in Mr. Hobbes’s book entitled *Leviathan*.” Oxf. 1676, quarto. The dedication to the king is dated at Moulins, May 10, 1673.

“ A collection of several tracts of the right honourable Edward earl of Clarendon, &c. published from his lordship’s original manuscripts.” Lond. 1727, folio.

He made likewise alterations and additions to a book entitled,

“ A collection of the orders heretofore used in chancery.” Lond. 1661, octavo. His lordship was assisted in this work by sir Harbottle Grimstone, master of the Rolls.

“ History of the rebellion and civil wars in Ireland,” printed at London in octavo, 1726.

“ History of the rebellion.” The first volume was printed at Oxford in folio, 1702; the second in 1703; the third in 1704. It has been several times re-printed since in six volumes octavo. A French translation was printed at the Hague in 1704, and 1709, twelves †.

His lordship left besides in manuscript a second part of his History; a performance long detained from, though eagerly desired by, and at last bequeathed to the public by his lordship’s amiable descendent and heir of his integrity, the late lord Hyde and Cornbury ‡. It was published, with his  
life

\* Two other letters on remarkable occasions are preserved among the Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 7001.

† In the defence of the authenticity of lord Clarendon’s History published in Hooker’s weekly miscellany, Laurence Hyde earl of Rochester is, from several circumstantial proofs, asserted to be author of the preface to his father’s History, though it is generally attributed to Atterbury, Aldridge, and Smalridge.

‡ It is not of consequence enough to form a separate article; and therefore I shall only mention here, that Henry earl of Clarendon, eldest son of the chancellor, drew up an account of the monuments in the cathedral at Winchester in 1683, which was continued, and was printed with the history of that church by Samuel Gale, 1715. In 1763 were published two large quarto volumes, containing the letters of this earl Henry during his

life written by himself, in folio, 1759; and if inferior in some parts to his History of the rebellion, the singular anecdotes, and noble reasonings, place it, notwithstanding its inaccuracies, on a level with the best works of the kind. On Monday April 9, and Tuesday 10, 1764, were sold by auction at Baker's the bookseller in York-street, the remains of lord Clarendon's MSS. containing original sketches of some of his works, and letters to and from his lordship, with other state-papers.

## GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL;

A SINGULAR person, whose life was one contradiction. He wrote against popery \* and embraced it: he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a sacrifice for it; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the test-act though a Roman-catholic, and addicted himself to astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy.

We have of his writing,

“Letters between the lord George Digby and sir Kenelm Digby knight, concerning religion.” Lond. 1651. This was a controversy on popery, in which lord Digby shews that the Roman-catholic religion has no foundation on tradition, or on the authority of the fathers, &c. Sir Kenelm was not

his government of Ireland; and his diary. The latter relates some curious anecdotes; but the writer appears to have been a weak man, who knew not how to steer his conscience between zealous protestantism and almost boundless devotion to king James.

\* Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his History, ascribes this lord's conversion to his despair of the king's affairs after the battle of Worcester, and to a design of pushing his fortune in Spain, which country he immediately abandoned

on the restoration—yet did not revert to his old religion—probably, because he was apprised that the king had left it too. This is the more likely, as his majesty's conversion is dated from the journey to Fontarabia; and it is remarkable that lord Clarendon says, (p. 84.) that the dilatoriness thrown into that progress was not *the least mischief* done then by lord Bristol. As the chancellor is silent on what was *the greatest mischief* occasioned by Bristol, is it not probable that he alludes to the king's conversion?



only a papist, but an occult philosopher: if lord Digby had happened to laugh at that nonsense too, he would probably have died in search of the grand elixir.

“ Several speeches\*.”

“ Several letters †.”

“ A letter to Charles the second, on being banished from his presence ‡.”

“ Elvira, or the worst not always true; a comedy.” For this he was brought into sir John Suckling’s Session of poets.

“ Excepta è diversis operibus patrum Latinorum.” MS. §

“ The three first books of Cassandra;” translated from the French, 8vo.

He is said to be author of

“ A true and impartial relation of the battle between his majesty’s army and that of the rebels near Ailesbury, Bucks, September 20, 1643.” In lord Digby’s library at Sherburn-castle, is a piece entitled An answer to the lord George Digby’s apology for himself, published in January 1642, by Theophilus Philanax Gerusiphilus Philalethes Decius.

And I find under his name, though probably not of his writing, the following piece:

“ Lord Digby’s Arcana aulica, or Walsingham’s manual of prudential maxims for the statesman and the courtier.” 1655 ||.

\* Ant. Wood, vol. ii. p. 579; and Harleian MSS. 830, 1327, 1579, 6801.

† Ibid. and Harl. MSS. 6016, 13.

‡ Collection of Letters, vol. ii. p. 51.

§ Wood, ib.

|| Harl. Catal. vol. ii. p. 755.

## DENZIL LORD HOLLES:

A CHARACTER very unlike the earl of Bristol's: the one embraced a party with levity, and pursued it with passion; the other took his part on reflection, and yet could wave it, though his passions were concerned. The courage of Digby blazed by choice; that of Holles\* burned by necessity. Through their life, the former acted from the impulse of great parts; the latter, of common sense; and in both the event was what in those cases it generally is, Digby was unfortunate and admired; Holles was successful and less renowned.

On a strict disquisition into the conduct of the latter, he seems to have been a patriot both by principle and behaviour, and to have thoroughly understood the state of his country, and its relations with Europe, its dangers from royal power, from usurpation, from anarchy, from popery, from the increase of the French empire: on every crisis I have mentioned he acted an honest and uniform part. He early opposed the enormous exertion of the prerogative by Charles the first and his ministers, carrying up the impeachment against Laud, suffering a severe imprisonment for his free spirit, and being marked by the king in that wild attempt of accusing the five members. Yet he seems to have been one of the first alarmed at the designs of those who proposed to chastise as well as to correct; and who meant to retain the power as well as the office of punishment. At the treaty at Oxford, where he was one of the commissioners from the parliament, he ventured, in hopes of healing the distractions, to advise the king what to answer: an employment that clashed a little with his trust, and in which his sagacity did not shine; for, though the king followed his advice, it had no effect. However, the intention seemed upright; and his so easily forgetting the personal injuries he had received, reflects great honour on his memory. He refused to act in the prosecution of lord Strafford, who was his brother-in-law, and

\* A remarkable instance of his spirit was his challenging general Ireton, who pleading, "That his conscience would not permit him to fight a duel," Holles pulled him by the nose, telling

him, "That if his conscience would not let him give redress, it ought to prevent him from offering injuries."

against

against the bishops; yet he was esteemed the head of the presbyterian party; and in the isle of Wight advised his majesty to give up episcopacy. The defects of his character seem to have been, that his principles were \* aristocratic, [demonstrated by all experience to be the most tyrannous species of government, and never imbibed but by proud and self-interested men] that his opposition to the army was too much founded on a personal enmity to Cromwell; and that he sat on the trial of the regicides, who at worst but chastised the faults which his lordship had pointed out. Lord Holles acted zealously for the restoration, and, while the dawn of the king's reign was unclouded, accepted employments and embassies from the crown, consistent with his honour and duty to his country. As soon as the catholic rudder was uncovered, he again reverted to patriot opposition. When sir William Temple's privy-council was established, lord Holles, though eighty-two, yet never thinking himself past serving his country, accepted a place in it; but died soon after.

While he was an exile in France he wrote

“Memoirs of Denzil lord Holles, baron of Isfield in Suffex, from the year 1641 to 1648.” Published in 1699. They are little more than the apology for his own conduct, and a virulent satire on his adversaries. The extraordinary wording of the dedication takes off all hopes of impartiality: it is addressed “To the unparalleled couple, Mr. Oliver St. John, his majesty's solicitor-general, and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, the parliament's lieutenant-general, the two grand designers of the ruin of three kingdoms.” Much temper was not to be expected from an exile in a religious and civil war: from the extreme good sense of his lordship's speeches and letters, one should not have expected that weak attempt to blast Cromwell for a coward. How a judicatory in the *temple of Fame* would laugh at such witnesses as a major-general Crawford, and a colonel Dalbier †! Cæsar and Cromwell are not amenable to a commission of oyer and terminer.

\* It has been objected to me, that lord Holles's writings seem to argue for democracy; but it is certain that the tenor of his conduct and of his memoirs was to oppose and revile the low-born and popular leaders, as soon as they had deprived his lordship and his associates of their ascendancy in the commonwealth. It is in vain for a man

to pretend to democratic principles, who prefers monarchy to the constant, natural and necessary consequences of a democracy.

† Two obscure men whom lord Holles quotes to prove instances of Cromwell's want of spirit.

There are published besides,

“ Two letters to the earl of Strafford\* ;” published among the Strafford Papers.

“ A speech in behalf of fir Randal Carew †,” who had been chief-justice of the King’s-bench, but was removed for delivering his opinion against loan-money.

“ Another ‡,” very good.

“ Speech in parliament, January 31, 1642, upon the poor tradesmen’s petition §.”

“ Speech at the lords’ bar, January 31, 1642, upon the impeachment of the earls of Northampton, Devonshire, Monmouth, &c. ||”

“ Speech in the Guildhall ¶.”

“ His speech as chairman of the committee on the restoration \*\*.”

“ A fine letter to monsieur Van Benninghen, [who had been embassador in England from Holland] to promote an union against France ††.”

“ A letter from Paris to fir William Morrice, secretary of state ††.”

“ His remains,” being a second letter to a friend concerning the judicature of the bishops in parliament, 1682 §§.

\* Vide that Collection, and Collins’s Historical account of the families of Cavendish, Holles, &c. page 100.

† Printed in the Diurnal Occurrences, p. 261; and in Collins, p. 111.

‡ Ibid.

§ Catalogue of the Middle Temple Library, page 492.

|| Ibid. p. 491.

¶ Ibid. p. 493.

\*\* Commons’ Journal, vol. x. p. 49.

†† Printed originally in quarto, and in Collins ubi supra, p. 152.

‡‡ Ibid. p. 159.

§§ Biogr. vol. iv. p. 2651.

“ Grand question concerning the judicature of the house of peers stated\*.”

“ A pamphlet, in vindication of some French gentlemen falsely accused of a robbery †.”

Some of his letters and a speech in MS. may be found in the Harl. Coll. N<sup>o</sup> 7010, and 2305, 120.

### DUDLEY LORD NORTH †,

SON of the lord North before mentioned, was made a knight of the Bath in 1616, at the creation of Charles prince of Wales, and sat in many parliaments, till secluded by the prevailing party in that which condemned the king. From that period lord North lived privately in the country, and, as the biographer § of the family informs us, towards the latter end of his life entertained himself with justice-busines, books, and (as a very numerous issue required) œconomy; on which subject, besides the ensuing pieces, he wrote a little tract called

“ Observations and advices œconomical.” 12mo.

“ Passages relating to the long parliament,” with an apologetic, or rather recantation-preface. He had, it seems, at first been active against the king.

“ History of the life of the lord Edward North, the first baron of the family.” Addressed to his eldest son. Written sensibly and in a very good style, yet in vain attempting to give a favourable impression of his ancestor, who appears to have been a very time-serving person: though chancellor of the augmentation-office on the suppression of convents, and though he had

\* I have met with this title no where but in the Harl. Catal. vol. iv. p. 771. others have received benefit. *Vide History of Tunbridge-wells, in which there is a circumstantial account of that event.*

† Biogr. vol. iv. p. 2649.

‡ This lord discovered the medicinal springs at Tunbridge, from which himself and so many § *Vide Roger North's Life of lord-keeper Guildford, in the preface.*

married his son to the duke of Northumberland's daughter-in-law, he was immediately in favour with queen Mary, and made a baron by her!

“*Essays\**.” Printed in 1682. The subjects are, “I. Light in the way to Paradise. II. Of truth. III. Of goodness. IV. Of eternity. V. Of original sin.”

*JAMES TOUCHET,*  
EARL of CASTLEHAVEN and BARON AUDLEY.

IF this lord, who led a very martial life, had not taken the pains to record his own actions (which however he has done with great frankness and ingenuity), we should know little of his story, our historians scarce mentioning him; and even our writers of anecdotes, as Burnet, or of tales and circumstances, as Roger North, not giving any account of a court-quarrel occasioned by his lordship's memoirs. Antony Wood alone has preserved this event, but has not made it intelligible. The earl was a catholic; far from a bigoted one, having stiffly opposed the pope's nuntio in Ireland †, and treating the monks with very little ceremony when he found them dabbling in sedition ‡. He himself had been a commander in the Irish rebellion for the confederate catholics, but afterwards made all the amends he could to the king's cause, serving under the marquises of Ormond and Clanrickarde. A little before the ruin of the latter, lord Castlehaven was dispatched by him to the young king at Paris, whose service when he found desperate, he engaged with the great prince of Condé then in rebellion; attended that hero in most of his celebrated actions; returned to England on the restoration; entered into the Spanish service in Flanders; was witness to the unsuccessful dawn of king William's glory; and died in 1684. He wrote

“The earl of Castlehaven's review, or his memoirs of his engagement and carriage in the Irish wars.” Enlarged and corrected with an appendix and postscript. Lond. 1684. This I suppose was the second edition. The earl

\* Collins's Peerage, vol. iv. p. 260, last edit.

† Vide his Memoirs, p. 121.

‡ Ib. p. 142.

had been much censured for his share in the Irish rebellion, and wrote those memoirs to explain his conduct rather than to excuse it; for he freely confesses his faults, and imputes them to provocations from the government of that kingdom, to whose rashness and cruelty, conjointly with the votes and resolutions of the English parliament, he ascribes the massacre. There are no dates, little method, and less style in these memoirs; defects atoned in some measure by a martial honesty. Soon after their publication the earl of Anglesey, lord privy-seal, wrote to ask a copy. Lord Castlehaven sent him one, but denying the work as his. Anglesey, who had been a commissioner in Ireland for the parliament, thinking himself affected by this narrative, published Castlehaven's letter, with observations and reflections very abusive on the duke of Ormond, which occasioned, first a printed controversy, and then a trial before the privy-council; the event of which was, that Anglesey's first letter was voted a scandalous libel, and himself removed from the custody of the privy-seal; and that the earl of Castlehaven's memoirs, on which he was several times examined, and which he owned, were declared a scandalous libel on the government: a censure that seems very little founded; there is not a word that can authorize that sentence from the council of Charles the second, but the imputation on the lords-justices of Charles the first; for I suppose the privy-council did not pique themselves on vindicating the honour of the republican parliament! Bishop Morley wrote "A true account of the whole proceedings betwixt James duke of Ormond and Arthur earl of Anglesey\*." Folio. More of this affair will be found in the article of Anglesey.

A pompous edition of the earl's memoirs has been published in folio by his descendent the present earl. Edmund Borlase wrote "Brief reflections" on the original publication. *Vide Anecdotes of Brit. topogr.* p. 233.

## HENRY PIERPOINT, MARQUIS OF DORCHESTER,

**A**PPEARED but little in the character of an author, though he seems to have had as good foundation for being so as any on the list. He studied

\* Wood, vol. ii. p. 774.

ten or twelve hours a day for many years \*; was admitted a bencher of Gray's-inn for his knowledge of the law, and fellow of the college of physicians for his proficiencie in medicine and anatomy.

He published

“ A speech, spoken in the house of lords, concerning the right of bishops to sit in parliament, May 21, 1641.”

“ Another, concerning the lawfulness and conveniency of their intermeddling in temporal affairs, May 24, 1641.”

“ Speech to the trained-bands of Nottinghamshire at Newark, July 13, 1641.”

“ Letter to John lord Roos, February 25, 1659.” This lord was son-in-law of the marquis, and was then prosecuting a divorce from his wife for adultery †. Wood says, that this lord Roos, [afterwards duke of Rutland] assisted by Samuel Butler, returned a buffoon answer, to which the marquis replied with another paper entitled

“ The reasons why the marquis of Dorchester printed his letter, together with his answer to a printed paper called A true and perfect copy of the lord Roos his answer to the marquis of Dorchester's letter.” The three letters are full of the grossest ribaldry; but notwithstanding the assistance of Butler, there is better repartee in the marquis's piece than in that of lord Roos.

“ A Latin letter from the marquis to doctor Duck, author of the treatise *De usu et autoritate juris civilis*,” is prefixed to that work.

Wood adds, “ He, the said marquis, hath, as it is probable, other things extant, or at least fit to be printed, which I have not yet seen.”

\* See Wood's Fasts, vol. ii. p. 22; and sir Robert Stapylton's dedication of his *Juvenal* to him, which was translated at the request of the marquis: and Herrick's poems, p. 356. Lond. 1648.

† See an account of the marquis's noble behaviour on this occasion in lord Clarendon's *Continuation of his History*, folio, p. 388. 1759.



## JOHN WILMOT, EARL of ROCHESTER;

A MAN, whom the muses were fond to inspire and ashamed to avow, and who practised without the least reserve that secret which can make verses more read for their defects than for their merits: the art is neither commendable nor difficult. Moralists proclaim loudly that there is no wit in indecency: it is very true: indecency is far from conferring wit; but it does not destroy it neither. Lord Rochester's poems have much more obscenity than wit, more wit than poetry, more poetry than politeness. One is amazed at hearing the age of Charles the second called polite: because the presbyterians and religionists had affected to call every thing by a scripture-name, the new court affected to call every thing by its own name. That court had no pretensions to politeness but by its resemblance to another age, which called its own grossness polite, the age of Aristophanes. Would a Scythian have been civilized by the Athenian stage, or a Hottentot by the drawing-room of Charles the second? The characters and anecdotes being forgot, the state-poems of that time are a heap of senseless ribaldry, scarcely in rhyme, and more seldom in metre. When satyrs were brought to court, no wonder the graces would not trust themselves there.

The writings of this *noble and beautiful count*, as Antony Wood\* calls him, [for his lordship's vices were among the fruits of the restoration, and consequently not unlovely in that biographer's eyes] in the order they were published, at least as they are ranged by that author, were,

“A satire against mankind,” printed in one sheet in folio, June 1679. It is more than an imitation of Boileau. One Griffith a minister wrote against it. We are told that Andrew Marvel used to say, “That Rochester was the only man in England that had the true vein of satire.” A very wrong judgment: indelicacy does not spoil flattery more than it does satire.

“On nothing, a poem.” Printed on one side of a sheet of paper in two columns.

\* Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 655.

“ Poems on several occasions.” Antwerp, [Lond.] 1680, octavo. Among his poems are some by other hands, falsely imputed to him. “ The ramble in faint James’s park” was claimed by one Alexander Ratcliffe of Gray’s-inn. It seems his lordship, when dying, had ordered all his immoral writings to be burned.—But the age was not without its Curls to preserve such treasures!

“ A letter on his death-bed to Dr. Burnet.” Lond. 1680, one sheet folio.

“ Valentinian, a tragedy of John Fletcher, as it is altered by the late earl of Rochester,” and acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane. Lond. 1685, quarto. There is a large preface and encomium on the author and his writings, by Mr. Wolfely.

“ Poems, &c. on several occasions, with Valentinian, a tragedy.” Lond. 1691, 8vo. To this edition are prefixed poems on the death of the earl, &c.

Under the earl’s name are printed several pieces in “ A collection of poems by several hands, &c.” Lond. 1693, 8vo. As also

“ A translation from Horace, in examen poeticum; the third part of miscellany poems, &c.” Lond. 1693\*.

“ A song in imitation of sir John Eaton’s song †.”

And in the “ Annual miscellany for the year 1694, being the fourth part of miscellany poems, &c.” Lond. 8vo. are ascribed to lord Rochester, “ A lyric, imitated from Cornelius Gallus; Apollo’s grief for having killed Hyacinth by accident, in imitation of Ovid; and a song.”

“ A lampoon on the lord Mulgrave,” said to be in Mr. Sheldon’s library, manuscript.

“ On the supposed author of a late poem in defence of satire, with Rochester’s answer.” MS.

\* Page 262.

† Ib. p. 424.

“ The

“ The works of the earls of Rochester, Roscommon, Dorset, &c.” Two volumes in one. Lond. 1718; without any name of printer\*.

“ Fifty-four letters to Henry Saville and others †.”

“ Seven more to his wife and son ‡.”

“ Another in the Literary Magazine for January, 1758.”

“ Two in the Harl. Collection §.”

He left besides, with several other papers (as the late lord Bolingbroke has said), A history of the intrigues of the court of Charles the second, in a series of letters to his friend Henry Saville; but, upon the earl's death, his mother, a very devout lady of the family of St. John, ordered all his papers to be burned.

## ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL of SHAFTSBURY.

AS lord Rochester was immersed only in the vices of that reign, he was an innocent character compared to those who were plunged in its crimes. A great weight of the latter fell to the share of the lord in question, who had canted tyranny under Cromwell, practised it under Charles the second, and who disgraced the cause of liberty by being the busiest instrument for it, when every other party had rejected him. It was the weakest vanity in him to brag that Cromwell would have made him king: the best he could hope for was not to be believed; if true, it only proved that Cromwell took him for a fool. That he should have acted in the trials of the regicides was but agreeable to his character—or to his want of it! Let us hasten to his works: he was ra-

\* It was printed by Curl.

† Vide Collection of Letters, vol. ii. published by Doddsley, 1755.

‡ Whartoniana, vol. ii. p. 161.

§ N<sup>o</sup> 7003.

ther a copious writer for faction than an author, for in no light can one imagine that he wished to be remembered.

“ A letter from sir Antony Ashley Cooper, Thomas Scot, J. Berners, and J. Weaver, esquires, delivered to the lord Fleetwood, owning their late actions in endeavouring to secure the tower of London, and expostulating his lordship’s defection from his engagements unto the parliament,” printed in 1659, and mentioned in no catalogue of lord Shaftsbury’s works.

“ The fundamental constitutions of Carolina.” London, seven sheets folio ; dated March 1, 1669\*.

“ A feasonable speech made by sir A. Ashley Cooper in the house of commons 1659, against the new peers and power of the house of lords †.”

“ Speech on the lord treasurer Clifford taking his oath in the Exchequer, December 5, 1672.”

“ Several speeches to both houses at the opening of the parliament, February 4 and 5, 1672.”

“ Speech to serjeant Edward Thurland in the Exchequer-chamber, when he was made one of the barons of the Exchequer, January 24, 1672.” Reprinted in 1681, to show the author’s mutability, it containing zealous arguments for the prerogative, and a most favourable character of the duke of York.

“ Speech on the lord treasurer Osborn taking his oath in the Exchequer, June 26, 1673.”

“ Speech to both houses of parliament, October 27, 1673.”

“ Speech in the house of lords, October 20, 1675,” upon the debate for appointing a day to hear doctor T. Shirley’s case.

\* For the following list of his works, vide Wood, vol. ii. p. 725. † Buckingham’s Works, vol. i. p. 324.

“ Speech in the house of lords, March 25, 1679,” upon occasion of the house resolving itself into a grand committee to consider the state of England.

“ Speech lately made by a noble peer of the realm, Novemb. 1680.” This was never spoken, and was by order of the lords burnt by the hands of the hangman. It flattered the Scots; and was answered anonymously in a pamphlet called “ A letter from Scotland, written occasionally upon the speech made by a noble peer of this realm.”

“ Two seasonable discourses concerning this present parliament.” Oxon. [Lond.] 1675, quarto. The first discourse is entitled “ The debate or arguments for dissolving this present parliament, and the calling frequent and new parliaments.” The second, “ A letter from a parliament-man to his friend, concerning the proceedings of the house of commons this last session, begun October 13, 1675.” Both were answered in a book called “ A packet of advices. Part I.”

“ A letter from a person of quality to his friend in the country, 1675.” Quarto. Published after the prorogation of parliament in November that year. It was written against the test\*; and was answered by Marchmont Needham in his “ Packet of advices to the men of Shaftsbury.” *It is remarkable that this Needham, who, it is said, first wrote an abusive journal called Mercurius pragmaticus, against the parliament, had afterwards been retained by the regicides to write against the royal family; and was now hired by the court to write against one who had been almost as deeply engaged against the king.*

“ His case at the King’s-bench on his confinement in the Tower.” London, 1679.

“ Expedient for settling the nation, discoursed with his majesty in the house of peers at Oxford, March 24, 1680.” Lond. 1681; one sheet qu<sup>o</sup>. The expedient was the settling of the crown on the duke of Monmouth.

“ No protestant plot, or the present pretended conspiracy of protestants against the king’s government, discovered to be a conspiracy of the papists

\* Not what is now called the test, but one in favour of passive obedience.

against the king and his protestant subjects." Lond. 1681. Of this, lord Shaftsbury was not the avowed but reputed author. His servant, who carried it to the press, is said to have been committed to prison. Being partly answered in a pamphlet entitled "A plea for succession in opposition to popular exclusion," there was published

"The second part of No protestant plot." Lond. 1682.

"A third part," said to be written by one Robert Ferguson under the direction of Shaftsbury: all the three parts were a vindication of him. The last was answered under the title of "A letter to a friend, containing certain observations upon some passages in a late libel entitled A third part, &c."

"A modest account of the present posture of affairs in England; with a particular reference to the earl of Shaftsbury's case; and a vindication of him from two pretended letters of a noble peer [marquis of Halifax]." This was not owned: but was imputed to the earl by sir Roger L'Esrange in his *Observator*, a gazette of the opposite faction.

"The earl of Effex's speech at the delivery of the petition to the king, January 25, 1680." The petition was for a parliament.

Wood imputes to Shaftsbury too

"A vindication of the association;" but at the same time says, that the earl's servant being seized as he was carrying it to the press, owned it to be Ferguson's. The same author mentions the earl's publishing an apology in Holland, but does not give the title of it.

"Three letters\* written during his imprisonment in the Tower, to the duke of York, and to a lord not named."

"The character of the honourable Henry Haffings of Woodlands in Hampshire, second son of Francis earl of Huntingdon," printed originally in Peck's *Defiderata curiosa*, and lately in the *Connoisseur*, vol. iii. It is a curious and well-drawn portrait of our ancient English gentry.

\* Printed in Collins's *Peerage*. *Vide Shaftsbury*.

Wood says that among his lordship's papers were found, but uncertain if written by him,

“ Some observations \* concerning the regulating elections for parliament.”

One cannot but observe with concern, what I have before remarked, that writing the life of a man is too apt to instill partiality for the subject. The history of lord Shaftsbury in the *Biographia* is almost a panegyric; whereas a bon-mot of the earl himself was his truest character: Charles the second said to him one day, “ Shaftsbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions.” He bowed, and replied, “ Of a subject, sir, I believe I am †.”

## HENEAGE FINCH, EARL OF NOTTINGHAM.

FEW families have produced so many considerable men as the house of Finch has in late reigns; men, who have owed their preferments to themselves, not to favour. The lord in question rose through the great steps of the law, from solicitor to attorney-general, to lord-keeper, to lord-chancellor, to an earldom. Though employed in the most difficult part of the reign of Charles the second, his character remained untainted. Antony Wood represents him as a great temporizer. He certainly neither offended the court nor the patriots. Had he shown great partiality to the latter, there is no doubt but the king would have dismissed him, being by no means so dangerous a man as his predecessor Shaftsbury. That his complaisance for the prerogative was not unbounded, was manifest by the king being obliged to set the seal himself to the earl of Danby's pardon. The truth is, the earl of Nottingham was neither violent nor timid. When he pronounced sentence on the lord viscount Stafford, he did not scruple to say, “ Who can doubt now that London was burned by the papists?” Burnet calls this declaration indecent: if it was so to the unhappy convict, it was certainly no flattery to the predominant faction at court. This speech was reckoned the

\* They are printed among Somers's *Tracts*, vol. i.

† North's *Examen*.

master-piece of his eloquence; and his eloquence was much celebrated. Burnet says \* it was affected, laboured, and too constant on all occasions; and that his lordship lived to find it much despised. The bishop allows his probity; and in another place † speaks of him with the greatest encomiums. There is a beautiful character of him in Absalom and Achitophel under the name of Amri. Others ‡ have called him *the English Cicero, the English Roscius*.

Pieces of his published are,

“Several speeches and discourses on the trials of the regicides.” He was then solicitor-general.

“Speeches to both houses of parliament,” while lord-keeper and lord-chancellor.

“Speech at pronouncing sentence on William lord viscount Stafford, December 7, 1680.” Printed with the trial.

“Speech against the bill of exclusion §.”

“Answers by his majesty’s command to several addresses presented to his majesty at Hampton-court, May 19, 1681.” Lond. one sheet folio.

“His arguments upon a decree in a cause in the Howard family; wherein the several ways and methods of limiting a trust for a term of ten years are fully debated.” Lond. 1685; nine sheets folio.

His lordship left in manuscript

“Chancery reports.”

\* Vol. i. p. 365.

† Preface to the second volume of his History of the Reformation.

‡ Wood, vol. ii. p. 719; where see the following account of his works.

§ Vide Buckingham’s Works, vol. ii.



## LORD-KEEPER GUILDFORD\*.

IF it is true, as the great prince of Condé observed, that a hero is seldom so in the eyes of his valet de chambre, it is as true, that many considerable men are only great in the opinion of their own familiars. To this devotion of a dependent we owe a large quarto life of Francis lord North, keeper of the great seal to Charles and James II.—a man whose insignificance having consigned him to quick oblivion, provoked his brother to record every trifle relating to him. This author, Roger North, complains grievously, that the *solemn writers* of English affairs affected to suppress all memory of his lordship's name and worth; and ascribes this silence to partiality and malice. But that silence might have pointed out the truth to this author: the character of a great statesman may be defamed, it cannot be *omitted*. It is comical to hear the lamentation itself. “Had his lordship printed his collections in the law, or other tracts which he [had not written but] had in his mind; or done any thing else, which ordinarily great men do for fame or honour, he might have left a name behind him as great as he desired †.” To supply these deficiencies, we have 330 pages stuffed with the most minute domestic details, and such narratives as ancient servants live to fatigue all their acquaintance with. However, as I would not suppress any thing which in the author's opinion might contribute to raise the idea of his hero, I will recapitulate some of the most shining passages; as how upon the increase of sir Francis's business he left off skull-caps, and destined them to lie in a drawer to receive the money that came in by fees ‡. One had the gold, another the crowns and half-crowns, and another the smaller money—a circumstance, by the bye, which serves to show what improvements have been since made in the fees of lawyers. How he was called Slyboots §. How he went privately to see a rhinoceros, and how my lord Sunderland reported that his lordship

\* It is remarkable that two peers of this race have suffered by apologies written for them by two of their own relations; but with this difference naturally attending the performances of a sensible man and a weak one: Dudley lord North has

shown himself an artful and elegant historian; Roger North, a miserable biographer.

† Page 8.

‡ Page 90.

§ Page 281.

had

had rid upon it to his great vexation\*. How he liked one particular chair when he was ill; and when he was out of humour, how my lady used to say to him, "Come, sir Francis, you shall not think; we must talk and be merry; and you shall not look upon the fire as you do †." How a friend advised him to keep a whore; and how, though he disdained the advice, his lordship did think, after the death of his lady, that in the night human heat was friendly.—It would indeed be hard upon *the solemn writers of English affairs*, if they were obliged to celebrate all lord-keepers or chancellors, of whom there may be parallel anecdotes.

To be serious: This lord North was one of those personages, who enter upon the scene, pass over and quit it, and *their place knows them no more*. The very reason that his predecessor lord Nottingham gave for making him attorney-general, showed that there was no other reason for making him so: when the king asked whom he would have to succeed him, lord Nottingham answered, "Who should succeed the captain but the lieutenant?" North, though devoted to the court, was by no means acceptable there: he was willing to make the king absolute *by* the law, not discovering that his majesty chose to be so *without* it. He had all the demerit with his country of supporting prerogative, without having any merit with his master. His real attachment was to the law: the law-books were his gospel, and he thought their errors sacred. Jefferies, a less scrupulous instrument of tyranny, soon annihilated such feeble tools. Jefferies was an active myrmidon; North a speculative tory: one admired a system of arbitrary power; the other practised it.

This lord Guildford wrote

"An alphabetical index of verbs neuter," printed with Lilly's grammar: compiled while he was at Bury-school ‡.

"Argument in a case between Soams and Bernardiston §."

"His argument on a trial between Charles Howard and the duke of Norfolk;" printed with that case.

\* Page 280.

† Page 318.

‡ Vide Life, p. 12.

§ Ib. p. 159.

“The king’s declaration on the popish plot;” composed chiefly by his lordship\*.

“A paper on the gravitation of fluids, considered in the bladders of fishes †.”

“An answer to a paper of sir Samuel Moreland on his static barometer.” This was never printed ‡.

“A philosophical essay on music;” printed by Martin, printer to the Royal Society, 1677.

“Lord chief-justice North’s narrative to the house of commons, of what Bedloe had sworn before him at Bristol.”

“Speech to sir Robert Sawyer, on the king’s approbation of the choice made of him for speaker of the commons §.”

“A narrative of some passages in or relating to the long parliament, by sir Francis North, afterwards lord keeper of the great seal||.”

“Many notes of cases, fragments of transactions at court,” and other papers published whole or in part, in various parts of his Life by Roger North, and in the Examen, another performance of equal bulk and folly. If those pieces had nothing else ridiculous in them, it would be sufficient to blast their reputation, that they aim at decrying that excellent magistrate the lord chief-justice Hale; and that Charles II. and that wretch the duke of Lauderdale, the king’s taking money from France, and the seizure of the charter of London, are some of the men and some of the measures the author defends!

\* Vide Life, p. 259.

§ Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 6284, art. 14.

† Printed in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. ii. p. 845.

|| Somers’s Tracts, vol. i. This is certainly a mistake, and is the piece written by Dudley lord North, mentioned above, p. 395.

‡ Life, p. 293.

## JOHN ROBARTES, EARL of RADNOR,

“ WAS a man of a morose and cynical temper, just in his administration, but vicious under the appearances of virtue; learned beyond any man of his quality, but intractable, stiff and obstinate, proud and jealous.” These are Burnet’s words \*. Wood says †, he was a colonel for the parliament, that he fought desperately at Edgehill, and afterwards at Newberry, where he was field-marshal; but grew to dislike the violences of his party, and retired till the restoration, when he was made lord privy-seal; “but giving not that content was expected, he was sent into Ireland to be lord-lieutenant there; and his government being disliked, he was recalled and made lord president.” We are not told how he disappointed the king’s expectations; probably *not* by too great complaisance; nor why his administration, which Burnet calls *just*, was disliked. If it is true, that he was a good governor, the presumption will be, that his rule was not disliked by those to whom, but from whom, he was sent ‡. However, not to judge too hardly of Charles the second, we may not depend too much upon the bishop’s account of the earl’s government, if the fruits of it were no better than those of his great learning; all that is recorded of his writing bearing this canting title,

“ A discourse of the vanity of the creature, grounded on Eccles. i. 2.”  
Lond. 1673, octavo.

Wood says that he left one or two more treatises fitted for the press.

Some volumes of his collections and notes on parliamentary and state-affairs

\* Vol. i. p. 98.

† Vol. ii. p. 778.

‡ Since the first edition I find this conjecture confirmed by a letter of Andrew Marvel, who says, “that *his friends* were daily representing him to the king in the worst character, that the

king had resolved to recall him, and that he himself, tired out with continual checks and countermands hence, in matters which he thought were agreed to him before he went, wrote a short letter to the king, desiring to be dismissed from all employments whatever, which should be his last request.” *Marvel’s Works*, vol. ii. 51.

are preserved in the museum, with two tracts relating to the question whether bishops may vote in cases of blood\*.

## ARTHUR ANNESLEY, EARL of ANGLESEY,

WHILE a private young man, was engaged on the side of Charles the first, whose party he quitted early to embrace that of the parliament: by them he was entrusted as commissioner of Ulster, where he performed good service to the protestant cause. Wood says he took both the covenant and engagement; but the latter is contradicted †. It is certain that he seems to have lain by during the reign of Cromwell, and that he was not trusted either by the rump or the army. When the secluded members were restored, he returned to parliament, and was chosen president of the council of state; in which capacity he was active for the restoration, and was distinguished amongst those who *coming in at the eleventh hour* received greater wages than men who had lost their all in defending the vineyard. He was made a baron, an earl, treasurer of the navy, commissioner for re-settling Ireland, lord privy-seal, and might, we are told ‡, have been prime-minister, if he had not declined it to avoid envy. As he declined no other power under no kind of government, this anecdote is suspicious; and I should much question whether ever any man declined being prime-minister for *that* reason. Engaging in a controversy with the earl of Castlehaven, as has been mentioned, and that drawing on another with the duke of Ormond, he was disgraced; though the author of his life in the *Biographia* ascribes the cause of his fall to a remonstrance which he had presented to the king, in which he took much liberty with his majesty, and greater with the religion of the duke of York. This piece being resentred, though it was not thought proper, says the biographer, to express so much, the duke of Ormond was persuaded to exhibit a charge against the earl, which was made the pretence for removing him; but for this secret history no authority is quoted. The duke's letter, taxing the earl with breach of friendship, is preserved §, is written with great spirit,

\* See Harleian Catal. N<sup>o</sup> 2224, 2237, 2238, 2243, 2294, 2325, 4091.

† Happy future state of England, p. 5.

§ Life, ubi supra.

‡ Vide his life in the *Biograph. Brit.*

and has this remarkable period: "I was not willing to believe that book to be of your lordship's composing, and hoped some of the suborned libellers of the age had endeavoured to imitate your lordship, and not you them." The earl's answer, though inferior, does not want firmness. He passed the rest of his time in retirement, and died, just as some thought he would have been appointed lord chancellor to James the second, in 1686. A supposition most improbable: I do not think so ill of this lord as to believe he could have supplanted Jefferies, who was then in possession of the seals, and who, without derogation from the subservience of any judge that ever was, excelled in moulding the law to the purposes of a court.

Of this lord we have three characters by very different hands. Antony Wood, the high-church satirist, represents him as an artful time-server; by principle a Calvinist, by policy a favourer of the papists. Bishop Burnet, as ungentle on the other side, paints him as a tedious and ungraceful orator, as a grave, abandoned and corrupt man, whom no party would trust. The benign author of the *Biographia Britannica* [a work which I cannot help calling *Vindictio Britannica*, or a defence \* of every body] humanely applies his softening pencil, is successful in blotting out some spots †, and attempts to varnish every one. Wood had severely animadverted on the earl's fitting judgment on the regicides: the biographer extols it as an act of the greatest loyalty and honour:—but under favour, it not only appears a servile complaisance, but glaring injustice ‡. The earl had gone most lengths with those men; in short, had acted with them in open rebellion to his sovereign: the putting to death that sovereign could by no means be the guilty part of their opposition. If a king deserves to be opposed by force of arms, he deserves death: if he reduces his subjects to that extremity, the blood spilt in the quarrel lies on him—the executing him afterwards is mere formality.

\* See particularly the lives of Dudley, associate of Empson; of the duke of Northumberland; of Shaftsbury; and of Arlington.

† As his not taking the engagement; and the accusation of corruption.

‡ It is some satisfaction to me to find that my lord Clarendon himself thought a little as I have

done in this passage. In the first lines of the New Continuation of his History he has these words, speaking of the principal presbyterians who contributed to the restoration of Charles the second: "The rest, who had been enough criminal, showing more animosity towards the severe punishment of those, who having more power in the late times had exceeded them in mischief, than care for their own indemnity."

That

That his lordship failed with the times, remains notorious : those principles must be of an accommodating temper \*, which could suffer the same man to be president of a republican council of state, and recommend him for chancellor to an arbitrary and popish king. Once when the earl of Effex charged him in the house of lords with being prayed for by the papists, Anglesey said, “ He believed it was not so ; but if Jews in their synagogues, or Turks in their mosques, would pray for him unasked, he should be glad to be the better for their devotion.” Had he really been nominated to the chancellorship by James the second, probably he would have pleaded, that it was not of his seeking, but owing to the prayers of the catholics, and he was glad to be the better for them.

In answer to the bishop’s accusation of no party’s trusting him, the biographer pleads that his lordship enjoyed for two-and-twenty years the confidence of Charles the second. The fact † does not appear to be true ; and, were it true, would be no justification : it is well known what qualifications could recommend a man to the confidence of Charles. When lord Clarendon lost it in seven years by his merit, it were ignominy to have preserved it two-and-twenty.

This earl of Anglesey wrote :

“ A letter to William Lenthall, speaker to the rump, from Mr. Annesley, expostulating with him on account of his being excluded the house for not taking the engagement ;” printed in a pamphlet called “ England’s confusion ‡.”

“ The truth unveiled, in behalf of the church of England †, &c.” Being a vindication of Mr. John Standish’s sermon before the king, 1676. This being an answer to Mr. Robert Grove’s vindication of the conforming clergy from the unjust aspersion of heresy, was replied to by Grove ; and by a

\* He was twice commissioner for settling Ireland ; once under the parliament, the other time under Charles the second.

confidence, nor is it any where said that the earl had any particular share of the king’s favour.

‡ Biogr. p. 151.

† The office of lord privy-seal is no place of

§ Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 790.

letter to the author of the vindication of Mr. Standish's sermon. With *Truth unveiled* was published a piece on transubstantiation, entitled

“ Reflections on that discourse which a master of arts [once] of the university of Cambridge calls *rational*, presented in print to a person of honour, 1676.”

This was answered in a tract called “ Roman tradition examined.”

“ A letter from a person of honour in the country written to the earl of Castlehaven, being observations and reflections on his lordship's Memoirs concerning the wars of Ireland.” Lond. 1681, octavo. Besides this letter, which occasioned the dispute before mentioned, was another book published, entitled “ Brief reflections on the earl of Castlehaven's memoirs, written by doctor Edmund Borlase, author of the history of the Irish rebellion.”

“ A true account of the whole proceedings between James duke of Ormond, and Arthur earl of Anglesey, before the king and council, &c.” Lond. 1682, folio\*.

“ A letter in answer to the duke of Ormond's †.”

“ A letter of remarks upon Jovian.” Lond. 1683.

“ The history of the late commotions and troubles in Ireland, from the rebellion in 1641, till the restoration in 1660.” This history is lost, and is suspected to have been purposely destroyed by persons who were interested to suppress it ‡.

“ The king's right of indulgence in spiritual matters, with the equity thereof asserted.” Printed by *Hen. Care*, in 1687. Of this piece [which was calculated to attack the test and penal laws against papists] it is remarkable, that the noble *author* had been a republican, and passed for a presbyterian; and that the *printer* was the same person who in the foregoing reign

\* This is said to have been drawn up by bishop Morley. See p. 397.

† Biogr. p. 154.

‡ Collins's Peerage in Anglesey.



had been prosecuted for publishing *The weekly packet of advices from Rome*: one of the political pieces that raised most clamour against the papists\*.

“Memoirs, intermixed with moral, political, and historical observations, by way of discourse in a letter [to sir Peter Pett]; to which is prefixed a letter written by his lordship during his retirement from court in the year 1683.” Lond. 1693, octavo. Published by sir Peter Pett, knight, advocate-general for the kingdom of Ireland, and author of “The happy future state of England.” The title, *memoirs*, has no kind of relation to the work, which is a sort of a rambling essay, attempting at once to defend a popish king and the protestant religion. The genuineness of these memoirs was disputed by his son-in-law lord Haversham †.

“The earl of Anglesey’s state of the government and kingdom, prepared and intended for his majesty king Charles the second, in the year 1682; but the storm impending growing so high prevented it then. With a short vindication of his lordship from several aspersions cast on him, in a pretended letter that carries the title of his memoirs. By sir John Thompson, bart. afterwards lord Haversham ‡.” This was the remonstrance hinted at above, and was dated April 27, 1682.

“The privileges of the house of lords and commons argued and stated in two conferences between both houses, April 19 and 22, 1671. To which is added a discourse wherein the rights of the house of lords are truly asserted. With learned remarks on the seeming arguments and pretended precedents, offered at that time against their lordships.” Written by the right honourable Arthur earl of Anglesey, lord privy-seal. These conferences were managed by the earl, and concerned a bill for impositions on merchandize, which had occasioned a dispute between the two houses on the old subject of the sole right of taxing, claimed by the commons.

Besides these, we are told § that some valuable pieces of this earl have been lost, and that he wrote a certain large and learned discourse on the errors of popery in his younger years, which some of his friends would have persuaded

\* Antony-Wood.

‡ Somers’s Tracts, vol. i. p. 186.

† See the next article.

§ North’s Life, p. 30.

him to publish at the time of the popish-plot. Probably he would not the less have written his piece against the test.

His diary \* is said to have been in the possession of one Mr. Ryley, in 1693. And his lordship is supposed to have digested Whitlocke's Memoirs.

## GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

WHEN this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax, and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king and his solemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a *cabal* of bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots; one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chymist, when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishlest ends; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character.

The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four masterly hands: Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; count Hamilton † touched it with that slight delicacy, that finishes while it seems but to sketch; Dryden ‡ caught the living likeness; Pope § completed the historical resemblance. Yet the abilities of this lord appear in no instance more amazing, than that, being exposed by two of the greatest poets, he has exposed one of them ten times more severely. Zimri is an admirable portrait; but Bayes an original creation. Dryden satirised Buckingham; but Villiers made Dryden satirise himself.

An instance of astonishing quickness is related of this duke: being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,

\* Biogr. p. 157, marg. note.

† Zimri in Abfalom and Achitophel.

‡ Vide Memoires de Grammont.

§ In the Epistle to lord Bathurst.

“ My

“ My wound is great, because it is so small.”

The duke cried out,

“ Then ’twou’d be greater, were it none at all.”

The play was instantly damned.

His grace wrote

“ The rehearsal,” 1671.

“ The chances, a comedy,” altered from Fletcher.

“ Reflections upon Absalom and Achitophel\*.”

“ A speech in the house of lords, November 16, 1675, for leave to bring in a bill of indulgence to all protestant dissenters ;” printed with lord Shaftsbury’s speech [above-mentioned] for appointing a day to hear doctor Shirley’s case †.

“ A short discourse upon the reasonableness of men’s having a religion or worship of God.” Lond. 1685. It passed through three editions. Soon after the first edition, came out, “ A short answer to his grace the duke of Buckingham’s paper concerning religion, toleration, and liberty of conscience ;” to which the duke made a ludicrous and very good answer, called,

“ The duke of Buckingham his grace’s letter to the unknown author of a paper intituled, A short answer ‡, &c.” Lond. 1685. This occasioned several more pamphlets.

“ A demonstration of the deity ;” published a little before his grace’s death.

“ Verses on two lines of Mr. Edward Howard ;” printed in the third part of miscellany poems, 1693.

\* Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 806. † Ib. p. 725. ‡ Somers’s Tracts, vol. i. p. 367.

“ A tranflation of Horace’s ode beginning, *Fortuna faevo.*” In the fourth part.

“ A letter to fir Thomas Osborn.”

Befides the above, a few pieces by this duke are fcattered through two volumes, called

“ The works of his grace George Villiers, late duke of Buckingham.” Lond. 1715. Thefe volumes are a bookfeller’s mifcellany, containing various poems and fpeeches of all times ; what belong to his grace are [in the firft volume]

“ The reftoration, or right will take place, a tragi-comedy.”

“ The battle of Sedgmoor, a fatirical and political farce.”

“ The militant couple, or the husband may thank himfelf. A fragment.”

“ Pindaric on the death of lord Fairfax.”

“ To his miftrefs.”

“ A description of Fortune.”

“ Epitaph on Felton,” who murdered his grace’s father. The editor pretends that this could not be written by the duke, but I know no principles he had to prevent his being the author. Indeed it is more bombaft than offensive.

“ A confolatory epiftle to captain Julian, &c.”

“ A character of an ugly woman, or a hue and cry after beauty,” in profe, written in 1678.

“ The loft miftrefs, a complaint againft the countefs of \* \* \* \* \*,” 1675.

This

This was probably the countess of Shrewsbury, whose lord he killed in a duel on her account, and who is said to have held the duke's horse, disguised like a page, during the combat; to reward his prowess in which, she went to bed to him in the shirt stained with her husband's blood. The loves of this tender pair are recorded by Pope,

“ Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,  
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love.”

“ Four poems by the duke and lord Rochester : upon nothing ; a session of the poets ; a satire on the follies of the men of the age ; and Timon, a satire on some new plays.”

“ Three letters to lord Arlington and lord Berkeley.”

“ His examination by the house of commons, in which he confessed some part of his own bad administration, and betrayed more of his associate Arlington.”

“ Speech in the house of lords, November 16.” *Vide above*, p. 417.

“ Speech at a conference,” 1675.

“ Speech in the house of lords to prove the parliament dissolved :” for this speech he, with Shaftsbury, Salisbury, and the real whig, Wharton, was sent to the Tower.

In the second volume,

“ A key to the rehearsal.”

“ An account of a conference between the duke and father Fitzgerald, whom king James sent to convert his grace in his sickness.” This has humour.

“ Essay upon reason and religion,” in a letter to Neville Pain, esq.

“ On human reason,” addressed to Martin Clifford, esq.

“ Five letters on election affairs, &c.”

“ Ten little burlesque and satirical poems.”

## *HENEAGE FINCH, EARL of WINCHELSEA,*

**F**IRST cousin of the chancellor Nottingham, made a figure at the same period. He was intimate with Moncke, and concerned in the restoration; soon after which he was sent ambassador to Mahomet the fourth. Moncke had given the earl the government of Dover-castle, which was continued to him; and when king James was stopped at Feversham he sent for the earl of Winchelsea, who prevailed on the king to return to London. The earl voted for giving the crown to king William, by whom he was continued lord lieutenant of Kent. He died soon after in 1689. On his return from Constantinople, visiting Sicily, he was witness to a terrible convulsion of mount *Ætna*, an account of which he sent to the king, and which was soon after published by authority, in a very thin quarto, with this title:

“ A true and exact relation of the late prodigious earthquake, and eruption of mount *Ætna*, or monte Gibello, &c. together with a more particular narrative of the same, as it is collected out of several relations sent from Catania, 1669. With a view of the mountain and conflagration.”

## *GEORGE SAVILLE, MARQUIS of HALIFAX,*

**A** MAN more remarkable for his wit than his steadiness, and whom an ingenious modern \* historian has erected into a principal character in the

\* Mr Hume; who observes that the marquis's rather than of his ambition. They might; but variations might be the effects of his integrity, it is doubtful.

reign of Charles the second. But when old histories are re-written, it is necessary to set persons and facts in new lights from what they were seen by cotemporaries\*. Voltaire, speaking of Dupleix, says †, that he was the first who introduced the custom of quoting his authorities in the margin; “précaution absolument nécessaire, quand on n’écrit pas l’histoire de son tems.” However, the dictator of this sentence, and author of that beautiful essay on universal history, has totally forgot his own rule, and has indeed left that work a most charming bird’s-eye landscape, where one views the whole in picturesque confusion, and imagines the objects more delightful than they are in reality, and when examined separately. The marquis wrote

“The anatomy of an equivalent ‡.”

“A letter to a dissenter, upon occasion of his majesty’s late gracious declaration of indulgence,” 1687 §.

“An essay upon taxes, calculated for the present juncture of affairs in England,” 1693 ||.

“Advice to a daughter.”

“The character of a trimmer.”

“Maxims of state applicable to all times ¶.”

“Character of bishop Burnet \*\*.”

“A seasonable address to both houses of parliament, concerning the succession, the fears of popery and arbitrary government,” 1681 ††.

\* In order to which, it is best to omit referring even to those authors that are used in the compilation.

† Ecrivains du siècle de Louis XIV.

‡ Printed in the Collection of State Tracts, vol. ii. p. 300.

§ Printed among Somers’s Tracts, vol. ii. p. 364.

|| Somers’s Tracts, vol. iv. p. 63.

¶ Printed among the Works of Villiers duke of Buckingham, vol. ii. p. 137.

\*\* Printed at the end of the Bishop’s History of his own Times.

†† Somers’s Tracts, second collection, vol. iii. p. 346.

“Cautions for choice of parliament-men.”

“A rough draught of a new model at sea.”

“Lord Halifax’s Historical observations upon the reigns of Edward I. II. III. and Richard II. with remarks upon their faithful counsellors and false favourites,” 1689\*.

Seven of these pieces were printed together in octavo, 1704, under the title of “Miscellanies by the late marquis of Halifax.”

“Character of Charles the second, and political, moral and miscellaneous thoughts and reflections;” published by his grand-daughter, the countess of Burlington.

## GEORGE EARL of BERKELEY,

THE first earl of that ancient line, distinguished his piety by bestowing on the public library of Sion-college, for the use of the city-clergy †, a valuable library collected by sir Robert Coke; and by the following religious tract:

“Historical applications and occasional meditations upon several subjects. Written by a person of honour, 1670.” A small duodecimo.

This uncommon little book came out of the library of John Vaughan earl of Carberry, who had written in the title-page the name of the author: it was purchased by Mr. Whiston, to whom I am obliged for it, and who was assured by one of the family that it was certainly lord Berkeley’s, of which the piece itself contains some slight collateral proofs. The dedication signed Constans, is addressed to the lady Harmonia ‡, in whose name there is an epistle to the author, which concludes the book, and in which she calls him

\* Harl. Catal. vol. i. p. 438.

† Vide Collins in Berkeley.

‡ Mary countess of Warwick. See the account of her hereafter among the peeresses.



My lord. A copy of verses by Waller \* is prefixed, calls the author's a *noble* pen, and says, *he drew his well-known pedigree from kings*. Robert Fitzharding, the direct ancestor of the earl of Berkeley, was of the royal house of Denmark.

## THOMAS OSBORNE, DUKE OF LEEDS.

IT is by no means necessary to say any thing of this lord ; he appears in every page of the reign of Charles the second. Burnet † treats him severely : the Peerage vindicates him by a dedication of Dryden ; which one must allow is authority to such a book, for nothing can exceed the flattery of a genealogist, but that of a dedicator. If the earl of Danby was far inferior in integrity to Clarendon and Southampton, he was as much superior to Shaftsbury and Lauderdale. Leeds was one of those secondary characters, who, having been first-minister, submitted afterwards to act a subordinate part in an administration.

His grace published

“Memoirs relating to the impeachment of Thomas earl of Danby [now duke of Leeds] in the year 1678, wherein some affairs of those times are represented in a juster light than has hitherto appeared. With an appendix.” Lond. 1710.

“The earl of Danby's letters in the years 1676, 77, and 78 ; with particular remarks upon some of them,” 1710.

“Another letter MS. is in the Harl. Coll. N<sup>o</sup> 7001.

\* Fenton in his notes on this poem (p. 78) says that lord Berkeley was “of such an undistinguishing affability to men of all ranks and parties, that he had been told, Mr. Wycherley strained his character into that of lord Plausible in the Plain Dealer.”

† Vol. i. p. 351.

*HENRY BOOTH, LORD DELAMER,*  
and EARL of WARRINGTON.

IT is remarkable how many of the fairest names in our story have contributed to grace our memoirs of literature. The lord in question was an author, and, like his father, an active instrument in a revolution of government. Lord Henry, who was thrice imprisoned for his noble love of liberty, and who narrowly escaped the fury of James and Jefferies, lived to be commissioned by the prince of Orange to order that king to remove from Whitehall; a message which he delivered with a generous decency. He was soon dismissed by king William to gratify the Tories; and died in the forty-second year of his age; having written a vindication of his dear friend, under this title,

“The late lord Ruffel’s case, with observations upon it.”

“Speech of the honourable Henry Booth at Chester, on his being elected knight of the shire for that county, March, 1680-81\*.”

“Another speech,” which seems to have been an address to his county, to persuade them to join the prince of Orange †.”

“Charges to the grand jury in 1691, 92, and 93.”

“The works of the right honourable Henry late lord Delamer and earl of Warrington, containing his lordship’s advice to his children, several speeches in parliament, &c. with many other occasional discourses on the affairs of the two last reigns: being original manuscripts, written with his lordship’s own hand.” Lond. 1694, octavo. Dedicated to his son and successor by the publisher I. de la Heuze. At the end is an elegy on the death of his lady.

\* State Tracts, vol. ii. p. 147.

† Ib. p. 434.

*CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL of DORSET*.\*

IF one turns to the authors of the last age for the character of this lord, one meets with nothing but encomiums on his wit and good-nature. He was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles the second, and in the gloomy one of king William: he had as much wit as his first master, or his cotemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought. The latter said with astonishment, "That he did not know how it was, but lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame."—It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too; which made every body excuse whom every body loved; for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to

"The best good man with the worst natured muse."

This line is not more familiar than lord Dorset's own poems to all who have a taste for the genteelest beauties of natural and easy verse, or than his lordship's own bon-mots, of which I cannot help repeating one of singular humour. Lord Craven was a proverb for officious whispers to men in power. On lord Dorset's promotion, king Charles having seen lord Craven pay his usual tribute to him, asked the former what the latter had been saying: the earl replied gravely, "Sir, my lord Craven did me the honour to whisper, but I did not think it good manners to listen." When he was dying, Congreve, who had been to visit him, being asked how he had left him, replied, "'Faith, he flabbers more wit than other people have in their best health.'" His lordship wrote nothing but small copies of verses, most of which have been collected in the late editions of our minor-poets; and with the duke of

\* Having omitted him in his place, as being the author only of speeches and letters, I shall refer my readers for an account of another ornament of this family, EDWARD EARL of DORSET, to Antony Wood, who, vol. ii. page 155, men-

tions several speeches and letters of state of this lord in print; and whose own manly and spirited account of his duel with the lord Bruce is sufficiently known.

Buckingham's works are printed \* two of lord Dorset's poems; as in Prior's posthumous works † is one called

“The antiquated coquet.”

His lordship and Waller are said to have assisted Mrs. Catherine Philips in her translation of Corneille's Pompey.

## WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE of DEVONSHIRE:

A PATRIOT among the men, a Corydon among the ladies †. His friendship with lord Ruffel, his free spirit, his bravery, duels, honours, amours, are well known, and his epitaph will never be forgotten :

WILLIELMUS DUX DEVONIÆ,  
BONORUM PRINCIPUM SUBDITUS FIDELIS,  
INIMICUS ET INVISUS TYRANNIS.

Of his compositions we have

“Two speeches §.”

“A true copy of a paper delivered by the lord Devonshire to the mayor of Derby, where he quartered, November 21, 1688 ||.”

“An allusion to the bishop of Cambray's supplement to Homer, a poem,” of which one or two extracts are to be found in the Peerage ¶. The whole piece is published at length in some editions of the English Telemachus; and at the end of lord Rochester's poems.

\* Vol. ii. p. 14 and 56.

† Vol. i. p. 170.

‡ He is drawn by Shippen in Faction displayed under the character of Narcisso. *Vide Collection of State Poems, vol. iv. p. 91.*

§ Printed in Collins's Peerage, p. 325, 327.

|| State Tracts, vol. ii. p. 438.

¶ Ubi supra, p. 336.

“ Some fragments,” in the Peerage.

“ An ode on the death of queen Mary \*.”

“ A Latin inscription on the tomb of miss Campion, an actres, his mistress.”

## JOHN THOMPSON, LORD HAVERSHAM.

THIS lord, whom Burnet often mentions cursorily, but without thinking him of consequence enough to draw his character, is little known. Being of a republican family, which recommended him †, says the author of his Life, to the earl of Anglesey, the patron of the dissenters, he married the daughter of that earl, who recommended him to the good graces of Charles the second. The king made him a baronet, and offered him the treasurership of the chambers, which he declined; his principles being as yet of a more stubborn temper than those of his father-in-law. The young baronet was active against the measures of the court during the popish reigns, and joined the prince of Orange, by whom he was made a baron and lord of the admiralty. He ‡ offended the tory house of commons who impeached the whig lords in 1701; and the tory administration were eager to remove him. However, being disgusted, as his biographer says §, at the promotion of the earl of Pembroke, “ he took all opportunities of opposing almost every thing that was advanced by the court; and finding no notice taken of him by the court, he went on with his resentment, and was a great obstacle to the occasional conformity-bill, which at that time was voted for by all who had places of trust.” From this time his lordship seems entirely to have abandoned his first principles, and to have given himself up to the high-church party, though he continued to go sometimes to meetings. His historian ascribes this change to the violent measures of the whigs; but after so candid a confession as he had made above of his lordship’s disgusts, the reader will

\* Page 337, and in Rochester’s Works.

† Burnet, vol. ii. p. 278.

‡ Memoirs of the late right honourable John lord Haversham, &c. 1711; a small pamphlet.

§ Page 3.

be apt to think that the *measures* of the whigs were not the sole stumbling-block. Be that as it may, in 1705 we find \* lord Haversham opening the debate against the duke of Marlborough; and in the year 1707 he † was one of the lords that attacked the conduct of the admiralty. In 1708 “ My lord Haversham, a great speech-maker and publisher of his speeches ‡, says the duchess of Marlborough, and who was become the mouth of the party for any extraordinary alarm, was sent privately by the tories to the queen to acquaint her with the discovery, they pretended to have made, of a terrible design formed by the whigs, to bring over one of the house of Hanover, and to force this upon her whether she would or not.” Unluckily this very lord “ had been the man, who had moved for the princess Sophia’s coming over, as a thing necessary for the preservation of the protestant religion.”

The list of his lordship’s performances is as follows :

“ Observations upon several occurrences from the beginning of her majesty’s reign [to the day of his death] by way of memoranda.” It contains only three pages, tending to palliate his change of principles, in which his lordship is not quite so ingenuous as his biographer §.

“ A vindication of the earl of Anglesey, from being the author of the memoirs under his name.” It is contained in a dedication to king William and queen Mary, and in a preface to the earl of Anglesey’s State of the government and kingdom, &c. ||

“ Speech on the bill to prevent occasional conformity,” 1703 ¶.

“ Another speech, November 20, 1704 \*\*.”

“ Speech upon the state of the nation,” 1705 ††.

“ A vindication of that speech ††.”

\* Burnet, p. 429.

† Ib. p. 491.

‡ Conduct of the dowager duchess of Marlborough, p. 163.

§ Printed in the Memoirs of his life, p. 22.

|| See before in the article of Anglesey.

¶ Vide Memoirs of his life.

\*\* Ibid.

†† Ibid.

‡‡ Ib. p. 10.

“ Speech

“ Speech against the bill for recruiting her majesty’s land forces \*.”

“ Several other speeches †.”

“ Account of the proceedings relating to the charge of the house of commons against John lord Haversham ;” most probably written by himself ‡-

*ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER,*  
EARL of *SHAFTSBURY,*

GRANDSON of the chancellor, and a man whose morals were as amiable as the life of the former was hateful. The first was an author only to serve the purposes of the factions in which he was engaged ; the writings of the latter breathe the virtues of his mind, for which they are much more estimable than for their style and manner. He delivers his doctrines in ecstatic diction, like one of the magi inculcating philosophic visions to an eastern auditory !

His principal works are published in three volumes, well known by the title of the

“ Characteristics of men, manners, opinions, times.”

We have besides a small collection of his

“ Letters to Robert Moleworth, esq. [now the lord viscount of that name] with a large introduction,” giving an account of the earl’s public principles, which were just what became an Englishman and a philosopher. One anecdote, not mentioned there, but an instance of his modest ingenuity, ought to be recorded. Attempting to speak on the bill for granting counsel to prisoners in cases of high-treason, he was confounded, and for some time

\* Memoirs of his life, p. 5. † Ibid. ‡ Somers’s Tracts, second collect. vol. iv. p. 384.  
could

could not proceed; but recovering himself he said, "What now happened to him, would serve to fortify the arguments for the bill—if he, innocent and pleading for others, was daunted at the augustness of such an assembly, what must a man be, who should plead before them for his life?"

"A letter concerning design \*."

"Advice to a young clergyman."

"Preface to doctor Whichcot's select discourses," which his lordship published. Octavo.

## JOHN LORD SOMERS,

ONE of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the historians of the last age, and its best authors, represent him as the most incorrupt lawyer and the honestest statesman, as a master orator, a genius of the finest taste, and as a patriot of the noblest and most extensive views; as a man, who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity. He was at once the model of Addison, and the touchstone of Swift; the one wrote from him, the other for him †. The former,

\* Printed in Bickerton's collection, p. 75.

† Since this work was first printed, we have seen doctor Swift's *Four last years of the queen*, where is a character of lord Somers very different from what is here given, and from the picture drawn of him in the dedication to the *Tale of a tub*. Yet, distorted as the features are in this new history, it is a pleasure to find that party-malice attempted to discolour rather than to alter them. How lovely does a character burst forth, when the greatest objections to it are, that it was steady to its principles, of universal civility, conscious of an humble birth, of no avarice, of satisfied ambition, that the person so accused did violence to himself to govern his passions, and [one

can scarce repeat seriously such a charge!] preferred reading and thinking to the pleasures of conversation. How black a statesman, not to be fickle! How poor a philosopher, to master his passions, when he could not eradicate them! How bad a man, to endeavour to improve his mind and understanding!—Can one wonder that lord Bolingbroke and Pope always tried to prevent Swift from exposing himself by publishing this wretched ignorant libel? And could it avoid falling, as it has, into immediate contempt and oblivion?—However, as the greatest characters cannot be clear of all alloy, Swift might have known that lord Somers was not entirely justifiable in obtaining some grants of crown lands, which, though in



former, however, has drawn a laboured, but diffuse and feeble character of him in the *Freeholder* \*, neither worthy of the author nor his subject. It is known that my lord Somers survived the powers of his understanding: Mr. Addison says, "His life indeed seems to have been prolonged beyond its natural term, under those indispositions which hung upon the latter part of it, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing the happy settlement take place which he had proposed to himself as the principal end of all his public labours."—A very wise way indeed of interpreting the will of Providence! As if a man was preserved by Heaven in a state of dotage, till an event should arrive which would make him happy if he retained his senses! Equally injudicious is another passage, intended for encomium, where we are told, "That he gained great esteem with queen Anne, who had conceived many unreasonable prejudices against him!" Mr. Addison might as well have said, that the queen at first disbelieved, and was afterwards converted to sir Isaac Newton's system of comets: her majesty was full as good a judge of astronomy, as of lord Somers's merits. In truth, Mr. Addison was sometimes as weak a writer, when he wrote seriously, as he was admirable in touching the delicacies of natural humour. He says, that my lord Somers was often compared with sir Francis Bacon, and gives the preference to the former, "*because* he, all integrity, did not behave as meanly, when prosecuted by the house of commons, as the other under conviction of guilt." This argument is as poor as the panegyric. To argue from their behaviour, they should have been in similar circumstances. If they are to be compared, the superior penetration of genius cannot be denied to Bacon; the virtue will all be Somers's. If he must be compared with another chancellor, it must not be with Clarendon, who was more morose and severe, had less capacity, and a thousand more prejudices: the great chancellor de l'Hospital seems to resemble Somers most in the dignity of his soul and the elegance of his understanding.

The momentous times in which he lived, gave lord Somers opportunities of displaying the extent of his capacity and the patriotism of his heart; opportunities as little sought for the former, as they were honestly courted and

no proportion to other gains in that reign, it would have become him to resist, not to countenance by his example. Shippen, who could not see one virtue in a minister of king William, has had less modesty even than Swift, and in his Fac-

tion displayed has, in the character of Sigillo, drawn a picture of lord Somers that is more like a minister of Tiberius or Caracalla. *Vide Collect. of State Poems*, vol. iv. p. 89.

\* Of May 14, 1716.

purfued

purfued for the latter. The excellent balance of our conftitution never appeared in a clearer light than with relation to this lord, who, though impeached by a mifguided houfe of commons with all the intemperate folly that at times difgraced the free ftates of Greece, yet had full liberty to vindicate his innocence and manifeft an integrity, which could never have fhone fo bright unlefs it had been juridically afperfed. In our conftitution Ariftides may be traduced, clamoured againft, and, when matter is wanting, fummary addreffes may be propofed or voted \* for removing him for ever from the fervice of the government; but happily the factious and the envious have not a power of condemning by a fhell, which many of them cannot figh.

It was no inglorious part of this great chancellor's life, that, when removed from the adminiftration, his labours were ftill dedicated to the fervice of the government and of his country. In this fituation, above all the little prejudices of a profeflion, for he had no profeflion but that of Solon and Lycurgus, he fet himfelf to correct the grievances of the law, and to amend the vocation he had adorned †. The union of the kingdoms was projected too by him; and it was not to his difgrace, that the princefs, whose prejudices he had conquered, and whose efteem he had gained, offered him up as one of the firft facrifices on the altar of Utrecht,

Such deathlefs monuments of his abilities and virtue diminifh the regret we fhould otherwife feel, that though lord Somers wrote feveral pieces, we are ignorant even of the titles of many of them; fo little was fame his object! This modefty is mentioned particularly in the Freeholder I have quoted. What little I have been able to difcover of his writings are thefe,

“ Dryden's fatire to his mufe ‡.” This, I think, has been difputed; and indeed the grofs ribaldry of it cannot be believed to have flowed from fo humane and polished a nature as lord Somers's.

“ Tranflation of the epiftle of Dido to Æneas §.”

\* As happened in the cafe of lord Somers; † Printed in the third volume of Cogan's edition of the minor poets.  
vide *Burnet*, vol. ii. p. 267; and of fir Robert Walpole.

§ Printed in Tonfon's edition. *Vide Gen. Diſt.* vol. ix. p. 283.

† *Ib.* p. 439.

“ Translation of Ariadne to Theseus \*.”

“ Translation of Plutarch’s Life of Alcibiades †.”

“ A just and modest vindication of the proceedings of the two last parliaments.” 1681, qu°. First written by Algernon Sidney, but new drawn by Somers. Published in Baldwin’s collection of pamphlets in the reign of Charles the second ‡.

“ Other pieces at that time,” not specified §.

“ A speech at a conference on the word *abdicated* ||.”

“ Another on the same occasion.”

“ Speeches at the trial of lord Preston ¶.”

“ His letter to king William on the partition treaty \*\*.”

“ His answer to his impeachment.”

“ Extracts from two of his letters to lord Wharton ††.”

“ Addresses of the lords in answer to addresses of the commons ††.”

\* Vide Life of lord Somers. A small ill-written pamphlet.

of England, explained according to the fundamentals of the English government, &c.”

† Gen. Dict. ubi supra.

|| Ibid.

‡ Burnet, vol. i.

¶ Life, p. 26.

§ Gen. Dict. p. 284. I have met with a small piece, said to be written by lord Somers, which perhaps was one of the tracts hinted at here; it is entitled, “ The security of Englishmen’s lives, or, the trust, power and duty of the grand juries

\*\* Gen. Dict. p. 286.

†† Ib. p. 290.

‡‡ Burnet, vol. ii. p. 378.

“ The argument of the lord-keeper Somers on his giving judgment in the banker’s case, delivered in the Exchequer-chamber, June 23, 1696 \*.”

He was supposed too, but on what foundation I know not, to write “ The preface to doctor Tindal’s Rights of the christian church.”

“ A brief history of the succession collected out of the records, written for the satisfaction of the E. of H.” In the original copy were several additions in lord Somers’s hand, from whence the editor ascribes it to his lordship †.

In 1702 was published a translation of Demosthenes’s Olynthian and Philippic orations by several hands, under the direction, it was said, of lord Somers, who was also supposed to have translated the historic preface of Tourreil, prefixed to them.

## CHARLES MONTAGU, EARL of HALIFAX,

**R**AISED himself by his abilities and eloquence in the house of commons, where he had the honour of being attacked in conjunction with lord Somers, and the satisfaction of establishing his innocence as clearly. Addison has celebrated this lord in his account of the greatest English poets: Steele has drawn his character in the dedication of the second volume of the Spectator, and of the fourth of the Tatler; but Pope in the portrait of Buso in the epistle to Arbuthnot, and Shippen in that of Bathillo †, have returned the ridicule, which his lordship, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden’s Hind and panther. Besides this admirable travesty, lord Halifax wrote

“ An answer to Mr. Bromley’s speech in relation to the occasional conformity bill §.”

\* Harl. Catal. vol. ii. p. 651.

† Vide Somers’s Tracts, fourth coll. vol. iv. p. 167. We have often quoted this work: it is a collection of scarce pieces in four sets of four volumes each in quarto, published by Cogan, from pamphlets chiefly collected by lord Somers. A much more valuable treasure, his lordship’s

collection of original papers and letters, was very lately lost by a fire in the chambers of Mr. Yorke, his majesty’s solicitor-general.

‡ In Faction displayed. *Vide Collection of State Poems*, vol. iv. p. 92.

§ Published in the Memoirs of lord Halifax’s life.

“Seasonable queries concerning a new parliament.” 1710.

“A poem on the death of Charles the second.”

“The man of honour. A poem.”

“Ode on the marriage of her royal highness the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark.”

“Epistle to Charles earl of Dorset and Middlesex, occasioned by king William’s victory in Ireland.”

All which, except the queries, with several of his speeches, have been published together in an octavo volume, with “Memoirs of his lordship’s life.” 1716.

“Verses written at Althrop in a blank leaf of a Waller, on seeing Vandyck’s picture of lady Sunderland\*.”

“Verses written for the toasting-glasses of the kit-cat club,” 1703. His lordship’s are the best of this set.

He drew all the protests, except the last, on a question in the house of lords for thanking the earl of Peterborough †.

## JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE life of this peer takes up fourteen pages and a half in folio in the General Dictionary, where it has little pretensions to occupy a couple:—but his pious relief was always purchasing places for him, herself, and their son, in every suburb of the temple of Fame—a tenure, against which of all

\* State Poems, vol. iii. p. 356.

† Vide Biogr. Brit. vol. v. p. 3155.

others quo-warrantos are sure to take place. The author of the article in the Dictionary calls the duke one of the most beautiful prose-writers and greatest poets of this age; which is also, he says, proved by the finest writers, his cotemporaries—certificates that have little weight, where the merit is not proved by the author's own works. It is certain that his grace's compositions in prose have nothing extraordinary in them; his poetry is most indifferent, and the greatest part of both is already fallen into total neglect. It is said that he wrote in hopes of being confounded with his predecessor in the title; but he would more easily have been mistaken with the other Buckingham, if he had never written at all. He was descended from lord Sheffield, the author mentioned above, had a great deal of bravery, and understood a court. Queen Anne, who undoubtedly had no turn to gallantry, yet so far resembled her predecessor Elizabeth, as not to dislike a little homage to her person.—This duke was immediately rewarded on her accession, for having made love to her before her marriage. Though attached to the house of Stuart and their principles, he maintained a dignity of honour in some points, independent of all connections; for he ridiculed \* king James's religion, though he attended him to his chapel; and warmly took the part of the Catalans against the tory ministry, whom he had helped to introduce to the queen. His works are published in two large volumes in quarto. In Prior's posthumous † works is a little poem to Mrs. Manley on her first play, not printed with the rest of the duke's compositions.

## ROBERT HARLEY, EARL of OXFORD.

THE history of this lord is too fresh in every body's memory to make it requisite to expatiate upon his character. What blemishes it had, have been so severely censured by the ‡ associate of his councils and politics, that a more distant observer has no pretence to enlarge on them. Besides, as the public conduct of this earl, to which alone I know any objections, was called to such strict account by persons of my name, it would be an ungrateful task in me to renew any disturbance to his ashes. He is only mentioned here as author of the following tracts:

Burnet, vol. i. p. 683.

† Vol. i. p. 150.

‡ Lord Bolingbroke.

“ An essay upon public credit, by Robert Harley, esq.” 1710\*.

“ An essay upon loans, by the author of the essay on public credit †.”

“ A vindication of the rights of the commons of England ;” said to be by him, but signed Humphrey Mackworth ‡.

“ Some familiar verses,” published in Swift’s letters, 1766, vol. i.

## EDWARD HOWARD, EARL of SUFFOLK.

A LORD, who with great inclination to versify, and some derangement of his intellects, was so unlucky as not to have his furor of the true poetic fort. He published two separate volumes, the first entitled

“ Miscellanies in prose and verse by a person of quality.” 1725, octavo.

The other, which contains many pieces printed in the former (both being ushered by commendatory verses), is called

“ Musarum deliciæ, containing essays upon pastoral ; ideas supposed to be written above two thousand years ago by an Asiatic poet [who, it seems, wrote in prose, and] who flourished under the reign of the grand Cyrus ; and Sapphic verse ; by a nobleman.” Printed, as appears by a date in the middle of the book, in 1728. The executors of this lord conferred some value on his works, by burning a great number of the copies after his death. Indeed the first volume is not without merit ; for his lordship has transplanted whole pages of Milton into it, under the title of Elegancies.

\* Somers’s Tracts, vol. ii. p. 1. † Ib. p. 10. ‡ Ib. second coll. vol. iv. p. 313.

## DANIEL FINCH, EARL of NOTTINGHAM,

WAS much aspersed during his life, and does not appear to have wished particularly well to those who professed themselves the party of liberty; but this was in times on which posterity will judge better than we who live so near them. Besides his speeches, many of which are printed in a book entitled “An exact collection of the debates of the house of commons held at Westminster, October 21, 1680,” his lordship wrote

“Observations upon the state of the nation in January 1712-13\*.”

“A letter to doctor Waterland;” printed at the end of doctor Newton’s Treatise on pluralities.

“The answer of the earl of Nottingham to Mr. Whiston’s letter to him concerning the eternity of the son of God, and of the holy ghost,” 1721. The university of Oxford, in full convocation, returned his lordship *solemn thanks* for his most noble defence of the christian faith, &c. †” Mr. Whiston published a reply, which ended the controversy.

“Tract on the earl of Danby’s pardon, MS.” I bought it at the sale of Nich. Hardinge, esq. who had it from the earl of Winchelsea.

## CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL of PETERBOROUGH,

ONE of those men of careless wit and negligent grace, who scatter a thousand bon-mots and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the owners stare to find themselves authors. Such was this lord:

\* This piece, which is always ascribed to his lordship, I have been assured from very good authority, was not written by him.

† Vide Peerage in Winchelsea.



of an advantageous figure, and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his journeys, for he is said "to have seen more kings and more postillions than any man in Europe." His enmity to the duke of Marlborough and his friendship with Pope will preserve his name, when his genius, too romantic to have laid a solid foundation for fame, and his politics, too disinterested for his age and country, shall be equally forgotten. He was a man, as his poet \* said, "who would neither live nor die like any other mortal." Yet even particularities were becoming in him, as he had a natural ease that immediately adopted and saved them from the air of affectation. He wrote

"La muse de cavalier, or an apology for such gentlemen as make poetry their diversion, not their business. In a letter from a scholar of Mars to one of Apollo." Printed in The public register or weekly magazine, N<sup>o</sup> 3, p. 88, published by Doddsley, 1741.

"A severe copy of verses on the duchess of Marlborough; addressed to Mr. Harley after his removal from court."

"A ballad, beginning, I said to my heart between sleeping and waking, &c."

He was author too of those well-known lines which conclude

"Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she!"

"Some lines paraphrased from Horace, in Swift's letters, 1766, vol. i."

Four very genteel letters of his are printed among Pope's; and a few more among Swift's.

The first Olynthian of Demosthenes in the edition mentioned before, page 434, was said to be translated by lord Peterborough; as the second was ascribed to the following peer.

The account of the earl's conduct in Spain, taken from his original letters and papers, was drawn up by doctor Freind, and published in 1707, 8vo.

\* See Pope's Letters to Swift, letter 76.

And there are curious anecdotes of his campaigns in the history of the two last wars against France and Spain, by captain George Carleton, octavo, published in 1741. But it is certain that the earl himself wrote memoirs of his own life: three volumes he communicated to the late countess dowager of Suffolk, as she assured me herself.—It is not known what became of them. What lights would they throw on history! He entered the world in the reign of Charles II. and by eighteen was deeply engaged with lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, the latter of whom he attended to the scaffold. A genius so enterprising could not be inactive or uninformed, in the memorable times of James II. and William; as general for Anne he conquered Spain: under George I. his fire was not extinguished; and during part of the son's reign, he lived in intimacy and correspondence with Pope and Swift, showing by his letters that he was as much formed to adorn a polite age, as to raise the glory of a martial one. He lived a romance, and was capable of making it history. The earl is accused of being author of another book, which would not be much to his glory; and though it is far from being proved that he wrote it, the share he had in the transaction to which it related, was of a nature to show that his passions were not always under the governance of strict honour. In the life of the duke of Shrewsbury, in the sixth volume of the *Biographia Britannica* [note C.] it is said that the earl was supposed to be the author of a book called *Memoirs of secret service*, in which he was assisted by doctor Davenant, and which was published under the name of one Smith, tending to accuse the duke of Shrewsbury and the earl of Orford as concerned in the assassination-plot: and it is added, that lord Peterborough, then earl of Monmouth, promised sir John Fenwicke his life if he would accuse those lords: that the house of commons voted this a scandalous design to make a difference between the king and his best friends; and that the house of peers ordered the book to be burnt. The affair is a little intricate, and not without contradictions. Tindal, in his continuation of Rapin, vol. iii. book 25, p. 347, edit. of 1744, fol. tells us, that Smith's book was asserted by Mr. R. Kingston, in his answer to it, to have been written by Tom Brown, the buffoon poetaster; and bishop Burnet has given the deposition of the famous divorced duchess of Norfolk, lord Peterborough's cousin, who declared that lord Peterborough had dictated several papers to her, tending to persuade sir J. Fenwicke to accuse the duke of Shrewsbury; but that sir John would not be guided by the earl, and declared he would not meddle with contrived discoveries. That thereupon the

earl was highly provoked, and threatened, if Fenwicke would not be guided by him, that he, the earl, would get the bill (of attainder) to pass. The bishop adds, that when the matter was depending, his lordship spoke two full hours in the house of lords with a peculiar vehemence in favour of the bill. Vol. ii. p. 192. The cruelty and injustice of this behaviour are not only glaring but incomprehensible; since it is evident by the Journals of the Commons, vol. xi. pp. 577 and 579, that sir John Fenwicke did not only accuse the duke of Shrewsbury, but that that accusation was voted scandalous, as is asserted in the Biogr. And it appears farther from Burnet, that the earl of Peterborough was removed from all his places, and committed to the Tower, for his conduct on that occasion—though king William had such strong impressions of his services at the Revolution, of his abilities, or perhaps of his zeal, that he did all he could to save him. I say zeal; for the only shadow of excuse that can be made for lord Peterborough is, that Smith, who was a mercenary evidence and insignificant spy, having been neglected by the duke of Shrewsbury, had gone to the earl and possessed him with an opinion that the duke had not only been cold to his, Smith's, discoveries, but had retired out of the way when the king should be assassinated. Smith indeed, the bishop tells us, found the earl inclined to listen to his insinuations; and the prelate, who was commanded by the king to soften the censure on the earl, drops a very remarkable expression, which lets us far into the wild impetuosity of the earl's character. "I did not know, says the reverend historian, what new scheme of confusion might have been opened by him, in his own excuse."—Amadis, it seems, was no conscientious politician.

## GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWN,

IMITATED Waller; but as that poet has been much excelled since, a faint copy of a faint master must strike still less. It was fortunate for his lordship, that in an age when persecution raged so fiercely against luke-warm authors, he had an intimacy with the inquisitor-general; how else would such lines as this have escaped the bathos?

“—————when thy gods  
Enlighten thee to speak their *dark* decrees\*.”

\* Heroic love, scene 1.

A fine edition of his works has been published in two volumes quarto; besides which we find

“ A letter from a nobleman abroad to his friend in England.” 1722\*.

“ Answer to a copy of verses from Mrs. Higgins †.”

Lord Lansdown being confined in the Tower in the same room in which sir Robert Walpole had been prisoner, and had left his name on the window, wrote these lines under it,

“ Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,  
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene :  
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,  
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.”

## CHARLES BOYLE, EARL of ORRERY,

OF one of the most accomplished houses in Europe, but the first English peer of this line that was an author, wrote

“ A translation of the Life of Lyfander from Plutarch,” published in the English edition of that author.

“ As you find it, a comedy.”

“ Some copies of verses ‡.”

“ A Latin translation of the epistles of Phalaris, and notes to that author.” This work occasioned the famous controversy with doctor Bentley, a full account of which is given in the life of that great man §, who alone, and un-

\* Somers's Tracts, fourth collection, vol. iv. page 416. † Vide Peerage in Boyle, p. 291; and Biogr. vol. ii. p. 936.

‡ V. Cibber's Lives of the poets, vol. iv. p. 243. § Biogr. vol. ii. p. 737.

worsted, sustained the attacks of the brightest geniuses in the learned world, and whose fame has not suffered by the wit to which it gave occasion.

“ Doctor Bentley’s dissertations on the epistles of Phalaris and the fables of Æsop examined by the honourable Charles Boyle, esq.” a book more commonly known by the title of “ Boyle against Bentley.”

“ An epilogue to his predecessor’s *Altemira*, and several songs in it.”

## PHILIP DUKE of WHARTON,

LIKE Buckingham and Rochester, comforted all the grave and dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries and scrapes, which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compose one. If Julius Cæsar had only *rioted* with Catiline, he had never been emperor of the world. Indeed the duke of Wharton was not made for conquest; he was not equally formed for a round-house and Pharfalia: in one of his ballads he has bantered his own want of heroism; it was in a song he made on being seized by the guard in faint James’s park, for singing the Jacobite air, *The king shall have his own again*,

“ The duke he drew out half his sword.  
——the guard drew out the rest.”

His levities, wit, and want of principles, his eloquence and adventures are too well known to be recapitulated. With attachment to no party, though with talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escorial, the prospect of king George’s garter for the pretender’s; and with indifference to all religion, the frolic lord who had written the ballad on the archbishop of Canterbury, died in the habit of a capuchin.

It is difficult to give an account of the works of so mercurial a man, whose library was a tavern, and women of pleasure his muses. A thousand fallies of his imagination may be lost; he no more wrote for fame than he acted for

it. There are two volumes in octavo called his life and writings, but containing of the latter nothing but

“Seventy-four numbers of a periodical paper called *The true Briton*,” and his celebrated

“Speech in the house of lords, on the third reading of the bill to inflict pains and penalties on Francis lord bishop of Rochester, May 15, 1723.” It is a remarkable anecdote relating to this speech, that his grace, then in opposition to the court, went to Chelsea the day before the last debate on that prelate’s affair, where, acting contrition, he professed being determined to work out his pardon at court by speaking against the bishop; in order to which he begged some hints. The minister was deceived, and went through the whole cause with him, pointing out where the strength of the argument lay and where its weakness. The duke was very thankful, returned to town, passed the night in drinking, and, without going to bed, went to the house of lords, where he spoke *for* the bishop, recapitulating in the most masterly manner, and answering all that had been urged against him. His speech against the ministry two years before, on the affair of the South-sea company, had a fatal effect; earl Stanhope answering it with so much warmth that he burst a blood-vessel and died.

What little I have found besides written by the duke, are

“The ballads above mentioned.”

“History of Mirevais and sultan Ezreff,” printed in *Mist’s journal* \*.

“The drinking-match at Eden-hall, in imitation of Chevy-chase.” It is printed in the first volume of a bookseller’s miscellany called *Whartoniana* †.

“Parody of a song sung at the opera-house by Mrs. Tofts, on her leaving the English stage and returning to Italy ‡.”

\* See Life of the duke of Wharton in *Cibber’s Lives of the poets*, vol. iv. p. 277.

‡ *Ralph’s Poems*, page 131.

† Page 19; and in *Ralph’s Miscellaneous*

His grace began a play on the story of Mary queen of Scots, of which I believe nothing remains but these four lines, preserved in the second volume of the same collection :

“ Sure were I free, and Norfolk were a prisoner,  
I'd fly with more impatience to his arms,  
Than the poor Israelite gaz'd on the serpent,  
When life was the reward of every look.”

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote an epilogue for this play, which is printed in Doddsley's Miscellanies.

“ A letter in Bickerton's Collection,” 1745\*.

## ROBERT LORD RAYMOND:

ONE of those many eminent men who have risen to the peerage from the profession of the law. He was solicitor-general to queen Anne, attorney-general to George I. by whom he was appointed one of the commissioners of the great seal and chief-justice of the King's-bench; in which station he died, having published

“ Two volumes of reports.” Folio.

## LORD CHANCELLOR KING,

WAS related to Mr. Locke, who † on seeing his treatise on the primitive church, persuaded him to apply himself to the law, to the highest dignity of which he rose.

\* Page 29. In the Whartoniana, vol. ii. p. 63, is a little poem ascribed to the duke's mother, lady Wharton, a woman famous for her wit, and second wife of the marquis. His first wife was related to the earl of Rochester, and was a poetess. She has an article in the General Dictionary,

vol. x. where are two of her letters in a very pleasing style, and some of bishop Burnet in a very wretched one, and remarkable for the pains he takes to clear himself from the suspicion of being a Whig.

† Vide Collins's Peerage in King.

We have of his writing

“Enquiry into the constitution, discipline, unity and worship of the primitive church.” 1691.

“History of the apostles creed, with critical observations on its several articles.”

“Two speeches on the trial of doctor Sacheverel.”

“The speech of sir Peter King, knight, recorder of the city of London, at faint Margaret’s-hill, to the king’s most excellent majesty upon his royal entry, September 20, 1714.”

### THOMAS LORD PAGET,

**E**LDEST son of the late earl of Uxbridge, who survived him, published some pieces, particularly

“An essay on human life,” in verse. 1734, quarto.

“Some reflections upon the administration of government.” A pamphlet, 1740.

In both these pieces there is much good sense: the former is written in imitation of Pope’s ethic epistles, and has good lines, but not much poetry.

He wrote other poems and essays, all which he collected into one volume octavo, of which only a few copies were printed to give away.



## SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD,

IS only mentioned in this place in his quality of author: it is not proper nor necessary for me to touch his character here—sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his removal have already written his elogium!

About the end of queen Anne's reign, and the beginning of George the first, he wrote the following pamphlets:

“The sovereign's answer to the Gloucestershire address.” *The sovereign* meant Charles duke of Somers, so called by the whigs. Some paragraphs in this piece were inserted by the marquis of Wharton.

“Answer to the representation of the house of lords on the state of the navy.” 1709.

“The debts of the nation stated and considered, in four papers.” 1710.

“The thirty-five millions accounted for.” 1710.

“A letter from a foreign minister in England to Mons. Pettecum\*.” 1710.

“Four letters to a friend in Scotland upon Sacheverel's trial.” Falsely attributed in the General Dictionary to Mr. Maynwaring, who did not write them, though he sometimes revised Mr. Walpole's pamphlets †.

“A pamphlet ‡ upon the vote of the house of commons with relation to the allies not furnishing their quotas.”

\* See a full account of this person, who was a volunteer negotiator about the time of the treaty of Utrecht, in the *Memoires de Torcy*.

the ludicrous notes on speaker Bromley's travels were ascribed, but falsely, to sir R. W.

† I have seen a catalogue of books in which

‡ Lord O. forgot the title, and I have not been able to recover it.

“ A short history of the parliament.” It is an account of the last session of the queen. It was undertaken by desire of lord Somers and the whig lords, on a Thursday, and printed on the Tuesday following. The dedication was written by Mr. Pulteney, afterwards earl of Bath.

“ The South-sea scheme considered.”

“ A pamphlet against the peerage-bill.” Lord Orford could not remember the title. I have some reason to think it was, “ The thoughts of a member of the lower house in relation to a project for restraining and limiting the power of the crown in the future creation of peers.” 1719.

“ The report of the secret committee, June 9, 1715.”

“ A private letter to general Churchill after lord Orford’s retirement,” was handed about till it got into print\*.

## HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINBROKE,

WITH the most agreeable talents in the world and with great parts, was neither happy nor successful. He wrote against the late king, who had forgiven him; against sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him; against the pretender and the clergy, who never will forgive him †. He is one of our best writers; though his attacks on all governments and all religion [neither of which views he cared directly to own] have necessarily involved his style in a want of perspicuity. One must know the man before one can often

\* It is in Bickerton’s Collection, p. 6.

† Towards the end of doctor Middleton’s life, when great endeavours were used to obtain some preferment in the church for him, he went to archbishop Potter to give such an account of his religious opinions as might take off the pro-

scription against him. But when he found that his former writings had left stronger impressions than his new declarations could efface, he said, “ What then, my lord, am I never to be forgiven?” The prelate replied, “ God, I hope, will forgive you, but you must never expect to be forgiven here.”

guess his meaning. He has two other faults which one should not expect in the same writer, much tautology and great want of connection. Besides his general works, published together since his death in five volumes quarto, several of his letters are preserved with Pope's and Swift's, and a few little pieces of his poetry are extant, for which he had a natural and easy turn.

“ To Clara;” published in several miscellanies.

“ Almahide, a poem\*.”

“ An epilogue to lord Orrery's Altemira †.”

“ Prologue to lord Lansdown's Heroic love;”

“ An ironical copy of verses in praise of the chef d'œuvre d'un inconnu, prefixed to that book.” The initial letters subjoined stand for his lordship's name, titles, and employment in Latin.

“ Three stanzas of an ode in the last scene of the masque of Alfred, by Mallet ‡.”

The following political pieces are not republished in his works :

“ A letter to the examiner.” 1710.

It was answered by earl Cowper [of whom I find no other work except his speeches] under this title, “ A letter to Isaac Bickerstaffe, esq. occasioned by the letter to the Examiner §.”

“ The true copy of a letter from the right honourable the lord viscount Bolinbroke.” Printed in the year 1715 ||.

\* Printed in the Whartoniana, vol. ii. p. 116. are distinguished by asterisks.

† Biograph. vol. ii. 219.

§ Somers's Tracts, fourth coll. vol. iv. p. 5.

‡ Vide the new edition of Mallet's works, 1759, vol. iii. p. 67: lord Bolinbroke's stanzas

|| Ib. p. 253.

“The representation of the right honourable the lord viscount Bolinbroke.” Printed in the year 1715\*.

There has also been published in his lordship’s name, but I do not know on what authority, a piece called

“Reflections concerning innate moral principles, written in French by the late lord Bolinbroke, and translated into English. London, printed for S. Bladon, 1715.”

### JOHN LORD HERVEY,

**W**ROTE many pieces of various kinds: his pamphlets are equal to any that ever were written. Published by himself were,

“Answer to ‘The occasional writer.’” 1727.

“The occasional writer, N<sup>o</sup> IV. to his imperial majesty.”

“Observations on the writings of the Craftsman.”

“Sequel of the observations on the writings of the Craftsman.” 1730.

“Sedition and defamation displayed, with a dedication to the patrons of the Craftsman.”

“A summary account of the state of Dunkirk and the negotiations relating thereto; in a letter from a member of parliament to the mayor of the borough for which he serves.” 1733.

“A letter to the Craftsman on the game of chess.” 1733.

“The conduct of opposition and tendency of modern patriotism.” 1734.

\* Somers’s Tracts, fourth collection, vol. iv. p. 260.

“ Speech on the bill to prevent the settling more lands in mortmain.”

“ Speech for the army.” 1737.

“ A protest against protesting with reasons.”

A paper entitled “ The lords’ protest.”

“ Letter to a country gentleman on the revival of the salt duty.”

“ Account of queen Anne’s bounty.”

“ Letter to the bishop of Bangor on his late sermon upon horses and asses.”

“ On the pyramids, to Mrs. \* \* \*.”

“ The quaker’s reply to a country parson’s plea against the quaker’s bill for tythes.”

“ Letter to the author of Common sense, or the Englishman’s journal, of Saturday April 16, 1737.”

“ Ancient and modern liberty stated and compared.”

“ A letter from a country gentleman to his friend in London, concerning two collections of letters and messages lately published between the K. Q. Pr. and Prfs.”

“ An examination of the facts and reasonings contained in a pamphlet entitled A letter from a member of parliament to his friend in the country, upon the motion to address his majesty to settle 100,000 l. per annum on his royal highness the prince of Wales.” 1739.

“ Some remarks on The minute philosopher.”

“ Epitaph on queen Caroline in Latin and English.”

“Miscellaneous thoughts on the present posture of affairs.” 1742.

“Three speeches on the gin-act.”

“The question stated in regard to the army in Flanders.”

“A letter to Mr. Cibber on his letter to Mr. Pope.”

#### IN VERSE.

“An epistle from a nobleman to a doctor of divinity.” [Dr. Sherwin] 1733.

“To the imitator of the satire of the second book of Horace.”

“Bolinbroke’s address to ambition, in imitation of the first ode of the fourth book of Horace.” 1737.

“The difference between verbal and practical virtue; with a prefatory epistle from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope.” 1742.

“A severe description of Italy,” of which only the translation by Voltaire has been published in the latter’s *Melanges de litterature*, vol. ii. p. 108.

“Some genteel lines on the duchess of Richmond going to supper at Mr. Pulteney’s.”

“Lines under the mezzotinto of Mrs. Oldfield.”

“Receipt to make an epigram.” Printed in a collection called *The sports of the muses*, vol. ii. p. 192.

“A dialogue between the king and lord Carteret.” It is a satirical ballad written in the year 1742, and printed in several miscellanies.

Since his lordship’s decease, there have been printed in Doddsley’s collection of poems the following by lord Hervey,

“To

“ To Mr. Fox [now earl of Ilchester], written at Florence, in imitation of Horace, ode iv. book 2.\*”

“ To the same, from Hampton-court,” 1731 †.

“ Answer to Mr. Hammond’s elegy to Miss Dashwood ‡.”

“ Four epistles in the manner of Ovid §.” That from Roxana to Philocles is a mistake, and should be Roxana to Usbeck. That from Monimia to Philocles is the best of his lordship’s poems ; it was designed for miss Sophia Howe, maid of honour, to the honourable Antony Lowther.

“ Epilogue designed for Sophonisba ¶.”

“ An imitation of Horace, addressed to lord Ilchester ¶¶.”

“ A love-letter \*\*.”

“ A satire in the manner of Persius ††.”

“ Verses on health,” printed in the third part of Almon’s Foundling-hospital for wit, 1769.

Lord Hervey left several other works in prose and verse in manuscript, particularly,

“ Agrippina, a tragedy in rhyme.”

“ Letters to doctor Middleton on the method of filling up the Roman senate.” The doctor formed his own share in this controversy into a treatise published in his works.

“ Memoirs from his first coming to court to the death of the queen.”

\* Vol. iii. p. 181.

† Ib. p. 183.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 79.

§ Ib. p. 82, &c.

¶ Vol. iv. p. 107.

¶¶ Ib. p. 109.

\*\* Ib. p. 110.

†† Vol. v. p. 147.

## HENRY LORD HYDE, and CORNBURY.

THIS amiable and disinterested lord was author of a few pamphlets, published without his name; of some tragedies, still in manuscript; of a comedy called

“The mistakes, or the happy resentment.” Given to Mrs. Porter for her benefit, and printed in 1758 by subscription, with a little preface by the author of this work; and of

“Common sense, or the Englishman’s journal, of Feb. 12, 1737.”

“Letter to David Mallet, esq. on the intended publication of lord Bolingbroke’s MSS.” published in the second volume of the quarto edition of Swift’s correspondence, 1766.

In some of the editions of Pope’s works, prefixed to the Essay on man is a copy of verses signed C. which I believe were written by lord Cornbury.

## HORATIO LORD WALPOLE,

WROTE many political pieces with knowledge, but in a bad style, yet better than his speeches: among others were the following:

“The case of the Hessian troops in the pay of Great Britain.”

“The interest of Great Britain steadily pursued. Part I. In answer to a pamphlet, entitled, The case of the Hanover forces.” 1743.

“A letter to a certain distinguished patriot and applauded orator, on the publication of his celebrated speech on the Seaford petition, in the magazines, &c.” 1748.



“Complaints of the manufacturers, relating to the abuses in marking the sheep, and winding the wool, &c.” 1752.

“Answer to the latter part of lord Bolinbroke’s letters on the study of history.” MS. It was left imperfect; but several copies of the two first parts were printed and given away in May 1762, under this title, “An answer to the latter part of lord Bolinbroke’s letters on the study of history, by the late lord Walpole of Woolterton, in a series of letters to a noble lord, part I. and II.” 1762, qu°. Afterwards published.

“A letter to a person in Holland, written in 1745, and published in the London chronicle, June 8, 1762.

## GEORGE BOOTH, EARL of WARRINGTON.

HAVING been obliged to remove from this catalogue the first peer\* of this family, I am enabled to replace him by his grandson the late earl, who some years ago wrote a tract [though concealing himself for the author] entitled,

“Considerations upon the institution of marriage, with some thoughts concerning the force and obligation of the marriage contract; wherein is considered, how far divorces may or ought to be allowed. By a gentleman. Humbly submitted to the judgment of the impartial.” Lond. printed for John Whiston, 1739. It is an argument for divorce on disagreement of temper. In the introduction his lordship observes, that in the office of the church before matrimony we are enjoined *to consider it as a mystical union between Christ and his church*, and as such forbidden *to take it in hand unadvisedly or lightly*; with an express interdict of the *design of satisfying man’s carnal appetites*. But that the moment the marriage is completed, the same authority declares that nothing can dissolve it, but a deficiency of carnality.

\* Inserted by mistake in the first edition.

## A D D I T I O N S.

*WILLIAM PULTENEY, EARL of BATH,*

**A**N author, whose writings will be better known by his name, than his name will be by his writings, though his prose had much effect, and his verses were easy and graceful. Both were occasional, and not dedicated to the love of fame. Good-humour and the spirit of society dictated his poetry; ambition and acrimony his political writings. The latter made Pope say,

“How many Martials were in Pult’ney lost!”

That loss however was amply compensated to the world by the odes to which lord Bath’s political conduct gave birth. The pen of sir Charles Hanbury Williams inflicted deeper wounds in three months on this lord, than a series of Craftsman, aided by lord Bolingbroke for several years, could imprint on sir Robert Walpole. The latter lost his power, but lived to see justice done to his character. His rival acquired no power, but—died very rich.

I cannot specify the particular papers or pamphlets written by lord Bath during his long opposition to sir Robert Walpole, but he was supposed to have the principal hand in Mif’s and Fogg’s journals and the Craftsman. Such of his poems as are come to my knowledge are,

“Verses on lady Essex Howard,” printed in the Annual register for 1768.

“Riddle on the eye.” Well known. Lord Bath’s wit was not of the delicate kind.

“Epistle from mother Lodge to sir Paul Methuen.”

“Ballad on the maids of honour losing their shifts.”

“On

“ On the various claims to the baronies of Stitch and Knocking.”

“ Ode to Thomas Coke, earl of Leiceſter.”

“ Paul Foley to Nicholas Fazakerley,” imitated from ode xi. book ii. of Horace.

“ Verſes to miſs Pelham.”

“ On the pump-girl at Bath.”

“ Ballad on Strawberry-hill.”

“ Some indecent lines on a lady who aimed at too high a marriage.”

The works in proſe certainly written by lord Bath were,

“ Dedication to the hiſtory of the parliament \*.”

“ A proper reply to a late ſcurrilous libel, entitled, Sedition and defamation diſplayed.” The latter was written by lord Hervey. The reply occaſioned the duel between thoſe two lords.

“ Seaſonable hints from an honeſt man on the preſent criſis.” 1761.

“ N° XVII. of the periodical paper called The World.”

A few of his letters are printed with Swift’s correſpondence.

\* See page 448.

*GEORGE BUBB DODDINGTON,*  
LORD MELCOMB.

A MAN of more wit and more unsteadiness than the preceding ; as ambitious, but less acrimonious ; no formidable enemy ; no sure political, but an agreeable friend. Lord Melcomb's speeches were as dainty and pointed, as lord Bath's were copious and wandering from the subject. Ostentatious in his person, houses and furniture, he wanted in his expence the taste he never wanted in his conversation. Pope and Churchill treated him more severely than he deserved ; a fate that may attend a man of the greatest wit, when his parts are more suited to society than to composition. The verse remains, the bons mots and sallies are forgotten. To lord Melcomb doctor Young inscribed his third satire, and lord Lyttelton the second of his eclogues. He himself, besides other pieces, wrote

“ An epistle to sir Robert Walpole,” printed in Doddsley's collection, in which is the celebrated line quoted by Pope,

“ In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend.”

“ An epistle from John More, apothecary in Abchurch-lane, to lord Carteret, upon the treaty of worms.”

“ Verses in his eating-room at Hammersmith ;” printed in the Annual register, 1761.

“ Verses, written a little before his death, to doctor Young.” Printed in the London chronicle for August 24, 1762 ; and in the Supplement to Doddsley's miscellany.

“ A pamphlet on the expedition to Rochfort ; against Mr. Pitt.”

*JOHN EARL POULETT,*

**T**HE second earl of that line, published a motion he made in the house of lords; and several papers on the militia in 1758.

*CHARLES LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND,*

**S**ON of Charles, and father of George the present viscount, published a pamphlet against the bounty on corn.

*JOHN BOYLE, EARL of CORKE and ORRERY.*

**N**O family perhaps ever produced in so short a time so many distinguished persons, as the house of Boyle. The great earl of Corke; the lord Broghill; that excellent philosopher and man, Mr. Boyle; the lord Carleton; Charles earl of Orrery; lord viscount Shannon, the general; the earl of Shannon, so long speaker of the house of commons in Ireland; and the restorer of taste in architecture, the late earl of Burlington; were not the only ornaments of the same illustrious line. The late earl of Corke, though not the brightest of his race, was ambitious of not degenerating; and united to the virtues of his family their love of science and literature. It was a valuable present his lordship made to the world in writing

“The life of doctor Swift.” Lord Corke wrote besides,

“A poem on the young duke of Buckingham,” printed under the article of Sheffield in the General Dictionary.

“ Some lines on the death of his father,” printed in Budgell’s life of that peer.

“ Prologue to Mallet’s masque of king Alfred.”

“ N<sup>o</sup> XLVII. LXVIII. CLXI. CLXXXV. of The World.”

“ Translation of Pliny’s epistles.”

“ Preface and notes to the Memoirs of Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth,” published by his lordship.

“ Preface to Mrs. Lenox’s translation of Pere Brumoy’s Greek theatre.”

“ Two letters to doctor Swift,” printed with the dean’s correspondence.

## *CHARLES SACKVILLE, DUKE of DORSET,*

**P**OSSESSED the hereditary talent of his family ; and though a poet of no eminence, had a genteel style in his verses, that spoke the man of quality, without subjecting him to the ridicule that has been so justly lavished on what were formerly called poems by a person of honour. This duke wrote

“ Verses on the beauties.”

“ A poem,” printed in Dodsley’s Museum.

“ Arno’s vale,” a song on the death of John Gaston, great duke of Tuscany, written at Florence.

“ Anacreontic on the death of sir Henry Bellendine,” in April, 1764.

“ A treatise on the militia.”

*RICHARD*

*RICHARD LORD EDGECUMBE,*

THE second peer of a family long distinguished by talents, integrity and honour, must be added to the foregoing list, though with a slenderer portion of fame than his genius deserved and promised, as very few of his compositions have been printed, as the best of them were too strongly marked by the warmth of his age and imagination to be fit for the public eye, and as all of them were the productions of his most careless hours. He was a poet from fancy, not from meditation; yet he possessed those graces which study cannot give, ease and harmony, the fruits of taste and a good ear. What elegance might he not have attained, had application been added to strong parts, to humour that was the result of truth, and to wit that never was the offspring of ill-nature! These encomiums hereafter will sound like flattery. No; friendship feels, but justice dictates; and very many who knew lord EdgECumbe, know they are not exaggerated. As he has left so little to speak for him, the same friendship must be indulged in expatiating a moment longer on so singular and amiable a character: and if, when I am reprinting my own works, I am perhaps but burying the dead, let me please myself in placing a tablet in the same cemetery to the memory of my friend!

I may with propriety mention him here, or in my Anecdotes of painting. In the latter art he had the genius of a master, before he could write man. His drawings were at once correctly true and great. He could deliver his ideas with his pencil as precisely as with language, and no man ever was more exact in seizing the point of truth, or in rendering it with perspicuity. His eye never saw falsely; his tongue knew not how to be false. It was this impression of truth that constituted the reigning peculiarity of his character. He felt it to minuteness; and had no more notion of affecting a virtue he did not possess, than he was capable of concealing a fault of which he was sensible. He spoke his own thoughts, and mentioned his own actions, with as much indifference as if he had no property in them. His manner and style were very particular; and not the less so, for not being affected. Nature made him what affectation makes others, singular; but with the advantage that

that nature always has over art, his singularity was pleasing. To be agreeable is the most difficult task that art finds in copying nature.

With the most excellent talent for imitating whatever he saw, no entreaties could engage him to exaggerate. A heart without gall checked a hand that was master of caricatura.

That he had defects, it would be unworthy a friend of his to deny: if I slide over them it is pardonable. It was becoming in him alone, not to conceal them. Yet it is strict justice to his memory to aver, that he never had a fault but to himself; he never had an enemy but himself.

He left several copies of verses; one of the worst, a letter to his mistress on a journey, was printed in 1752. The well-known print of Mary Squires, the gipsy, falsely accused by Elizabeth Canning, was taken from lord Edgumbe's drawing.

F I N I S.

SUPPLEMENT.



## S U P P L E M E N T.

*HAVING found some scattered passages relating to some other lords, which scarcely entitle them to places in this catalogue, and which yet make me doubtful whether they should not be inserted; I choose to range them here: and if hereafter more evidence relating to them shall be discovered, they may be distributed in their proper order.*

## ANTONY BROWN, VISCOUNT MONTACUTE.

**I**T is against my rule to reckon peers as authors, of whom nothing is extant but speeches or letters. Indeed where there is a presumption that either were published by the persons themselves, it makes a difference. I should not record this lord at all, but from his being mentioned as a writer by bishop Tanner for his

“ Speech in the house of lords against the alteration of religion \*.”

“ One of his letters is preserved among the Harleian MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 283, 100: another, ib. 703, 14.”

Of his grandson, Antony, the next viscount, is extant in MS. “ A book of orders and rules, established for the better direction and government of his household and family, together with the several duties and charges appertaining to his officers and other servants, 1595.” It is rather a collection of forms and ceremonies to be used about his person and in his house, than any thing else, and is a ridiculous piece of mimicry of royal grandeur; an instance of ancient pride, the more remarkable, as the peer who drew it up was then barely 24 years of age. There are no fewer than 36 different ranks

\* Page 131.

of servants whom he calls his officers; and yet it is observable, though the whole line were rigid catholics, that no mention is made of his chaplains or priests. His only ecclesiastic is his almoner, and his business it seems was to light the fires in the hall.

*HENRY CLIFFORD*, EARL OF  
CUMBERLAND,

**T**HE second of that title, has but little claim to a place in this list, unless any farther discoveries are made of his writing than

“Some verses which he composed on his father’s presenting a treatise of natural philosophy in old French to the priory of Bolton, and which with the book itself were preserved in Mr. Thoresby’s museum at Leeds\*.”

LORD CHANCELLOR *HATTON*.

**W**OOD says †, “He wrote, as it is said, several things pertaining to the law; but none of them are extant, only this, if I may say it is his, and not his name set to it for sale-fake,”

“A treatise concerning statutes or acts of parliament, and the exposition thereof.” Lond. 1677, octavo.

“Speeches spoken during the time of his chancellorship.” MS.

“Two letters among the Burleigh Papers published by Murdin.”

“Two more among the Harleian MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 6993, 21; and 6994, 79.”

Christopher lord Hatton, his kinsman and successor, published

\* Vide Ducat. Leod. p. 538.

† Athenæ, vol. i. p. 253.

“The psalms of David, with titles and collects according to the matter of each psalm.” Printed at Oxford, 1644, octavo; afterwards enlarged and published several times. Wood says\*, that they were compiled by doctor Jer. Taylor, though they go under the name of the lord Hatton.

I have been told that there is extant a manuscript written by the second lord Hatton, entitled

“A brief state of Guernsey, by the right hon. Christopher lord Hatton, present governor of the said island.”

### *LIONEL CRANFIELD, EARL of MIDDLESEX.*

**P**REFIXED to Coryat's Crudities (a book not more foolish than the commendatory verses of the wits of the age, who meant to turn the author into ridicule) is a copy by Lionel Cranfield, then a merchant of London, afterwards earl of Middlesex and lord high treasurer; a man, whose suppleeness and parts carried him to the greatest height, and whose ingratitude and want of judgment made his fall more precipitate than his elevation. He rose by flattering the duke of Buckingham; but deceiving himself in the imagination that king James was grown weary of his favourite and meant to deprive him of his power, “he had the courage, says lord Clarendon †, the baseness, says truth, to withdraw from his absolute dependence on the duke, and make some other essays, which proved to his ruin.” Had the earl withstood the arbitrary directions of the favourite, while in the zenith of his power, and showed him that even gratitude could not bias him to be a lawless tool, he had acted bravely and honestly.—With the noble historian's leave, I do not see the courage of a creature proposing to trample on a falling minion, to whom he owed his fortune. When it erects parasites into patriots, what is history? It is remarkable that this city-born grandee lived to be committed to the Compter by an alderman ‡. I have met with no other of his lordship's compositions.

\* Athenæ, vol. i. p. 254.

† Vol. i. p. 11.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 105.

## JOHN HOLLES, EARL of CLARE,

A MAN too remarkable to be omitted, while there was the least foundation for inscribing him in this catalogue; yet was that foundation too slight to range him in form as an author.

His \* person was lofty and noble, his courage daring, his eloquence useful, his virtues often at war with his interest, as often accommodating themselves to it. A volunteer in the Netherlands under sir Francis Vere; a seaman in one of the greatest scenes on which his country ever acted, the naval war of 1588; at which time his active strength was so extraordinary, that he could climb the tallest ship, though locked in the unwieldy armour of those days. He distinguished himself in Hungary; in Ireland he was knighted for his public valour; his private was successful in duels. He encountered little less danger in provoking the resentment of those mighty ministers, Burleigh and Buckingham, the one for his mistress, the other for his friend—the cause of the latter he never deserted: he praised Raleigh, when dead; stuck to Somerset, when fallen; defended the earl of Oxford, when oppressed by the power of Villiers. Yet with this bold spirit of ancient times, he had much of the character of far more modern patriots. He often opposed the court from personal disgusts, often returned to it for private views; loudly stigmatized the traffic of peerages, yet bought both his barony and his earldom; and, approaching his resemblance to very modern patriots, offended the king by accusing him † of a design to introduce a body of *German* horse. He had originally been of the band of pensioners to queen Elizabeth, when the poorest gentleman of the troop had 4000 *l.* per annum: his next preferment at court was comptroller to prince Henry. Soon after his death, Holles was disgraced and imprisoned ‡ for a cause, which, though called trivial by his relation and biographer, leaves no favourable impression of his memory. It

\* See his Life written by Gervase Holles, his kinsman, in Collins's *Histor. collections of the noble families of Cavendish, Holles, &c.* and in the *Biographia*.

† Charles the first.

‡ He was also prosecuted in the Star-chamber, for living in town without leave. *Strafford Papers*, vol. i. p. 337.

was for having a private conference with Garnet and another jesuit at their execution. That brutal and corrupt man, sir Edward Coke, pleading with his accustomed acrimony in the Star-chamber against Holles, asked him this elegant question :

“ Et quæ tanta fuit Tyburn tibi causa videndi ? ”

What was still more memorable, the politic criminal bought himself out of prison into a peerage, by a present of 10,000 *l.* to Buckingham ; and for 5000 *l.* more obtained from the same market the earldom of Clare, which had just been refused to the earl of Warwick, on a solemn declaration of the court-lawyers, that it was a title peculiar to the blood-royal, and not to be allowed to a meaner subject,

Indeed, audacious as the profligacy of that court was, it is to be suspected that the earl of Clare had another private key to the gate of his prison. He had been of the household to prince Henry ; and was a bold speaker : a man whose resentments had carried him to visit condemned jesuits, was a dangerous person if possessed of a court-secret—and that he was, some mysterious lines written in his pocket-book seem strongly to intimate : they begin thus :

“ Acteon once Diana naked spied  
At unawares, yet by his dogs he died, &c.”

The writer of his Life says indeed that the earl did not believe prince Henry poisoned ; but he mentions an *if*, which adds much more weight to the suspicion, than the negation could take from it : nor is his supposal, that the earl would have hated Somerfet if he had known him guilty, of any force : the morals of Clare were not always rigid.

Perhaps I have been too diffuse on a man who scarcely comes within my plan ; but the singularity of his life and fortunes has drawn me beyond a just length. I will conclude with mentioning, that towards the end of his life he was on the point of being declared lord treasurer [as his friend Somerfet was of being restored to favour] ; that he once more offended the court by refusing the order of the Bath for his two sons, from resentment of the disgrace of another friend, archbishop Williams ; and that he was father

of the famous patriot lord Holles; and father-in-law of the more famous minister, lord Strafford. He wrote

“ An answer to some passages of sir Francis Bacon’s essay on empire.”

“ Epitaph on his son Francis, in Westminster-abbey :” the tomb is remarkable for its simplicity and good taste.

“ Epitaph on sir Walter Raleigh.”

“ The verses in his pocket-book, mentioned above.”

“ A speech in behalf of the earl of Oxford.” The bishops having uniformly voted against the earl, to pay their court to Buckingham who opposed him, lord Clare passing by their bench the next day, said to them, “ My lords, I observed yesterday you went all one way, and yet you shall not all be bishops of Canterbury\*.”

“ A sensible and cautious letter of advice to his son-in-law Strafford.” Lord Clare was admired for his letters; and Howel in two of his bears testimony to the earl’s learning and skill in languages.

“ A letter to lord Burleigh on his speech in the Star-chamber in derogation of sir John and his ancestors †.”

## THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD,

IS not recorded here for his speeches and letters, those chef-d’œuvres of sense, of nervous and pathetic eloquence; but on occasion of an elegy with some affecting lines, said to have been composed by him the night be-

\* In lord Clarendon’s Continuation of his history it is said that the king [Charles II.] sent *his commands* to the bench by the archbishop to vote against their best friend the falling chancellor. They never received so unparliamentary an order

on a worse occasion; and from his lordship’s silence it is probable that they never obeyed it less to their honour.

† MS. in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum, N<sup>o</sup> 36, 59.

fore his execution. It has been re-published in the collection\* of tracts called lord Somers's; but in a subsequent † volume we are told that it was a fiction, avowed afterwards by another person. Most probably it was not genuine: that hero had other ways of venting his scorn than in sonnets and madrigals. When the lieutenant of the Tower offered him a coach, lest he should be torn to pieces by the mob in passing to execution; he replied, "I die to please the people, and I will die in their own way." With such stern indifference to his fate, he was not likely to debase his dignity by puerile expressions of it.

His own notes taken at his trial, and a remarkable letter in apology for his ambition, are extant in the Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 2233; and 7000, 34.

*WILLIAM FIENNES, VISCOUNT SAY  
and SEALE,*

**I**S said to be author of a tract extant in the Sunderland library at Blenheim, called  
"The Scotch design discovered." Quarto, 1654.

LORD-KEEPER *COVENTRY.*

**B**ESIDES recapitulating several of his speeches in print, Wood says † he hath extant

"An answer to the petition against recusants."

And that there goes under his name another piece, called

"Perfect and exact directions to all those that desire to know the true and just fees of all the offices belonging to the court of Common-pleas, Chancery, &c." Lond. octavo.

\* Second coll. vol. ii. p. 9.

† Fourth coll. vol. i. p. 83.

‡ Vol. i. p. 627.

Among

Among the Harl. MSS. is the following piece,

“ Ordinances made by the lord-keeper Coventry (with the aidge and assistance of sir J. Cæsar, &c.) for the redress of fundry errors, defaults and abuses in the high court of Chancery \*.” And “ A paraphrase on the king’s speech †.”

### EDWARD LORD MONTAGU,

FATHER of the first duke of Montagu, made, when a young man, a good translation into Latin, of Michael Drayton’s epistle from Henry II. to Rosamond. It is printed at the end of a wretched collection of poems, called *Amanda*, by one N. Hookes, printed in 1653. The volume is dedicated to lord Montagu. It is remarkable that, though the Latin is in general pure and Ovidian, his lordship has in one place Latinized a word entirely English, *lullabit*.

### JOHN LORD LUCAS.

AS it was burnt by the hands of the hangman ‡, his lordship himself probably published his

“ Speech in the house of peers, February 22, 1671, upon the reading the subsidy-bill the second time in the presence of his majesty §.” In the State Poems I find one ||, alluding to this speech, called “ Lord Lucas’s ghost.”

\* N° 2207, art. 10.

not. Vol. ii. p. 59.

† N° 2305, art. 8.

§ State Tracts, vol. i. p. 454.

‡ Marvel says he owned part was his, part || Vol. i. p. 173.



*HENRY\** LORD ARUNDEL  
of WARDOUR,

ONE of the lords imprisoned for the popish plot, had behaved with distinguished bravery in the quarrel of Charles the first; but the merits of his religion and sufferings were stronger recommendations to James the second, in whose short reign lord Arundel was lord privy-seal and much trusted. In a paltry collection, called Loyal poems, printed in 1685, by one of the lowest tools of the Roman catholic faction, I find

“Five little meditations in verse,” ascribed to this lord, and said to be written whilst he was prisoner in the Tower.

In another poem in this collection, p. 227, it is said that Arundel was to have been chancellor. Another, on the death of Charles the second, is so ridiculously bad that I cannot help quoting the two first lines of it,

“Hang all the streets with fable sad; and call  
The royal palace, *Black*, and not Whitehall.”

The most remarkable piece in this miscellany, in which there are a few of a better style, is the elegy of Charles the first, which I have mentioned before, and which being printed and ascribed to him in the Life of his son, is a strong presumption of its authenticity.

\* His ancestor Thomas, the first lord Arundel, having for his valiant behaviour in Hungary been created by the emperor Rodolph a count of the empire, and being imprisoned by queen Elizabeth for receiving that honour without her permission, wrote an apology for himself in a letter to lord Burleigh, which is printed in Peck's *De-fiderata curiosa*, book vii. p. 51: and some letters

to the queen, which were extant MSS. in Thoresby's museum, p. 532. What is remarkable in this piece is, that he mentions an earl of Somersset, created by a pope (and who was called *the apostolic earl*), and an earl of Winchester, by a king of France. In a few pages it will be seen that one of the emperors made a duke of Northumberland.

*FORD LORD GREY,*

**A** MAN, converted into an author, as any malefactor might be, if his crimes soared high enough to make him of consequence to history. The confession of his share in a plot and in a rebellion happening to be preserved, has been lately given to the public: where found, or by whom published, is not known; but universally believed genuine: if genuine, authenticating remarkably the Rye-house conspiracy, which, exploded at the time of its existence, seems to have taken its place in credit, in the room of the popish plot, so firmly the belief of all good whigs in the reign of Charles II. I shall say no more of this worthless man, but that he is the hero of those love-letters, which the tender heart of Mrs. Manley or Mrs. Haywood lamented the loss of, and supplied, between him and his sister-in-law; and that he was made earl of Tankerville by king William. His book is called

“The secret history of the Rye-house plot and of Monmouth’s rebellion, written by Ford lord Grey in 1685. Now first published from a MS. signed by himself before the earl of Sunderland. 1754.”

*ROBERT SPENCER, EARL of  
SUNDERLAND,*

**H**AVING been loaded with variety of accusations for the lengths he had gone in countenancing popery to flatter king James, and with betraying him afterwards to the prince of Orange, published a vindication of his conduct, called

“The earl of Sunderland’s letter to a friend in the country, &c. March 23, 1689\*.”

\* Somers’s Tracts, vol. i. p. 602.

*THOMAS*

*THOMAS GREY, EARL of STAMFORD,*

**P**UBLISHED his speech at the general quarter-sessions held for the county of Leicester at Michaelmas 1690; his lordship being made custos rotularum for the said county by the late lords commissioners of the great seal. Lond. 1692, quarto, with a preface.

*JOHN LORD JEFFERIES,*

**S**ON of the noted chancellor. I find two little pieces ascribed to this lord in the collection of state-poems in four volumes quarto. One is called

“A fable\*.” The other †,

“A burlesque translation of an elegy on the duke of Gloucester.”

*JOHN LOWTHER, VISCOUNT LONSDALE,*

**T**HE first peer and father of the last peer of that line, was instrumental to the Revolution, and so much esteemed by king William, who made him lord privy-seal, that when through ill health he was obliged to retire from business, the king would not suffer him to resign the seal, but ordered him to take it into the country with him. He wrote

“A treatise on œconomics,” addressed to his son, MS. in the hands of sir James Lowther. Another copy was in the possession of sir John Ramsden, his lordship’s grandson.

\* Vol. ii. p. 241.

† Vol. iii. p. 342.

*GEORGE VERNEY, LORD WILLOUGHBY  
DE BROKE*

**A**ND dean of Windſor, published a few ſermons on public occaſions. His ſon, Richard lord Willoughby, was mad, and wrote verſes, ſome of which he printed, particularly a copy on the wedding of the princeſs royal Anne and the prince of Orange, in 1732. There is no ſenſe, no poetry, no metre, no numbers in them: though deſigned for heroics, ſome of the lines have only eight feet, and others fifteen and ſixteen. On the Dutch drinking port on the marriage, his lordſhip ſays,

“ The gaudy ſtreets are dyed with crimſon ſtream,  
And Portugal throughout the Hague does ſeem.”

A little farther,

“ At Helvoetſluys ſee pleaſure all on float,  
See no laborious men, no careful boat:  
Could fiſhes know how they’re employ’d in merry ſchemes,  
Thus to eſcape, they’d bleſs themſelves in quiet ſtreams.”

*ROBERT DUDLEY, DUKE of  
NORTHUMBERLAND,*

**C**ALLED the natural ſon, probably the legitimate ſon, of the great earl of Leiceſter, having been deprived of his birth-right, and never acknowledged as a peer of England, could not with propriety be claſſed among that order: yet he was too great an honour to his country to be omitted; and it is the duty of the meaneſt hiſtorian, and his felicity to have in his power, to do juſtice to the memory of the deſerving, which falls not within the compaſs of particulars to procure to the living.

the Dudleys in the *Biographia* has already retrieved the fame of this extraordinary person from oblivion; and therefore I shall touch but very few particulars of his story. He \* was educated under sir Thomas Chaloner, the accomplished governor of prince Henry, and distinguished his youth by martial achievements, and by useful discoveries in the West Indies. But it was the house of Medici, those patrons of learning and talents, who fostered this enterprising spirit, and who were amply rewarded for their munificence by his projecting the free port of Leghorn. He flourished in their court †, and in that of the emperor, who declared him duke of Northumberland; a dukedom remarkably confirmed to his widow, whom Charles the first created duchess Dudley. Antony Wood says ‡, “The duke was a complete gentleman in all suitable employments, an exact seaman, an excellent architect, mathematician, physician, chymist, and what not? He was a handsome personable man, tall of stature, red-haired, and of admirable comport, and above all noted for riding the great horse, for tilting, and for his being the first of all that taught a dog to sit in order to catch partridges.” The same author gives this list of his works:

“Voyage to the island of Trinidada and the coast of Paria, 1594, 1595 §.”

“*Del arcano del mare, &c.*” Firenze, 1630, 1646; in two volumes folio; full of mathematical cuts, sea-charts, fortifications, &c.

“A discourse to correct the exorbitances of parliaments, and to enlarge the king’s revenue ||. Written in the year 1613.” This is the only uncommendable performance of our author’s life; and as it was attended by an extraordinary anecdote, the reader is desired to take a little notice of it, one very particular circumstance having never, as I know, been remarked. This paper, by which Dudley had sought to ingratiate himself with James the first, concluding no method so easy or sure for recovering his own right as to

\* Wood, vol. ii. p. 126. See a full account of sir Thomas Chaloner and his family in the *Ædes Walpoleanæ*, and in *Birch’s Life of prince Henry*.

† Where he endeavoured to bring about a match between the great duke’s sister and Henry

prince of Wales. See *Birch*, p. 321.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 27.

§ See *Hakluyt’s third volume of English voyages*, p. 574.

|| *Rushworth*, vol. i. in the appendix, p. 12.

instruct the king how to usurp upon the rights of his subjects, this paper had long lain neglected; but in the year 1628, an information was filed by sir Robert Heath, attorney-general, in the Star-chamber, against the earls of Bedford, Somerset, and Clare, sir Robert Cotton, John Selden and Oliver St. John\*, for dispersing this shameless libel. Foulis † would ascribe this publication to the patriots, who meant to make the king odious; a most improbable charge, and not at all confirmed by what really happened afterwards, when it was re-published under the title of "Strafford's plot." There is great reason to presume that this attack on parliaments was not made without the connivance of the court, at least was not disagreeable to it; the attorney-general receiving orders, in the middle of the prosecution, to dismiss the cause, on pretence that his majesty was willing to extend his royal lenity to his subjects on the birth of a prince, of whom the queen was just delivered. The remarkable incident unnoticed, was the earl of Somerset being involved in this trial; that haughty and fallen favourite, generally supposed to have dragged out the remainder of his life in infamy and obscurity, but who here appears engaged in state-intrigues with some of the greatest lords at that period.

"Catholicon." A physical book. He also discovered a purging powder, which passes under the name of a physician who wrote a book on the virtues of it, and dedicated it to the duke. Considering how enterprising and dangerous a minister he might have made, and what variety of talents were called forth by his misfortunes, it seems to have been happy both for the duke and his country, that he was unjustly deprived of the honours to which his birth gave him pretensions.

\* It is not the least particularity of this anecdote to find the names of two such eminent patriots as Selden and Oliver St. John among men who propagated a plan for the reduction of parliaments. The lengths which St. John went afterwards *with* the parliament were perhaps noun-

natural consequence of a temper that had dipped into the contrary extreme to make his court.— Selden was a more temperate man and of fairer repute. See also *Usher's Letters*, pp. 414, 418.

† Hist. of Plots, book i. p. 68.

## P E E R E S S E S.

*AS a thick quarto\* volume has been published within these few years of such illustrious women as have contributed to the republic of letters, I shall be very brief on this head, having little to add to what that author has said.*

MARGARET, COUNTESS of RICHMOND  
and DERBY,

THE mother of Henry the seventh, to whom she seems to have willingly ceded her *no* right to the crown, while she employed herself in founding colleges, and in acts of more real devotion and goodness than generally attend so much superstition. While she was yet young and a rich heiress, the great duke of Suffolk, minister to Henry the sixth, or rather to queen Margaret, solicited her in marriage for his son, though the king himself wooed her for his half-brother Edmund. On so nice a point the good young lady advised with an elderly gentlewoman, who thinking it too great a decision to take upon herself, recommended her to saint Nicholas, who, whipping on some episcopal robes, appeared to her and declared in favour of Edmund. The old gentlewoman, I suppose, was dead, and saint Nicholas out of the way; for we hear nothing of the lady Margaret consulting either of them on the choice of two other husbands after the death of earl Edmund, by whom she had king Henry. Sir Henry Stafford, the second, bequeathed to his son-in-law a trappur of four new horse harness of velvet; and his mother the duchess of Buckingham, in consideration of the lady Margaret's great affection for literature, gave her the following legacy by her will: "To my daughter

\* Memoirs of several ladies of Great Britain who have been celebrated for their writings, &c." by George Ballard, 1752.

Richmond a book of English, being a legend of saints; a book of French, called *Lucun*; another book of French of the epistles and gospels; and a primer with clasps of silver gilt, covered with purple velvet\*.”

Her virtues are exceedingly celebrated: “her humility was such that she would often say, on condition that the princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against their common enemy the Turks, she would most willingly attend them and be their laundress in the camp †.” And for her chastity, the reverend Mr. Baker, who re-published bishop Fisher’s funeral sermon on her, informs us, “that in her last husband’s days she obtained a licence of him to live chaste, whereupon she took upon her the vow of celibacy.”—A boon as seldom requested, I believe, of a third husband, as it probably would be easily granted.

This princess published

“The mirroure of golde for the sinfull soule, translated from a French translation of a book called *Speculum aureum peccatorum*. Emprynted at London, in Fletstrete, at the signe of St. George, by Richard Pynson.” Quarto, with cuts on vellum ‡.

“Translation of the fourth book of doctor J. Gerson’s treatise of the imitation and following the blessed life of our most merciful saviour Christ.” Printed at the end of doctor William Atkinson’s English translation of the three first books, 1504.

“A letter to her son is printed in Howard’s collection of letters §.”

She also, by her son’s command and authority, “made the orders [yet extant] for great estates of ladies and noble women, for their precedence, attires, and wearing of barbes at funerals over the chin and under the same ||.” They are extant among the Harleian MSS. ¶

\* Dugdale.

† Camden’s Remains, p. 271, edit. 1651.

‡ Ballard, p. 16.

§ Page 155.

|| Ballard and Sandford.

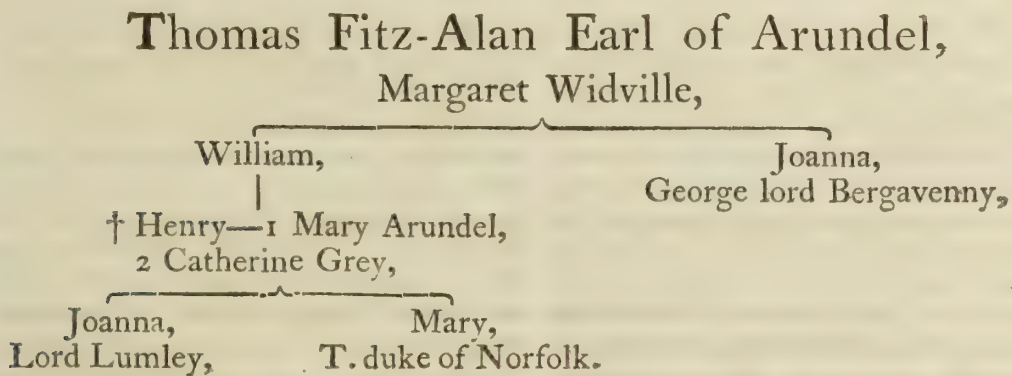
¶ N<sup>o</sup> 1107, art. 100.



JOANNA LADY BERGAVENNY.

IN lord Oxford's library was the following book\* :

“ The monument of matrons, containing seven several lamps of virginities or distinct treatises, compiled by Thomas Bently,” black letter, no date. In the beginning was a note written by the reverend Mr. Baker, saying that this book contained several valuable pieces or prayers, by queen Katherine, queen Elizabeth, *the lady Abergavenny and others*. If I guess right, this lady Abergavenny was Joanna, daughter of Thomas Fitz-Alan earl of Arundel, wife of George lord Bergavenny, who died in the twenty-seventh of Henry the eighth, and niece of that bright restorer of literature, Antony earl Rivers. If my conjecture is just, she was probably the foundress of that noble school of female learning, of which [with herself] there were no less than four authoresses in three descents, as will appear by this short table, and by the subsequent account of those illustrious ladies :



\* Harl. Catal. vol. i. p. 100.

† This lord had a valuable library, in which were many MSS. saved out of convents at the dissolution, and which descended to his son-in-law

the lord Lumley, after whose death it was purchased by James I. for prince Henry, and is now in the Museum, several of the books having the names of Arundel and Lumley in them.

*Vide Birch's Life of Pr. Henry, pp. 161, 163.*

## LADY JANE GRAY.

THIS admirable young heroine should perhaps be inserted in the Royal Catalogue, rather than here, as she was no peers; but having omitted her there, as she is never ranked in the list of kings and queens, it is impossible entirely to leave out the fairest ornament of her sex. It is remarkable that her mother [like the countess of Richmond before mentioned] not only waved her \* small pretensions in favour of her daughter, but bore her train when she made her public entry into the Tower †.

Of this lovely scholar's writing we have

“Four Latin epistles,” three to Bullinger, and one to her sister the lady Catherine; printed in a book called “*Epistolæ ab ecclesiæ Helveticæ reformatoribus, vel ad eos scriptæ, &c.*” Tiguri, 1742, octavo. The fourth was written the night before her death in a Greek testament in which she had been reading, and which she sent to her sister.

\* It is very observable how many defects concurred in the title of this princess to the crown. I. Her descent was from the younger sister of Henry the eighth, and there were descendents of the elder living, whose claim indeed had been set aside by the power given by parliament to king Henry to regulate the succession: a power which, not being founded on national expedience, could be of no force; and additionally invalidated by that king having by the same authority settled the crown preferably on his own daughters, who were both living. II. Her mother, from whom alone Jane could derive any right, was alive. III. That mother was young enough to have other children [not being past thirty-one ‡ at the death of king Edward]; and if she had borne a son, his

right, prior to that of his sister, was incontestable. IV. Charles Brandon, father of the duchess of Suffolk, had married one woman while contracted to another; but was divorced to fulfil his promise: the repudiated wife was living when he married Mary queen of France, by whom he had the duchess. V. If however Charles Brandon's first marriage should be deemed null, there is no such plea to be made in favour of the duchess Frances herself; Henry duke of Suffolk, father of Jane, being actually married to the sister of the earl of Arundel, whom he divorced without the least grounds, to make room for his marriage with Frances.

† Strype's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 2.

‡ See Vertue's print of this duchess and her second husband, where her age is said to be thirty-six, in 1559.

“ Her conference with Feckenham abbot of Westminster, who was sent to convert her to popery \*.”

“ A letter to doctor Harding, her father’s chaplain, who had apostatized †.”

“ A prayer for her own use during her imprisonment ‡.”

“ Four Latin verses written in prison with a pin §.”

“ Her speech on the scaffold ||.”

Hollinshed and sir Richard Baker say she wrote divers other things, but not where they are to be found. Bale ¶ adds to the above-mentioned

“ The complaint of a sinner.”

“ The duty of a christian.”

Fox \*\* mentions

“ A letter to her father.” I suppose it is the same that is preserved among the Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 2194, art. 13.

There are besides in a manual of prayers, which has been supposed to be the composition of the protector Somerset, two notes written by lady Jane Gray, and another by her husband, which have escaped all the authors that mention her. They are preserved among the Harl. MSS. in the Museum, N<sup>o</sup> 2342, art. 35.

\* Ballard, p. 105.

† Printed in the Phoenix, vol. ii. p. 28.

‡ Vide Fox’s Acts and Monuments.

§ Ballard, p. 116.

|| Ballard, p. 114.

¶ Page 110.

\*\* Fox, p. 1420.

*MARY* COUNTESS of *ARUNDEL*,

**D**AUGHTER of sir John Arundel, married first to Robert Ratcliff earl of Suffex, and afterwards to Henry Fitz-Alan earl of Arundel, as may be seen in the preceding table. She translated from English into Latin

“ Sententias & præclara facta Alexandri Severi imperatoris;” and dedicated it to her father. Extant in manuscript in the king’s library\*.

“ De stirpe & familiâ Alexandri Severi, & de signis quæ ei portendebant imperium.”

From Greek into Latin,

“ Selectas sententias septem sapientum Græcorum.”

“ Similitudines ex Platonis, Aristotelis, Senecæ & aliorum philosophorum libris collectas.” Dedicated to her father †.

Learning had now taken a considerable flight since the days of Edward the fourth. sir Thomas More mentions it as very extraordinary that Jane Shore could read and write.

*JOANNA* LADY *LUMLEY*,

**D**AUGHTER-in-law of the lady last mentioned, translated from the original into Latin

“ Isocrates’s oration called Archidamus.” Manuscript in the king’s library.

“ The second and third orations to Nicocles.” Dedicated to her father †.

\* Vide Casley’s Catal. p. 169. † Vide Tanner’s Biblioth. Brit. p. 50, and Casley ubi supra. ‡ Ibid.

“ A fourth,

“ A fourth, entitled Evagoras.” Dedicated to the same, in the same place.

From Greek into English,

“ The Iphigenia of Euripides.” Extant in the same place.

*MARY* DUCHESS of *NORFOLK*\*,

**Y**OUNGER sister of lady Lumley, and first wife of Thomas duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded on account of the queen of Scots, translated from Greek

“ Certain ingenious sentences collected out of various authors.” Dedicated to her father †.

*MARY* COUNTESS of *PEMBROKE*,

**T**HE celebrated sister of sir Philip Sidney, wrote

“ Poems and translations in verse of several psalms,” said to be preserved in the library at Wilton ‡. There are a few printed with Francis Davison’s poems §.

“ A discourse of life and death, written in French by Philip Mornay, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, dated May 13, 1590, at Wilton.” Printed at London for H. Ponsonby, 1600, 12mo.

\* She died in 1557.

† In the king’s library.

‡ Ballard, p. 260.

§ Vide Percy’s *Reliques of ancient English poetry*, vol. i. p. 293.

“The tragedie of Antonie, done into English by the countess of Pembroke.” Lond. 1595, 12mo.

“Three of her letters are printed in sir Toby Matthews’s collection.”

## ELIZABETH, LADY RUSSEL,

OF a family as learned as the Fitz-Alans, was third daughter of sir Anthony Cooke, and sister of the ladies Burleigh and Bacon, whose erudition is sufficiently known. She was married, first to sir Thomas Hobby, ambassador from queen Elizabeth at Paris, where he died 1566; and secondly to John lord Russel, son of Francis, the second earl of Bedford. She survived both her husbands, and wrote Greek, Latin and English epitaphs in verse for them and others of her relations. It is her daughter by her second husband, whose effigy is foolishly shown in Westminster-abbey, as killed by the prick of a needle.

Lady Russel translated out of French into English.

“A way of reconciliation of a good and learned man, touching the true nature and substance of the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament.” Printed 1605; and dedicated to her daughter Anne Russel, wife of lord Henry Somers<sup>t</sup>, heir of Edward earl of Worcester; with Latin and English verses.

Ballard has printed †

“A letter to lord Burleigh about the extravagance of her youngest son.”

\* Dugdale, in the pedigree of Russel, calls him Henry Herbert; but there never was a Herbert earl of Worcester. In the pedigree of the Somersets he says rightly, that Henry Somers<sup>t</sup>, after-

wards marquis of Worcester, married this Anne Russel.

† Ballard, page 195.

## ELIZABETH COUNTESS of LINCOLN,

DAUGHTER and coheirefs of fir Henry Knevet, and wife of Thomas earl of Lincoln, wrote

“The countefs of Lincoln’s nurserie\*.” Oxford, 1621, 4°. Addressed to her daughter-in-law Bridget countefs of Lincoln. She fpeaks of it as the firft of her printed works, but I can find no account of any other.

## ANNE COUNTESS of DORSET and PEMBROKE.

THIS high-born and high-spirited lady was heirefs of the Cliffords earls of Cumberland, and was firft married to Richard earl of Dorset, whose life and actions ſhe celebrated. Her fecond match was not fo happy, being ſoon parted from her lord, that memorable ſimpleton † Philip earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, with whom Butler has fo much diverted himſelf. Anne the countefs was remarkably religious, magnificent, and diſpoſed to letters. She erected a pillar in the county of Weſtmoreland on the ſpot where ſhe took the laſt leave of her mother, a monument to her tutor Samuel Daniel, the poetic hiftorian, another to Spenſer, founded two hoſpitals, and repaired or built ſeven churches and fix caſtles ‡. She wrote

\* Ballard, p. 267. Wood aſcribes this piece to one doctor Lodge, vol. ii. p. 497.

† The firſt wife of this earl was Suſan, daughter of the earl of Oxford. I find a book ſet forth in her name, called “The countefs of Montgomery’s Eufebia, expreſſing briefly the ſoul’s praying robes, by Newton, 1620.” *Vide Harl. Catal.* vol. i. p. 100. There is another work with a ſimilar title, called “The countefs of Montgomery’s Urania, written by the right hon. the lady

Mary Wroath, daughter of the right noble Robert earl of Leiceſter, and niece to the ever-famous and renowned fir Philip Sidney, knight, and to the moſt excellent lady Mary countefs of Pembroke, lately deceaſed.” It is a tedious rhapsody, concluded by a ſet of verſes, not better poetry for not being better ſenſe.

‡ Vide Ballard, and Memorials of worthy perſons, p. 92 and 94.

“Memoirs of her husband Richard earl of Dorset:” never printed.

“Sundry memorials of herself and her progenitors.” Extant in the British Museum.

And the following letter to sir Joseph Williamson secretary of state to Charles the second, who having sent to nominate to her a member for the borough of Appleby, she returned this resolute answer, which though printed in another place \*, is most proper to be inserted here :

“**I** HAVE been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject : your man sha’n’t stand.

ANNE DORSET,  
PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY.”

## MARGARET DUCHESS of NEWCASTLE.

**H**AVING already taken notice of her grace in the course of this work, I shall here only give a list of her works, which fill many folios.

“The world’s olio.”

“Nature’s picture drawn by fancy’s pencil to the life.” “In this volume (says the title) are several feigned stories of natural descriptions, as comical, tragical and tragi-comical, poetical, romantical, philosophical, and historical, &c. &c.” Lond. 1656, folio. One may guess how like this portrait of nature is, by the fantastical bill of the features.

“Orations of divers sorts, accommodated to divers places.” Lond. 1662, fol.

“Plays.” Lond. 1662.

“Philosophical and physical opinions.” Lond. 1663, fol.

\* The World, vol. i. N<sup>o</sup> XIV.



“ Observations upon experimental philosophy. To which is added the description of a new world.” Lond. 1668, folio. One Mr. James Bristow began to translate some part of these philosophic discourses into Latin.

“ Philosophical letters.” Lond. 1664, fol.

“ Poems and phancies.” Lond. 1664, fol.

“ Sociable letters.” Lond. 1664, fol.

“ The life of the duke her husband, &c.” Lond. 1667, fol. It was translated into Latin.

“ Plays, never before printed.” Lond. 1668, fol.

Her plays alone are nineteen in number, and some of them in two parts. One of them, “ The blazing world,” is unfinished, her grace [which seems never else to have happened to her] “ finding her genius not tend to the prosecution of it.” To another, called “ The presence,” are nine-and-twenty supernumerary scenes. In another, “ The unnatural tragedy,” is a whole scene written against Camden’s Britannia: her grace thought, I suppose, that a geographic satire in the middle of a play was mixing the *utile* with the *dulci*. Three volumes more in folio of her poems are preserved in manuscript. Whoever has a mind to know more of this fertile pedant, will find a detail of her works in Ballard’s Memoirs, from whence I have taken this account.

## ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS of YORK.

BURNET says \*, that she not only wrote well, but actually drew up an account of her husband’s life, of which she showed the bishop one volume finished. As she composed it from the duke’s own journal, perhaps it is the very work which I have mentioned in the article of James II. She also

\* Vol. i. page 170.

wrote the portrait of Mary princess of Orange, mother of king William, while she was her maid of honour, on which occasion Waller addressed a poem to the princess.

### MARY COUNTESS of WARWICK,

**D**AUGHTER of Richard Boyle the great earl of Corke, and wife of Charles Rich earl of Warwick; a lady of great virtues and qualifications, which were described among the lives of sundry eminent persons by Samuel Clark. Her charities were so extensive after she came into possession for her life of her husband's great estate, that it was said, the earl of Warwick had left all his estate to pious uses\*. This lady, under the title of the lady Harmonia, wrote an epistle to George earl of Berkeley, affixed to his book; *see above* p. 422: as another copy of it was printed with her funeral sermon in 1678, by doctor A. Walker, who, after a laboured panegyric on her virtues, owns she had two faults, *excess of charity and defect of anger*. She wrote besides,

“Occasional meditations upon several subjects, with pious reflections upon several scriptures.” Lond. 1678. They are much in the style and strain of her brother, the famous Mr. Robert Boyle.

Dr. Walker says that she intended to have written the life of her father, for which she had amassed considerable materials and collections.

### ANNE COUNTESS of WINCHELSEA,

**A**N esteemed poetess, is recorded, with some of her poems, in the General Dictionary. Her

“Poem on the spleen” was printed in Gildon's miscellany, 1701, octavo. Rowe addressed one to her on the sight of it.

\* See Collins's Peerage, vol. v. 253, in lord Boyle.

Her poems were printed at London, 1713, octavo; with a tragedy never acted, called "Aristomenes."

A copy of her verses to Mr. Pope are printed before the old edition of his works; and two others of his and hers are in the General Dictionary.

Another little poem in Prior's posthumous works\*.

She wrote too †,

"An epilogue to Jane Shore."

"To the countess of Hertford," with her poems.

"The prodigy, a poem." Written at Tunbridge, 1706.

A great number of her poems are said to be extant in manuscript ‡.

## SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

IT is seldom the public receives information on princes and favourites from the fountain-head: flattery or invective is apt to pervert the relations of others. It is from their own pens alone, whenever they are so gracious, like the lady in question, as to have *a passion for fame and approbation* §, that we learn exactly, how trifling and foolish and ridiculous their views and actions were, and how often the mischief they did proceeded from the most inadequate causes. We happen to know indeed, though he was no author, that the duke of Buckingham's repulses in very impertinent amours, involved king

\* Vol. i. p. 20.

† Vide Cibber's Lives of the poets, vol. iii. 325.

‡ General Dict. vol. x. Ballard, page 431. In the miscellany [vol. ii.] called "Buckingham's Works," I find a very silly poem ascribed

to a LADY SANDWICH. This should be the lady lately deceased at Paris, daughter of the celebrated earl of Rochester: but she inherited too much wit to have written so ill.

§ Vide her Apology, p. 5.

James and king Charles in national quarrels with Spain and France. From her grace of Marlborough we may collect, that queen Anne was driven to change her ministry, and in consequence the fate of Europe, because she dared to affect one bed-chamber-woman, as she had done another. The duchess could not comprehend how the cousins \* Sarah Jennings and Abigail Hill could ever enter into competition, though the one did but kneel to gather up the clue of favour, which the other had haughtily tossed away; and which she could not recover by putting The whole duty of man into the queen's hands to teach her friendship †.

This favourite duchess, who, like the proud duke of Espernon, lived to brave the successors in a court where she had domineered, wound up her capricious life, where it seems she had begun it, with an apology for her conduct. This piece, though weakened by the prudence of those who were to correct it, though maimed by her grace's own corrections, and though great part of it is rather the annals of a wardrobe than of a reign, yet has still curious anecdotes, and a few of those fallies of wit which fourscore years of arrogance could not fail to produce in so fantastic an understanding. And yet by altering her memoirs as often as her will, she disappointed the public as much as her own family. However, the chief objects remain; and one sees exactly how Europe and the back stairs took their places in her imagination and in her narrative. The revolution left no impression on her mind but of queen Mary turning up bed-clothes; and the protestant hero, but of a selfish glutton, who devoured a dish of peas from his sister-in-law. In fact, events passing through the medium of our passions must strike different beholders in very different lights: had Marlborough himself written his own history from his heart, as the partner of his fortunes did, he would probably have dwelt on the diamond sword which the emperor gave him, and have scrupulously told us how many carats each diamond weighed. I say not this in detraction from his merits and services; it is from our passions and foibles that Providence calls forth its greatest purposes. If the duke could have been content

\* In the notes to Dryden's Poems, edit. 1760, vol. ii. p. 44, it is said, that the duchess acted Mercury in the masque of Calisto, at court, 1675. I should rather think it was her sister, who was

maid of honour, and afterwards duchess of Tironnel; so much celebrated in Grammont.

† Vide her Apology, p. 268.

with an hundred thousand pounds, he might probably have stopped at the taking of Liege: as he thirsted for a million, he penetrated to Hockstet.

Mrs. Abigail Hill is not the only person transmitted to posterity with marks of the duchess's resentment. Lord Oxford, *honest Jack Hill, the ragged boy, the Quebec general*, and others, make the same figure in her history that they did in her mind.—Sallies of passion not to be wondered at in one who has sacrificed even the private letters of her mistress and benefactress!

We have nothing of her grace's writing but the

“Apology for the conduct of the dowager duchess of Marlborough from her first coming to court to the year 1710, in a letter from herself to my lord \* \* \* \*.” Lond. 1742.

## FRANCES DUCHESS of SOMERSET

HAD as much taste for the writings of others, as modesty about her own.

## SCOTS AUTHORS.

*IT is not my purpose to give an exact account of the royal and noble authors of Scotland: I am not enough versed in them to do justice to writers of the most accomplished nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior partition of sense, I should be inclined to give the preference in that particular. The little I shall say both of Scotch and Irish writers is what has occurred to me accidentally, or has since been communicated to me by a gentleman of distinguished knowledge and taste. Many natives of each kingdom are far better qualified to complete the catalogue, to which I only mean to contribute some hints. Even in the English list I pretend to no merit but in the pains I have taken.*

## JAMES the FIRST\*

## WROTE

“A panegyric on his queen (Joan daughter of the duchess of Clarence) before she was married to him.”

“Scotch sonnets,” one book. One of them, “A lamentation while in England,” is in manuscript in the Bodleian library, and praises Gower and Chaucer exceedingly.

“Rythmos Latinos.” Lib. i.

“On music.”

\* For this account of the Scotch kings, see doctor George Mackenzie's Lives and characters of the most eminent writers of the Scots nation, vol. i. p. 318; and Tanner, p. 426. I have omitted the second James, whom the bishop makes an author because *edidit edictum pacificatorium*: a constable that reads the riot-act is as much entitled to that denomination.

JAMES

## JAMES the FOURTH

WROTE "On the Apocalypse."

## JAMES the FIFTH

WROTE the celebrated ballad called

"Christ's kirk on the green," and other little poems, which at least tradition reports to be of his composition. They have a character of ease and libertinism, which makes the tradition the more probable; and are to be found in a collection of Scottish poems called *The ever-green*. The *Gaberluinzie man* is reckoned the best. There is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought that her first favour had been thrown away on a beggar. He also translated *Valerius Maximus* \*.

## MARY.

IT would be idle to dwell on the story of this princess, too well known from having the misfortune to be born in the same age, in the same island with, and to be handsomer than Elizabeth. Mary had the weakness to set up a claim to a greater kingdom than her own without an army; and was at last reduced by her crimes to be a † saint in a religion, which was opposite to what her rival professed out of policy. Their different talents for a crown appeared even in their passions as women: Mary destroyed her husband for

\* Vide Preface to the works of king James I. said on the tomb of Francis the second, "That it is proof enough of his beatitude, that he had  
 † In the church of the Celestines at Paris it is the martyr Mary Stuart to his wife."

killing

killing a musician that was her gallant; and then married her husband's affasin. Elizabeth disdained to marry her lovers, and put one of them to death for presuming too much on her affection. The mistress of David Rizio could not but miscarry in a contest with the queen of Essex. As handsome as she was, Sixtus the fifth never wished to pass a night with Mary.—She was no mould to cast Alexanders!

Historians agree in the variety of her accomplishments. She altered a Latin distich which she found in the fragments of Cæsar, and wrote on a pane of glass at Buxton-wells \*,

“ Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebraris nomine lymphæ,  
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, vale !”

As she did this distich in a window at Fotheringay,

“ From the top of all my trust  
Mishap has laid me in the dust †.”

She is reported to have written ‡

“ Poems on various occasions,” in the Latin, Italian, French, and Scotch languages.

One of her poems is printed among those of A. Blackwood §. Another is in Brantome's Dames illustres, written on the death of her husband king Francis ||.

“ Royal advice to her son,” in two books.

Among the Latin ¶ poems of sir Thomas Chaloner is a copy of verses said to be translated from some French ones written by this queen, and sent with a diamond curiously set, to queen Elizabeth \*\*.

\* Ballard.

† Ibid.

‡ Tanner.

§ Doctor George Mackenzie's account of her,  
vol. iii. p. 360.

|| Dix. iii. p. 117.

¶ Page 353, at the end of his book De republ. Anglor. instaur.

\*\* In Heywood's poems, printed in 1637, p. 272, is an English translation of these lines; and another translation of them by Buchanan is mentioned in the same place.

“ The



“The institution of a prince, in French verse;” she transcribed it with her own hand, and embroidered the cover\*.

A French song by queen Mary, transcribed from a MS. in the king of France’s library, and which is said to have belonged to the duke of Buckingham, is printed in the first volume of the *Anthologie Française*, p. 19, edit. 1765.

A great number of her original letters are preserved in the king of France’s library, in the Royal, Cottonian, and Ashmolean libraries here: as many others are in print, viz.

“Eleven to earl Bothwell,” translated from the French by Edward Simmons, of Christ-church, Oxford; and printed at Westminster, 1726. A late author [Mr. Goodall] has published two volumes to endeavour to prove that these letters were a forgery; but a plea of that length, when the detection is not manifest, serves rather to confirm than weaken the evidence for the fact; and the world and Mr. Goodall will, I fear, be still far from agreeing in their opinion of Mary, while he thinks *it does not appear that she had any faults, unless the want of omniscience and omnipotence may be termed faults.*

“Ten more †, with her answers to the articles against her.”

“Six more,” in Anderson’s collections.

“Another,” in the appendix to her Life by doctor Jebb.

“An apology for her conduct,” in a letter to the countess of Lenox, her mother-in-law ‡.

And some others dispersed among the works of Pius the fifth, Buchanan, Camden, Udal, and Sanderfon.

\* Vide Preface to the works of king James I.

‡ In Haynes’s State Papers.

† Robertson’s Hist. of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 19, of the dissertation on king Henry’s murder.

Among the papers published by Murdin, from lord Burleigh's collection, are 14 original letters and pieces of this queen : of which one is the bond of association that she took (to the affront of her spirit and to the little advantage of her situation) *against* those who should conspire the death of Elizabeth, and *with* those who meant it against herself. Another is that marvellous piece of folly and revenge the letter to queen Elizabeth, in which she vents all the calumnies that she had heard of her. If this letter is genuine, for I have doubted whether it were not forged and never used, one cannot well wonder that a woman of Elizabeth's temper and power sacrificed the writer. That it is genuine is probable from other letters in the same collection : in one lord Shrewsbury says that the queen of Scots had threatened to write against him ; and in one of her own she expresses hatred against a girl of her retinue for resembling the countess of Shrewsbury in humour. But that that cunning old countess should have ventured to drop such tales of Elizabeth is not credible, unless one supposes that she had been authorized, in order to draw the Scottish queen into a confidence. That Elizabeth was abandoned to the degree that Mary insinuates, is not to be believed : considering what enemies she had, those amours would have been better authenticated. Some of the lovers charged on her seem entirely fictitious. In short, the partisans of Mary must give up her good sense and judgment, if they will brand her rival on the authority of this libel.

Among the Harleian MSS. are several of her letters, particularly in N<sup>o</sup> 290, with many other papers relating to her affairs ; and one letter more in N<sup>o</sup> 4249, 12.

## PATRICK LORD RUTHVEN,

A CONSIDERABLE actor in some of the tragic scenes of the reign of Mary, is said to have written

“ A discourse of the late troubles that happened in Scotland between the noble and mighty princess Mary, by the grace of God queen of Scotland, and her husband Henry the king, with others, earls, lords, barons, gentlemen, freeholders, merchants, and craftsmen.”

This

This piece is a narrative of the murder of David Rizio, the contrivance of which lord Ruthven attributes to himself.

Three MS. copies of this work are extant : two in the Cottonian library, and one which doctor Mackenzie says \* he received from doctor Burnet by mistake, when the bishop intended to have given him a libel on the queen of Scots. Keith has given an account of this piece in his History † of the affairs of the church and state of Scotland. Mackenzie has given another, and observes that “ perhaps no age has produced the instance of one who acknowledged himself to be guilty of a fact which all mankind must acknowledge to be murder.” However, lest so extraordinary a circumstance should not be sufficient to shake the credit of the narrative, Mackenzie has been absurd enough to falsify it in his own abridgement ; and, to vindicate the honour of the queen, makes lord Ruthven affirm that *Rizio was old, lean, and extremely deformed*. As if it was likely that Ruthven, apologizing for that assassination, would affectedly have thrown in circumstances, which, besides being false, would destroy the only shadow of excuse for it ‡.

## LORD-CHANCELLOR MAITLAND,

CREATED lord Maitland by James the sixth, to whom he had been secretary of state, was famous for his

“ Latin epigrams §.”

He translated too some verses of James I. published with the king's works. His majesty in return wrote an epitaph for the chancellor, which in that age of adulation was no doubt esteemed a peculiar mark of honour. It is printed in doctor Mackenzie's account of lord Maitland.

\* Vol. iii. p. 75.

† Append. pp. 119, 129.

‡ There is a little book of receipts and experiments, called “ The lady's cabinet enlarged and opened, &c.” published under the name of ano-

ther lord Ruthven, in 1667, by whom those secrets were said to be collected and practised ; but the publisher was one M. B. It is a mere book for a housekeeper.

§ Vide Bacon Papers, vol. i. p. 295 ; and doctor Mackenzie, vol. iii. p. 423.

*WILLIAM DOUGLAS*, EARL of ANGUS,

WHO succeeded to that title on the death of his father, 1591, wrote

“ A chronicle of the house of Douglas.”

*WILLIAM ALEXANDER*, EARL of  
STIRLING,

WAS a very celebrated poet, and greatly superior to the style of his age. His works are printed in folio: the chief of which are four tragedies in alternate rhyme. The first grant of Nova Scotia was made to this lord.

*SIR ROBERT KERR*, EARL of ANCRAM\*,

I FIND a short but very pretty copy of verses from him to Drummond of Hawthornden †, one of the best modern historians, and no mean imitator of Livy.

A letter from him to prince Henry is in the Museum ‡.

\* He was gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles I. when prince.

† Vide at the end of Drummond's works.

‡ N<sup>o</sup> 7008. It is printed in Birch's Life of prince Henry, p. 249.

*THOMAS HAMILTON, EARL of  
HADDINGTON,*

THE founder of a new branch of that illustrious house, raised himself to great eminence, and to the first posts in his country, by his abilities as a lawyer and a statesman. He composed

“Practics, or cases adjudged in the court of session. And he made very copious collections concerning Scottish antiquities.” These works are in manuscript, and much esteemed.

*JAMES DUKE HAMILTON.*

THIS nobleman, so well known by his politics and tragic end, is seldom considered in the light of an author, yet \* Antony Wood mentions the following pieces:

Preface to a book entitled “General demands concerning the late covenant, &c.” 1638, quarto.

“Various letters.”

“Conferences, advices, answers, &c.” published in Burnet’s Lives of the dukes of Hamilton.

“Another letter is in the Harleian Collection, N<sup>o</sup> 7001.”

\* Vol. ii. p. 121.

## HENRY CARY, LORD FALKLAND.

SCOTLAND and England have each pretensions to this conspicuous line, of which four successively were authors \*. England gave them origin, Scotland their title. Henry is said by the Scotch Peerage to have been made comptroller of the household and a peer by king James, for being the first who carried him the news of the death of queen Elizabeth; but that is a blunder: Robert Carey earl of Monmouth was that messenger. Lord Falkland was master of the jewel-office to Elizabeth, and was made knight of the Bath at the creation of prince Henry, and lord deputy of Ireland, from which he was removed with disgrace by the intrigues of the papists †; yet his honour was afterwards entirely vindicated ‡. Lord Clarendon mentions his fortunes being in a ruinous condition, and that he never would forgive his son for marrying against his consent §. He is remarkable for an invention to prevent his name being counterfeited, by artfully concealing in it the successive year of his age, and by that means detecting a man who had not observed so nice a particularity ||. He had an excellent character; and is said to have written many things which never were published, except

“The history of the most unfortunate prince, king Edward the second; with choice political observations on him and his unhappy favourites, &c.” Found among his papers, and printed in 1680, folio and octavo. Wood ascribes it to Mr. Henry Cary, vol. i. p. 586.

\* It is to preserve this chain entire, that I have chosen to place these lords together, though they ought to have been intermixed with the rest in this list, according to the periods in which they lived.

† His wife was converted by them. *Vide Usher's Letters*, p. 406.

‡ *Biographia*, vol. ii.

§ *Life of Clarendon*, p. 20.

|| *Lloyd's State Worthies*, p. 938. Fuller in *Hertfordshire*, p. 23. This little circumstance was thought not unworthy of repetition at a time when the unsuspecting carelessness of a great prelate in this particular has involved him in so much trouble—A trouble however to which we owe a beautiful picture of the most virtuous mind and admirable abilities, triumphing over the impotence of others and the infirmities of his own great age. See the *bishop of Winchester's Letter to Mr. Chevalier*.

“ A letter to James the first \*.”

“ Two of his letters to archbishop Usher are printed with that prelate’s correspondence.” Pages 379, 407.

“ Two petitions from him when lord deputy, are among the Harl. MSS. N<sup>o</sup> 5877, 10.”

“ Two letters. Ib. 1581.”

“ A letter in fir Toby Matthews’s Collection. Page 176.”

“ An epitaph [not bad] on Elizabeth countess of Huntingdon †.”

## LUCIUS CARY, LORD FALKLAND.

THERE never was a stronger instance of what the magic of words and the art of an historian can effect, than in the character of this lord, who seems to have been a virtuous well-meaning man with a moderate understanding ‡, who got knocked on the head early in the civil war, because it boded ill: and yet by the happy solemnity of my lord Clarendon’s diction, lord Falkland is the favourite personage of that noble work. We admire the pious Æneas, who, with all his unjust and usurping pretensions, we are taught to believe was the sent of Heaven; but it is the amiable Pallas we regret, though he was killed before he had performed any action of consequence.

That lord Falkland was a weak man, to me appears indubitable. We are told he acted with Hampden and the patriots, till he grew better informed what was § law. It is certain that the ingenious Mr. Hume has shewn that

\* Biographia, vol. ii. p. 1182.

† Memorials and characters of eminent and worthy persons, fol. 1741; in the appendix, p. 15.

‡ See his Speeches, which by no means show great parts.

§ It is evident from his speech against the judges that this could not be entirely the case; for he there asserts that those men had not only acted contrary to ancient laws and customs, but even to some made in that very reign.

both

both king James and king Charles acted upon precedents of prerogative which they found established.—Yet will this neither justify them nor lord Falkland. If it would, wherever tyranny is established by law, it ought to be sacred and perpetual. Those patriots did not attack king Charles so much for violation of the law, as to oblige him to submit to the amendment of *it*: and I must repeat, that it was great weakness to oppose a prince for breaking the law, and yet scruple to oppose him when he obstructed the correction of it. My lord Falkland was a sincere protestant; would he have taken up arms against Henry the eighth for adding new nonsense to established popery, and would he not have fought to obtain the reformation? Again:—when he abandoned Hampden and that party, because he mistrusted the extent of their designs, did it justify his going over to the king? With what—I will not say, conscience—but with what reason could he, who had been so sensible of grievances \*, lend his hand to restore the authority from whence those grievances flowed? Did the usurpation of Cromwell prove that Laud had been a meek pastor? If Hampden and Pym were bad men and ambitious, could not lord Falkland have done more service to the state by remaining with them and checking their attempts and moderating their councils, than by offering his sword and abilities to the king? His lordship had felt the tyranny; did not he know that, if authorized by victory, neither the king's temper nor government were likely to become more gentle? Did he think that loss of liberty or loss of property are not evils but when the law of the land allows them to be so? Not to descant too long; it is evident to me that this lord had much debility of mind and a kind of superstitious scruples, that might flow from an excellent heart, but by no means from a solid understanding. His refusing to entertain spies or to open letters, when secretary of state, were the punctilios of the former, not of the latter; and his putting on a clean shirt to be killed in, is no proof of sense either in his lordship, or in the † historian who thought it worth relating. Falkland's signing the declaration that he did not believe the king intended to make war on the parliament, and at the same time subscribing to levy twenty horse for his majesty's service, comes under a description, which, for the sake of the rest of his character, I am willing to call great infatuation. He wrote

“ A speech, on ill counsellors about the king,” 1640.

\* See his Speech against the bishops.

† Whitlocke.



“ A speech against the lord-keeper Finch and the judges.”

“ A speech against the bishops, February 9, 1640.”

“ A draught of a speech concerning episcopacy,” found among his papers, printed at Oxford, 1644.

“ A discourse concerning episcopacy.”

“ A discourse of the infallibility of the church of Rome.” One George Holland, a popish priest, replying to this, his lordship published the following answer :

“ A view of some exceptions made against the discourse of the infallibility of the church of Rome.”

“ A letter to Mr. F. M.” Printed at the end of Mr. Charles Gataker's answer to five captious questions. Lond. 1673, quarto.

“ A letter to doctor Beale, master of faint John's college, Cambridge.\*.”

He is said too to have assisted Chillingworth in his book called “ The religion of protestants †.” In his youth he wrote some verses, particularly

“ On the death of Ben Jonson,” published in the collection called “ Jonsonius Virbius ‡.”

“ To Grotius,” on his tragedy called “ Christus patiens,” translated by Mr. Sandys §.

\* Biographia, vol. ii. p. 1182.

‡ Biographia, vol. ii. p. 2788.

† Ib. p. 1186.

§ V. Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. i. p. 294.

*HENRY CARY, LORD FALKLAND,*

**D**IED young, having given instances of wit and parts. Being brought early into the house of commons, and a grave senator objecting to his youth, "and to his not looking as if he had sowed his wild oats," he replied with great quickness, "Then I am come to the properest place, where are so many geese to pick them up." He wrote

"The marriage-night, a comedy;" absurdly ascribed by Antony Wood to the last lord. His son,

*ANTONY CARY, LORD FALKLAND,*

**W**ROTE

"A prologue intended for *The old bachelor* \*," but it seems to have had too little delicacy even for that play and that age.

"A prologue to Otway's *Soldier's fortune*."

Lord Lansdown has inscribed a copy of verses to this lord's son, Lucius Henry, the fifth lord Falkland, who served in Spain.

*THOMAS LORD FAIRFAX,*

**T**HE parliamentary general. One can easily believe his having been the tool of Cromwell, when one sees by his own memoirs how little idea he had of what he had been about. He left

\* Printed before that play in Congreve's works.

“ Short memorials of Thomas lord Fairfax, written by himself.” London, 1699.

Among the Harl. MSS. are two tracts, pretty much to the same tenour, but with different titles. *See the Catal. No. 1786, art. 1, and 2 :* and

A letter, N<sup>o</sup> 7001.

But his lordship was not only an historian, but a poet : in Mr. Thoresby's museum were preserved in manuscript the following pieces \* :

“ The psalms of David, the song of Solomon, the canticles and songs of Moses, Exod. xv. and Deut. xxxii. and other parts of scripture verified.”

“ Poem on solitude.”

Besides which, in the same collection were preserved

“ Notes of sermons by his lordship, by his lady, daughter of Horace lord Vere, and by their daughter Mary, wife of George second duke of Buckingham ;” and

“ A treatise on the shortness of life.”

Lord Fairfax had made an immense collection of MSS. many of which he took as plunder in Scotland.

But of all lord Fairfax's works by far the most remarkable were some verses which he wrote on the horse on which Charles the second rode to his coronation, and which had been bred and presented to the king by his lordship †. How must that merry monarch, not apt to keep his countenance on more serious occasions, have smiled at this awkward homage from the old victorious hero of republicanism and the covenant ! He gave a collection of

\* Vide Thoresby's Ducat. Leod. pages 511, Ferd. lord Fairfax and his lady by the ladies Cary 541, 548. In page 543 it is said, that in the and Widdrington, 1665. same collection are some verses on the deaths of † Ib. page 548.

manuscripts to the Bodleian library. Prefixed to Herbert's Travels into the east is a copy of verses by Fairfax lord Cameron. This person I suppose was Thomas lord Fairfax, son of Henry, who succeeded the general in the title.

## ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, MARQUIS of ARGYLE.

IT will not appear extraordinary that this illustrious blood, which has produced so many eminent persons, should have added to the catalogue of noble authors from its own list of statesmen and heroes. It is totally unnecessary for me to enter into their characters, that task having been so fully performed by one \* who wears the honour of their name, and who, it is no compliment to say, is one of the ablest and most beautiful writers of this country.

In the Catalogue of the Harleian library, I find these † pieces :

“ Marquis of Argyle his instructions to a son.” 1661. It is observable that this lord quarrelled both with his father and his son.

“ His defences against the grand indictment of high-treason.” 1661.

## ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, EARL of ARGYLE.

HAVING seen nothing of this lord's composition but his own epitaph in verse, written the night before his execution, he can scarce with propriety be called an author; no more than the marquis of Montrose, whom I have omitted, notwithstanding his well-known little elegy on king Charles ‡,

\* Vide the lives of the earls of Argyle, Biogr. Brit. vol. ii. pages 1142, 1155.

† Vol. iv. p. 817; and in the Harl. MSS. is one of his letters, N<sup>o</sup> 1581, 78.

‡ In Wellwood's Memoirs is the abstract of a remarkable letter from Montrose to Charles I. which is said to have prevented the king from making peace with the parliament at the treaty of Uxbridge.

and though he is said to have been the author of several poems published in a dull miscellany at Edinburgh. Yet Argyle's epitaph, though not very poetic, has energy enough to make one conclude that it was not his first essay. At least there is an heroic satisfaction of conscience expressed in it, worthy of the cause in which he fell.

His speech at his execution is printed in Howard's collection of letters, page 399.

*RICHARD MAITLAND*, EARL of  
*LAUDERDALE*,

**T**RANSLATED Virgil; it was printed in two volumes. The manuscript was communicated to Mr. Dryden, who adopted many of the lines into his own translation.

*COLIN LINDSAY*, EARL of *BALCARRAS*;

**T**HE third earl of that name, was of the privy-council and treasury to James the second, to whom his loyalty was unshaken\*, as his character was unblemished. He was a man of plain sense and small fortune, and left a little volume of memoirs much esteemed, entitled

“An account of the affairs of Scotland relating to the revolution in 1688, as sent to the late king James the second, when in France.” Lond. 1714, a thin octavo.

\* I have since heard that at last he took the oaths to the established government.

*GEORGE MACKENZIE*, EARL of  
CROMERTY,

A PERSON eminent for his learning, and for his abilities as a statesman and general, of which last profession he was reckoned at his death in 1714 one of the oldest in Europe. He contributed to the restoration of Charles the second, by whom he was made one of the senators of the college of justice, clerk register of the privy-council, and justice-general. James the second made him a baron and viscount; queen Anne, secretary of state, and an earl. Of his lordship's writing I have

“A vindication of Robert the third king of Scotland from the imputation of bastardy, by the clear proof of Elizabeth Mure (daughter to sir Adam Mure of Rowallan) her being the first lawful wife of Robert the second then steward of Scotland, and earl of Strathern. By George viscount Tarbat, &c. clerk to his majesty's councils, registers and rolls, 1695.” In the dedication to the king (who by the date should be king William, but whom, by his lordship's telling him that he had presented his proofs to him many years before in writing, I should suspect to be king James) he says that all the crowned heads in Europe are concerned in this vindication. The point indeed has been much litigated, but is of little consequence except to those who are zealous about a point of so little consequence as hereditary right; yet as difficult to be ascertained as another obscure topic on which his lordship employed his labours in the following

“Synopsis Apocalyptica, or a short and plain explication and application of Daniel's prophecy, and of saint John's revelation, in consent with it, and consequential to it. By G. E. of C. tracing in the steps of the admirable lord Napier of Merchistoun. Edinburgh, 1708.” It is dedicated to his daughter Margaret Weems countess of Northesk and Ethie, by her ladyship's most obedient servant and most affectionate father, Cromerty.

“Historical

“Historical account of the conspiracy by the earl of Gowrie and Robert Logan of Restalrig against king James VI. 1713\*.”

Bishop Nicholson † mentions having seen a description of the isles Hirta and Roua, two of the Hebrides, but does not say if it was ever printed.

In The philosophical transactions are three papers on natural curiosities, written by this lord ‡.

## JAMES DALRYMPLE, VISCOUNT STAIR,

DREW up “An institute of the law of Scotland,” which was published in 1693, and was received with universal approbation §. He also published

“Decisions of the court of session from 1661 to 1681.” 2 vol. fol.

“Philosophia experimentalis,” published in Holland during his exile, and much commended by Bayle in his journal.

“A vindication of the divine attributes.” Octavo.

“An apology for his own conduct.” Quarto. This last is but a pamphlet, nor is it known on what occasion he published it. The only copy of it extant is in the advocates’ library at Edinburgh.

## RICHARD GRAHAM, VISCOUNT PRESTON,

SECRETARY to James the second, and by him created an English peer, but the patent was not passed. Being seized for high treason, he pleaded

\* Robertson’s Hist. of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 230. 637. In the same work is mentioned an account of Buchan by a countess of Errol; but with no date of the time when she lived: p. 639.

† Scotch Histor. libr. p. 56.

‡ Vide Anecdotes of British Topography, page § Biogr. Brit. 2257.

his peerage, which the house of lords would not admit. He pleaded it again at the Old-Bailey; but lord chief-justice Holt over-ruled his plea, and he was condemned, but respited and kept a prisoner in the Tower, where, from a similitude of circumstances between him and that author, he translated and published Anicius Manlius Severinus Boetius, of the consolation of philosophy, in five books. Lond. 1712, the second edition corrected, with a preface.

### GEORGE DOUGLAS, LORD MORDINGTON.

OF this peer I can learn nothing, but that he published a pamphlet in octavo (now in my possession) entitled

“The great blessing of a monarchical government, when fenced about with, and bounded by the laws, and those laws secured, defended and observed by the monarch: also, that as a popish government is inconsistent with the true happiness of these kingdoms, so great also are the miseries and confusion of anarchy.” Dedicated to king George I. Lond. printed for T. Warner, 1724. In the preface his lordship says that three years before he had published

“Two pieces against a weekly paper called *The independent Whig* ;” but does not specify their titles.

### DAVID MURRAY, VISCOUNT STORMONT,

FATHER of the present lord, and elder brother of the lord chief-justice Mansfield, wrote

“A poem sacred to the memory of John earl of Strathmore, who was killed in 1715 ;” but I do not know that it was ever printed.

CHARLES



*CHARLES HAMILTON, LORD BINNING,*

**S**ON of the last, and father of the present earl of Haddington, wrote several little pieces of poetry, two of which were published :

“ The duke of Argyle’s levee ;” printed in *The gentleman’s magazine* of February 1740.

“ A pastoral ballad ;” *ib.* of March 1741.

“ A collection of very loose tales in verse,” said to be written by this lord’s father, were published in 1758-9.

*JAMES HAMILTON, EARL of ABERCORN,*

**W**ROTE

“ Calculations and tables relating to the attractive virtue of loadstones.” 1729.

*ALEXANDER FORBES, LORD PITSLIGO,*

**T**HE fourth of that christian name, was attainted for the rebellion in 1745, being then an elderly man. He wrote “ *Essays moral and philosophical on several subjects,*” which were printed in 1734, and again in 1763.

*ANNE*

*ANNE* COUNTESS of *MORTON*.

**T**HERE goes under the name of this lady a small book of devotions, in which she asks God this meek question, "O Lord, wilt thou humble thyself to hunt after a flea?" But it appears by the preface that it was composed by one M. G.

*ANNE* VISCOUNTESS *IRWIN*,

**S**ECOND daughter of Charles Howard earl of Carlisle, married first to Richard Ingram viscount Irwin, and secondly to colonel Douglas, wrote many things, of which some are in MSS. in the library at Castle Howard. I know none in print but

"A character of the princess Elizabeth," published in Sept. 1759; and

"An ode on king George III." 1761.

## IRISH PEERS.

GERALD FITZGERALD, EARL of  
DESMOND;

THE fourth earl of that line, was called *the poet*, and for his skill in the mathematics was thought a magician; three characters seldom united. This was about the year 1370\*.

## GEORGE CALVERT, LORD BALTIMORE,

WAS brought up under sir Robert Cecil, and in 1619 attained the office of secretary of state, which however he resigned conscientiously † in 1624, on having embraced the Roman catholic religion. He remained privy-counsellor, and was made a baron. He had the grant of Avalon, the first christian settlement in Newfoundland, whither he went, and defended it bravely against the French; and on its being afterwards yielded to them, he obtained the grant of Maryland, of which his family are still proprietors.

\* Lodge's Irish Peerage, vol. i. p. 10.

† Archbishop Abbot, in a letter to sir T. Roe, gives a different account of this affair. "Mr. secretary Calvert," saith the prelate, "hath never looked merrily since the prince his coming out of Spain: it was thought that he was much interested in the Spanish affaires: a course was taken to rid him of all employments and negotiations. This made him discontented; and as the saying is, Desperatio facit monachum, so he apparently

did turn papist, which he now professeth, this being the third time that he hath been to blame that way. His majesty, to dismiss him, suffered him to resign his secretary's place to sir Albertus Morton, who paid him 3000*l.* for the same; and the king hath made him baron of Baltimore in Ireland: so he is withdrawn from us; and having bought a ship of 400 tons, he is going to New-England or Newfoundland, where he hath a colony." *Roe's Letters*, p. 372.

We have this list of his works \* :

“ Carmen funebre in dom. Hen. Untonum, ad Gallos bis legatum, ibique nuper fato functum.” 1596, quarto. The earl of Bristol wrote an elegy on the same occasion †.

“ Speeches in parliament.”

“ Various letters of state ‡.”

“ The answer of Tom Telltroth.”

“ The practice of princes, and lamentation of the kirk.” 1642, quarto.

“ Something about Maryland.” Not printed.

## ROGER BOYLE, EARL of ORRERY,

A MAN who never made a bad figure but as an author. As a soldier his bravery was distinguished, his stratagems remarkable §. As a statesman, it is sufficient to say that he had the confidence of Cromwell : as a man, he was grateful, and would have supported the son of his friend : like Cicero and Richelieu, he could not be content without being a poet. The sensible author of a very curious life of this lord in the *Biographia* seems to be as bad a judge of poetry as his lordship or Cicero, when he says that his writings are never flat and trivial.—What does he think of an hundred such lines as these,

“ When to the wars of Aquitaine I went,  
I made a friendship with the earl of Kent ||.”

\* Biogr. Brit. vol. ii. p. 1117 : Wood, vol. i. manuscripts, N<sup>o</sup> 1580.  
p. 505.

† See p. 366 of this Work.

‡ Fifteen more are among the Harleian ma-

§ See his Life in the Biogr. Brit.

|| The black prince, act v.

One might as soon find the sublime, or the modest, or the harmonious, in this line,

“ O fortunatam natam me consule Romam !”

Lord Orrery wrote

“ The Irish colours displayed ; in a reply of an English protestant to a letter of an Irish Roman catholic.” Lond. 1662.

“ An answer to a scandalous letter lately printed, and subscribed by Peter Walsh, &c.” Dublin, 1662, quarto, and Lond.

“ A poem on his majesty’s happy restoration.” MS.

“ A poem on the death of the celebrated Mr. Abraham Cowley \*.” Lond. 1667, fol.

“ The history of Henry the fifth, a tragedy.”

“ Mustapha, a tragedy.”

“ The black prince, a tragedy.”

“ Tryphon, a tragedy.”

“ Parthenissa,” a romance in three parts, 1 vol. fol. His biographer says, three volumes folio †, and seems to think that this performance is not read, because it was never completed ; as if three volumes in folio would not content the most heroic appetite that ever existed !

“ A dream, a poem.”

\* Cowley had commended his lordship’s poetry in a copy of verses. *Vide* vol. iii. p. 544.

† There is another edition in six volumes.

“ Verses to the hon. Edward Howard on his poem called *The British princes;*” prefixed to that poem\*.

“ *The art of war.*” Lond. 1677, fol. Said to have been much ridiculed, but is applauded by the *Biographia*.

“ *Poems on the fasts and festivals of the church.*” Printed, but never finished. I should act with regard to these, as I should about the romance, not read them; not because they were never finished, but because they were ever begun. We are told his lordship always wrote when he had a fit of the gout, which it seems was a very impotent muse.

The rest of his works were posthumous.

“ *Mr. Antony, a comedy.*”

“ *Mr. Guzman, a comedy.*”

“ *Herod the Great, a tragedy.*”

“ *Altemira, a tragedy.*” All his dramatic pieces, but *Mr. Antony*, have been published together in two volumes octavo. Lond. 1739.

“ *His State-letters.*” Lond. 1742, fol. †

## HENRY HARE, LORD COLERANE.


IN the library of Trinity-college, Cambridge, is a book with this title:

\* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu told me, that Vaughan lord Carberry published in miscellanies several little poems profane and satiric. In the third volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*, p. 165, there is one by the lord V. addressed to a person of honour, Edw. Howard. Perhaps the author

was that Vaughan lord Carberry.

† Richard, called the great earl of Corke, father of this earl of Orrery, wrote memoirs of his own life and times, which he called *True remembrances*. They have been published in doctor Birch's *Life of the hon. Robert Boyle*.

“The ascents of the soul of David’s mount towards God’s house, being paraphrases on the 15 psalms of degrees. Written in Italian by the illustrious Gio. Franc. Loredano, a noble Venetian, 1656: rendered into English anno Dom. 1665.” Lond. 1681, fol. In one of the blank pages is this MS. inscription: Prænobilis dominus Coleranæ librum hunc à seipso, cum in Italiâ peregrè vixit, Anglicè redditum, coll. Sstæ & individ. Trinitatis Cantab. humillimè offert. There is a second part, called

“La scala fanta, or A scale of devotions musical and gradual, being descants on the 15 psalms of degrees in metre, with contemplations and collects upon them in prose, 1670.” This part is dedicated to the most illustrious and sereneſt Stella; and has a copy of English and another of Latin verses prefixed to the right hon. the learned author. The first part is dedicated to the most honoured Lucinda. They have each an emblematic frontispiece, as unintelligible as the books themselves, designed by the author, having his cypher  design. and baron’s coronet. The first is engraved by Faithorne.

All I can learn more of this lord is, that he was, according to the Irish Peerage, p. 317, edit of 1727, a very great medallist and antiquarian; and that his eldest son Hugh, who died before him, was author of a charge to the quarter-sessions for Surrey; and translated The history of the conspiracy of count Fieschi at Genoa.

## *WILLIAM VISCOUNT BROUNKER,*

PRESIDENT of the Royal Society, hath extant, says A. Wood\*,

“Experiments of the recoiling of guns, and several letters to archbishop Usher.”

\* Fasti, vol. ii. col. 57.

*WENTWORTH DILLON*, EARL of  
*ROSCOMMON*,

ONE of the most renowned writers in the reign of Charles the second, but one of the most careless too. His Essay on translated verse, and his translation of Horace's Art of poetry, have great merit; in the rest of his poems are scarce above four lines that are striking, as these,

“ The law appear'd with Maynard at their head,  
In legal murder none so deeply read.”

And these in the apparition of Tom Rofs to his pupil the duke of Monmouth,

“ Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,  
I rise to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul !”

His poems are printed together in the first volume of *The works of the minor poets*. At the desire of the duke of Ormond he translated into French doctor Sherlock's discourse on passive obedience, entitled

“ The case of resistance of the supreme powers\*.” And we are told † that his lordship in conjunction with Dryden projected a society for refining and fixing the standard of our language. It never wanted this care more than at that period; nor could two men have been found more proper to execute most parts of that plan than Dryden, the greatest master of the powers of language, and Roscommon, whose judgment was sufficient to correct the exuberances of his associate. Since them, chaster writers have by degrees refined our tongue. It flowed pure from Addison; was kept within severe bounds by Swift; was ennobled and harmonized by Bolinbroke; was raised to classic elegance and force by doctor Middleton. Such authors fix a standard by their

\* See his Life prefixed to his poems in the second volume of a miscellany called *The works of* the earls of Rochester, Roscommon, Dorset, &c.  
† See his Life in the *Gen. Dict.*



writings. Grammarians regulate niceties, and try careleſs beauties in works, where careleſſneſs often is a beauty, by the ſame rigorous laws that they have enacted againſt graver offenders. Such jury-men, no doubt, write their own letters with as much circumſpection as their wills; and are ignorant that it is eaſier to obſerve ſome laws, than to violate them with grace. But when an age departs from exact models, it marks the period in which a language was at its point of perfection, as the height of a ſpring-tide is meaſured from the line from which the waves begin to ebb. Academies and dictionaries are impotent authorities: who, that thinks Machiavel an incompetent guide, would obey the Cruſca?

### ROGER PALMER, EARL of CASTLEMAIN,

**A**UTHOR of ſeveral pieces; but better known by having been the huſband of the duchefs of Cleveland, and by being ſent embaffador from James the ſecond to the Pope, who treated him with as little ceremony as his wife had done. While her grace was producing dukes for the ſtate, the earl was buſied in controverſial divinity, and in defending the *religion* of a prince who was ſo gracious to his lady.

Of this lord's compoſition I have found,

“ An account of the preſent war between the Venetians and the Turks, with the ſtate of Candie; in a letter to the king from Venice.” Lond. 1666; ſmall twelves, with a print of the earl before it. In the dedication he diſcovers that the Turk is the great Leviathan, and that renegades loſe their talent for ſea affairs.

“ A ſhort and true account of the material paſſages in the late war between the Engliſh and Dutch. Written by the right honourable the earl of Caſtlemain; and now published by Thomas Price, gent.” In the Savoy, 1671. The editor, as wiſe as his author, obſerves that the earl had viſited Paleſtine, to which he had a particular relation by his name *Palmer* or *Pilgrim*: and he acquaints the world, that the earl's great-grandfather had three ſons born for three Sundays ſucceſſively; and that another of his anceſtors

with the same wife kept sixty open Christmases in one house, without ever breaking up house.

“The earl of Castlemain’s manifesto.” 1689. This is a defence of himself from being concerned in the popish plot, of which he was accused by Turberville.

“An apology in behalf of the papists.” This piece has not his name. It was answered by Lloyd, bishop of Saint Asaph, in 1667, and was re-printed with the answer in 1746. Lord Castlemain, and Robert Pugh a secular priest, his assistant, published a reply to the bishop, entitled

“A reply to ‘The answer of the catholic apology, or a clear vindication of the catholics of England from all matters of fact charged against them by their enemies. Lond. 1668. Both the pamphlets of the earl were seized by order of the house of commons\*.’” Bishop Lloyd in 1673 publishing another tract against popery, called *A seasonable discourse, &c.* lord Castlemain answered that too in a piece entitled

“A full answer and confutation of a scandalous pamphlet, called *A seasonable discourse, &c.* Antwerp, alias Lond. quarto.” Doctor Lloyd replied in another piece, which he styled *A reasonable defence of The seasonable discourse, &c.* and the earl wrote observations on it †. His lordship published besides

“The English globe, being a stabil and immobil one, performing what the ordinary globes do, and much more. Invented and described by the right honourable the earl of Castlemain.” 1679, thin quarto.

“The compendium, or a short view of the trials in relation to the present plot, &c.” Lond. 1679. This piece is likewise anonymous, is ascribed to him, but I cannot affirm it to be of his writing. I believe he wrote other things, but I have not met with them.

A splendid book of his embassy, with cuts, was published in folio, both in English and Italian.

\* Vide Biogr. Brit. vol. v. 2987.

† Ibid.

## JOHN LORD CUTTS,

A SOLDIER of most hardy bravery \* in king William's wars, was son of Richard Cutts, esq. of Matching in Essex, where the family was settled about the time of Henry the sixth, and had a great estate †. Our author was made baron of Gowran in Ireland, one of the lords justices general, general of the forces in that kingdom, and governor of the isle of Wight. He died at Dublin in January 1706, and is buried there in the cathedral of Christ-church ‡.

I have been favoured by a near relation of his lordship with the sight of a very scarce volume of poems of his writing, entitled

“ Poetical exercises written upon several occasions, and dedicated to her royal highness mary princess of Orange; licensed March 23, 1686-7, Roger L'Esrange. Lond. printed for R. Bentley and S. Magnes, in Ruffel-street in Covent-garden, 1687.” It contains, besides the dedication, signed J. Cutts, verses to that princess; a poem on Wisdom; another to Mr. Waller on his commending it; seven more copies of verses and eleven songs. The whole composing but a very thin volume. The author speaks of having more pieces by him: one I have found in vol. i. part 2d, of State-poems, p. 199; it is on the death of queen Mary.

## ROBERT VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH,

AUTHOR of that sensible and free-spirited work

\* Swift's epigram on a salamander alludes to this lord, who was called by the duke of Marlborough the salamander, on his always being in the thickest of the fire. The conclusion of the epigram alludes to his marrying a widow who suffered by the consequences of his former amours; and in some of the State-poems of that time was this line upon him:

VOL. I.

*As brave and brainless as the sword he wears.*

His motto was, *With labour and blood.* For a farther account of him see *Memoirs for the curious*, 1708, p. 46.

† Vide Hist. and antiq. of Essex, p. 79.

‡ Leneve's Monum. Anglicana, vol. iv. p. 120.

X x x

“ An

“ An account of Denmark.”

And of these pieces,

“ An address to the house of commons for the encouragement of agriculture.”

“ Translation of Hottoman’s Franco-Gallia.”

“ A dedication to the princess of Wales, of Marinda,” a collection of poems and translations by his lordship’s daughter, Mrs. Monk \*.

And he is reported to have written other tracts in defence of liberty, of his country, of mankind. I have heard that the last lord Molefworth drew up rules for the army, which have been published.

*MURROUGH BOYLE*, VISCOUNT  
BLESSINGTON,

WROTE a play called “ The lost princess †.”

*CHARLES LORD WHITWORTH*,

EMBASSADOR to several courts, was author of a very ingenious

“ Account of Ruffia, as it was in the year 1710 †.”

\* See Ballard’s Memoirs, p. 418.

† Vide Companion to the playhouse, vol. ii.

‡ This piece, with an account of the author, was printed at Strawberry-hill in 1758.

*JOHN SHUTE, VISCOUNT BARRINGTON,*

**W**AS reckoned the head of the presbyterian party, in whose behalf he wrote several pamphlets; and was author of some other pieces, called

“The rights of the protestant dissenters, in answer to sir Humphrey Mackworth;” two parts, quarto, 1704, 1705.

“An essay on the several dispensations of God to mankind\*.”

“Miscellanea sacra;” two volumes octavo, 1725.

“An account of the late proceedings of the dissenting ministers at Salter’s-hall, &c. in a letter to the reverend doctor Gale; with a postscript to Mr. Bradbury;” 1719. There were several controversial pamphlets on this occasion.

*JOHN LORD FORTESCUE,*

**O**NE of the judges of the Common-pleas in England, wrote remarks on the works of his ancestor Fortescue, entitled

“The difference between an absolute and limited monarchy.” Printed in 1714, reprinted since with additions.

*JOHN PERCEVAL, EARL of EGMONT,*

**W**ROTE several pieces on various subjects, chiefly religious and moral, several of which still remain in manuscript. Among others published, though to all his works his lordship modestly declined prefixing his name, were

\* Lodge’s Peerage of Ireland, vol. iii. p. 276.

“ The great importance of a religious life.” It has gone through several editions\*.

“ A dialogue between a member of the church of England and a protestant dissenter concerning a repeal of the test-act.” 1732.

“ The question of the precedency of the peers of Ireland in England,” 1739. Part only of this book was written by the late earl, which was in consequence of a memorial presented by his lordship to his majesty, November the 2d, 1733, upon occasion of the solemnity of the marriage of the princess royal with the prince of Orange.

“ Remarks upon a scandalous piece, entitled, A brief account of the causes that have retarded the progress of the colony of Georgia in America :” 1743. His lordship published several other tracts about that time relating to that colony.

“ Many letters and essays upon moral subjects in a paper called The weekly miscellany.”

He wrote a considerable part of a genealogical history of his own family, which was afterwards enlarged and methodized by Anderson, author of The royal genealogies, and by Mr. Whiston of the Tally-court †.

His lordship composed too a very great collection of

“ Lives and characters of eminent men in England from very ancient to very modern times,” in which work he was indefatigably employed till disabled by the paralytic disorder of which he died.

\* This list was communicated to me by his son the present earl; but the first piece has been ascribed to Mr. Melmoth, father of the translator.

† This was the famous history of the house of

Yvery, of which his son and successor was supposed to write a large part. It consists of two thick volumes in octavo, and was suppressed as far as possible soon after its publication.

*WILLIAM* VISCOUNT *GRIMSTON*

**I**S only mentioned here to vindicate him from being an author. Having when a boy written a play called

“The lawyer’s fortune, or Love in a hollow tree,” to be acted with his school-fellows, the duchess of Marlborough many years afterwards procured a copy, and printed it, at a time that she had a dispute with him about the borough of faint Albans. Lord Grimston buying up the impression, the duchess sent the copy to Holland to be reprinted. She made his lordship ample reparation afterwards by printing her own Memoirs, not written in her childhood.

*GERALD DE COURCY,*  
Twenty-fourth LORD KINGSALE,

**W**AS never publicly known to have attempted poetry, till after his death. His library being sold by auction in 1762, there appeared among his common-place books, a thin MS. containing some Jacobite ballads against the house of Hanover, panegyrics to and upon doctor Swift, some gallant rebuses and odes, and a few other things, all in very plebeian numbers; and an epistle on redeeming our precious time, addressed to his father-in-law John Effington, esq. But if his lordship had lost his time before, he by no means employed it better on this essay.

## PIECES OMITTED

IN THE FOREGOING

CATALOGUE OF ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS,

And discovered since the Volume was printed.

NOTE to the last line of the sonnet of Richard the first, page 254,  
 “ La mere Loys\*.”

\* In the new history of the Troubadors, collected from the MSS. of mons. de Sainte Palaye, is an article of Richard 1st, and translations of his two poems. In the first, there is no attempt at explaining the two last lines in this sonnet above.

The second is a spirited invitation to two French petty sovereigns to join him against Philip Augustus, with a mixture of irony that does not want taste.

Between the articles of Edward the second and Henry the eighth this paragraph must be inserted :

There is still better authority for adding to this list a descendant of the last-mentioned prince ; one equally unworthy of the crown and the lyre, less blameable, and, if possible, more unfortunate. In that very curious collection of papers given to the public under the too modest title of *Nugæ antiquæ* by doctor Harrington, from the MSS. of his ingenious ancestor, the translator of Ariosto, is a little piece † of three stanzas, which is asserted to have been the composition of Henry the sixth. The lines are melancholy and simple as we should expect, and not better than a faint might compose : yet there is one expression which the present age, being more refined and delicate than a faint, will not allow me to repeat ; and which intimates, that if the good prince was very pious ‡, it was not, as some have supposed, from an insensibility to pleasure.

† *Nugæ antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 145, 2d edit. In that very curious repository are particularly three letters, which exhibit more faithful portraits of queen Elizabeth and James 1st than are to be found in our most voluminous historians. Vide vol. ii. pp. 116, 132, 271, 2d edit. 1779.

Henry's mind early, that he was even admitted into holy orders almost in his childhood. As such a step could not be taken even by priests without authority, I should suspect the measure was dictated by his ambitious uncle cardinal Beaufort, in hopes of retaining greater influence over the young monarch.

‡ Such pains were taken to impress religion on



It is not worth making an article on purpose, as the authority is so vague, but Strutt in his third volume of *The manners and customs of the English*, has from a MS. in his own possession, written as early as in the reign of Henry 5th, given part of a poem composed by a duke of York, who must have been Edward, eldest son of Edmond of Langley, there being no other duke of York in the reign of Henry 5th. Yet as the verses seem to be addressed to a queen, they must have been written in the preceding reign, duke Edward having fallen in the battle of Agincourt, before the marriage of Henry 5th. If the poem is authentic, it was probably addressed to Joan, second wife of Henry 4th, Strutt only saying that the hand-writing seems to be as old as the time of Henry 5th. It might be a few years older, or written soon after she became queen dowager.

Add to the article of Henry the eighth, after "De justo in Scotos bello." Page 258,

A stanza long known, and beginning "The eagle's force," sir John Harrington asserts\* was composed by his majesty, and addressed to Anne Boleyn. Though it has no great merit, it raises our opinion of his majesty as an author.

Add to queen Elizabeth's works, p. 269, in notes after "Sallust †."

† Translation from Seneca, in the *Nugæ antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 309, 2d edit.

Translation of one of Cicero's Epistles, *ib.* vol. iii. p. 93.

Add, in note to James the second, p. 277, after "Charles the second ‡."

‡ Yet sir John Hawkins, in the appendix to his *History of music*, has from an old copy produced a song said to be written by king Charles.

There is certainly nothing in the composition to contradict the report: the expression is easy and genteel, and the thoughts amorous.

Add to George Boleyn viscount Rochford, p. 295,

Having mentioned a suspicion that some of this lord's poetry may exist among the unascertained poems in the collection of those of lord Surrey and

\* *Nugæ antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 248.

fir Thomas Wyat, I am the more confirmed in that opinion, by having been so fortunate as to find one \* piece of lord Rochford's identified amidst some verses of those noble friends, which have been printed of late years from the valuable MSS. of fir John Harrington in the *Nugæ antiquæ*; though by a trifling mistake lord Rochford is there called *earl*, instead of viscount. The MS. was dated in 1564, but 28 years after the death of the composer, and may therefore be depended upon. There is a melancholy simplicity and harmony in the lines, that rank them with the best compositions of the above-mentioned poets; and though the variation of accents and pronunciation have rendered some of the lines not quite melodious to modern ears, yet the measure and general expression are so elegant, that I am tempted to show, that without much alteration it might easily pass for the production of a more refined age.

## I.

Awake, my lute, perform the last  
 And only service we will waste;  
 Repeat the strain in sighs begun;  
 And when the vocal moment's past,  
 Be still, my lute, for I have done.

## II.

Is music heard, where ear is none?  
 Can crayons grave on marble stone?  
 My notes may pierce her heart as soon!  
 Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan—  
 No, no, my lute, we must have done.

## III.

The rock unmov'd when ocean raves  
 As soon shall yield to dashing waves,  
 As Juliet by my suit be won:  
 My vows she scorns, *thy* soothing braves;  
 Then, my sweet lute, let us have done.

\* *Nugæ antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 252. In the same collection, vol. i. p. 86, are some miserable verses said to be written by T. Seymour lord Sudley, lord admiral, the night before his execution, but

they deserve no further notice. The muses seldom visit a man at his death, whom they had neglected till that crisis.

## IV.

Yet Venus shall assert her reign,  
 Proud nymph, and punish thy disdain;  
 'Thro' that cold breast a flame shall run,  
 And me revenge some other swain,  
 Altho' my lute and I have done.

## V.

Sad in thy turn, the live-long hour  
 Of solemn night shall hear thee pour  
 Thy plaintive descant to the moon;  
 While thy fair face's fading flow'r  
 Shall touch not me, for I have done.

## VI.

Then Juliet shall perhaps repent  
 Of youth unprofitably spent,  
 And sigh in vain o'er moments gone;  
 And, finding beauty was but lent,  
 Shall weep its scorn as I have done.

## VII.

Then cease, my lute; be this the last  
 And only service we will waste;  
 Here end my love as it begun:  
 Be from my heart her name eras'd,  
 As from thy strings, when thou hast done!

Add to lord Clarendon, after "with other state-papers," p. 390,

Of these and of his letters three volumes in folio have been published at different times; the last so recently as in 1786, containing, besides numerous letters, three several additional characters of his lordship's bitter antagonist lord Digby [earl of Bristol] extended to above 23 pages in folio, and of sir John Berkeley, and sir Henry Bennet earl of Arlington.

But those are not the most remarkable contents of the third volume. A letter from the marquis of Ormond to Charles 2d, expressing such provocations from the duke of York as a gentleman could not endure, and hinting at revenging himself unless redressed, gives, considering the loyalty and temper of the marquis, very unfavourable ideas of James; and the publication proves that the university of Oxford have surmounted their tenderness for that unfortunate family.

In good truth, the university has not been delicate towards their favourite Clarendon. His transactions with father Talbot, a Romish monk, for the assassination of Cromwell, on which black business Talbot writes to the king himself; and the following horrid expression in a letter from sir Edward Hyde to secretary Nicholas, "But it is a worse and baser thing that any man should appear in any part beyond sea under the character of an agent for the rebels and not have his throat cut;" v. p. 144: such transactions, such sentiments, must make one lament that the fury of civil war and party rage could so transmute the soul of a good and wise man, and reconcile him to the worst practices of Borgia and Machiavel. Even the hypocrite usurper Cromwell scorned to stoop to such shameful warfare; and we can but admire the contrast, when in the same volume we see his playful policy (for so we may call it when compared with assassination) employed in sowing feuds between the brothers Charles and James, and the latter falling into the snare which Lockhart laid for him, and breaking with his brother on the dismissal of his favourite sir John Berkeley, against whom Cromwell for that purpose had contrived to instill prejudices into the king.

Lord Clarendon also wrote "Verses to sir William Davenant," on the latter's *Albovine*; printed in sir William's Works.

Add to page 426, after "The antiquated coquet,"

"A song," [by the earl of Dorset] published in the first volume of a collection called *The sports of the Muses*, printed in 1752, p. 46.

Add

Add to page 441,

Charles Mordaunt earl of Peterborough is said to have written a pamphlet, called "Remarks on a pamphlet entitled The thoughts of a member of the lower house, in relation to a project for restraining and limiting the power of the crown in the future creation of peers: London, printed for J. Roberts, 1719, third edition."

Add to page 453, after "A tragedy in rhyme,"

"A satire in the manner of Perſius," printed in the 5th vol. of Dodſley's Miscellanies.

"Verſes to Mr. Poyntz," with doctor Secker's ſermon on education; published in The new foundling-hoſpital for wit, part 4th, p. 119; 1771.

"Two epigrams on Chifwick." Ib.

Add to the account of lord Melcomb, p. 458, after "fallies are forgotten,"

It had been well for lord Melcomb's memory, if his fame had been ſuffered to reſt on the tradition of his wit and the evidence of his poetry. The poſthumous publication of his own Diary has not enlarged the ſtock of his reputation, nor reflected more credit on his judgment than on his ſteadineſs. Very ſparingly ſtrewed with his brighteſt talent, wit, the book ſtrangely betrays a complacency in his own verſatility, and ſeems to look back with triumph on the ſcorn and deriſion with which his political levity was treated by all to whom he attached or attempted to attach himſelf. He records converſations in which he alone did not perceive, what every reader muſt diſcover, that he was always a dupe; and ſo blind was his ſelf-love, that he appears to be ſatiſfied with himſelf, though he relates little but what tended to his diſgrace; as if he thought the world would forgive his inconſiſtencies as eaſily as he forgave himſelf. Had he adopted the French title, *confessions*, it would have ſeemed to imply ſome kind of penitence; but vain-glory engroſſed lord Melcomb; he was determined to raiſe an altar to himſelf, and

for want of burnt-offerings, lighted the pyre, like a greater author (Rouffeau), with his own character.

However, with all its faults and curtailments, the book is valuable. They who have seen much of courts, and are faithful, as lord Melcomb was, in relating facts (whether they mean to palliate or over-charge), still leave much undisguised, which it did not answer their purpose to conceal. Many traces of truth remain in his Diary; and the characters of the actors may be discerned (not much to their advantage), though the book was mangled, in compliment, before it was imparted to the public.

Other pieces by lord Melcomb are,

“Verses on the birth-day of sir Robert Walpole;” in Doddsley’s Miscellanies, vol. iv. p. 227.

“Verses to Mr. Stubbs;” in The European magazine for July 1784, p. 53.

Add to Charles Sackville duke of Dorset, p. 460,

In the two additional volumes to The works of Alexander Pope, printed for R. Baldwin, 1776, octavo, are these four poems by Charles duke of Dorset when lord Middlesex:

“Verses to Mr. Pope on reading Mr. Addison’s Account of the English poets;” vol. i. p. 151.

“Translation of the 21st ode of the 3d book of Horace.”

“Verses upon a goose.”

“Verses on lady Abergavenny.”

“Song on the death of Frederic prince of Wales,” in The gentleman’s magazine for May 1751, p. 227.

Add

Add to Joanna lady Bergavenny, p. 479,

Since the last edition of this work I have been inclined to think that the lady Bergavenny of the text was not Joanna Fitz-Alan, but her daughter-in-law the lady Frances Manners, daughter of Thomas earl of Rutland, and wife of Henry lord Bergavenny, as I find that lady Frances was an authoress; for Hugh Jackson, in 1580, printed a piece called Precious perles of perfect godlinefs, &c. begun by lady Frances Abergavenny, and finished by John Philips. Vide Typogr. antiq. by Herbert, vol. ii. p. 1134, quarto.

Add to Mary countefs of Pembroke, p. 483, to the last note,

And some of her versions of psalms are printed in *The nugæ antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 277, 2d edit.

Add to Anne viscountefs Irwin, p. 512,

Her "Answer to some verses of lady Mary Wortley," is printed in vol. i. of *The additions to Pope's works*.

Add to Henry Hare lord Colerane, p. 517, after "Faithorne,"

"A lyric poem" by him is mentioned in Nichols's *Life of Bowyer the printer*, p. 106.

Add to p. 519, note, after "obey the Crusca\*,"

\* "A song," by lord Roscommon, in *The sports of the Muses*, vol. i. p. 28.

Add to Robert viscount Molefworth, p. 522, after "have been published,"

To that John lord Molefworth is ascribed "A song" in *The gentleman's magazine* for August 1740, p. 408.

NOBLE AUTHORS OMITTED  
IN FORMER EDITIONS.

*FERDINANDO* EARL of *DERBY*,

[To follow Edward Vere Earl of Oxford, p. 330.]

**A**PPERS to have been one of our early bards, and not an unpromising one; but he died young, not without suspicion of having been poisoned. Sir John Hawkins, from a MS. in his own possession, communicated to The antiquarian repertory a pastoral poem by this earl, the commencement of which seems wanting. Vide Antiq. repert. vol. iii. p. 137.

*GREY BRIDGES*, LORD *CHANDOS*,

**C**ALLED, for his magnificence, the king of Cotswold, died in the 19th year of James the first. I mention him as an author with great diffidence, having no other grounds for it than the possession of a volume of discourses, published by the printer Edward Blount in 1620, entitled “*Horæ subsecivæ, observations and discourses;*” and in the first leaf of which is written *By Lord Chandois*. It consists of essays, one of which, on a country life, certainly has the air of being written by a man of quality speaking of himself, and agrees well with what little we are told of this peer.

*CHARLES HOWARD*, Third EARL of  
*CARLISLE*,

**A**FTER filling the post of first commissioner of the treasury, and other considerable offices, retired into Yorkshire and built the magnificent seat at Castle-Howard. His lessons of experience and virtue he bequeathed in verse\*, composed few hours before his death, to his son and successor; and

\* Vide Gentleman’s magazine for August 1739.



it is pity that such wholesome precepts were not couched in more harmonious numbers—It was not from his lordship that his grandson inherited a genuine talent for poetry.

### PEREGRINE OSBORNE, Second DUKE of LEEDS.

NOTHING can be slighter than my authority for mentioning this peer as an author. In a catalogue of a sale of books was “An account of the Brest expedition, by lord Carmarthen;” but having never seen the book, I know not whether the name of the author was specified; or if not, on what ground it was so ascribed.

### PHILIP STANHOPE, EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

FEW men have been born with a brighter show of parts: few men have bestowed more cultivation on their natural endowments; and the world has seldom been more just in its admiration both of genuine and improved talents. A model yet more rarely beheld, was that of a prince of wits who employed more application on forming a successor, than to perpetuate his own renown—yet, though the peer in question not only laboured by daily precepts to educate his heir, but drew up for his use a code of institution, in which no secret of his doctrine was withheld, he was not only so unfortunate as to behold a total miscarriage of his lectures, but the system itself appeared so superficial, so trifling, and so illaudable, that mankind began to wonder at what they had admired in the preceptor, and to question whether the dictator of such tinsel injunctions had really possessed those brilliant qualifications which had so long maintained him unrivalled on the throne of wit and fashion. Still will the impartial examiner do justice, and distinguish between the legislator of that little fantastic aristocracy which calls itself *the great world*, and the intrinsic genius of a nobleman who was an ornament to his order, an elegant orator, an useful statesman, a perfect but no servile courtier, and an author whose writings, when separated from his impertinent

institutes

institutes of education, deserve, for the delicacy of their wit and Horatian irony, to be ranged with the purest classics of the courts of Augustus and Louis quatorze. His papers in *Common Sense* and *The World* might have given jealousy to the sensitive Addison; and though they do not rival that original writer's fund of natural humour, they must be allowed to touch with consummate knowledge the affected manners of high life. They are short scenes of genteel comedy, which, when perfect, is the most rare of all productions.

His papers in recommendation of Johnson's Dictionary were models of that polished elegance which the pedagogue was pretending to ascertain, and which his own style was always heaving to overload with tautology and the most barbarous confusion of tongues. The friendly patronage was returned with ungrateful rudeness by the proud pedant; and men smiled, without being surpris'd, at seeing a bear worry his dancing-master.

Even lord Chesterfield's poetical trifles, of which a few specimens remain in some songs and epigrams, were marked by his idolized graces, and with his acknowledged wit. His speeches courted the former, and the latter never forsook him to his latest hours. His entrance into the world was announced by his bon-mots, and his closing lips dropped repartees that sparkled with his juvenile fire.

Such native parts deserved higher application. Lord Chesterfield took no less pains to be the phoenix of fine gentlemen, than Tully did to qualify himself for shining as the first orator, magistrate, and philosopher of Rome. Both succeeded: Tully immortalized his name; lord Chesterfield's reign lasted a little longer than that of a fashionable beauty. His son, like Cromwell's, was content to return to the plough, without authority, and without fame.

Besides his works collected and published by doctor Maty, his lordship had begun "*Memoirs of his own time.*"—How far he proceeded on such a work I cannot say; nor whether farther than a few characters of some eminent persons, which have since been printed, and which are no shining proof that lord Chesterfield was an excellent historic painter. From his private familiar letters one should expect much entertainment, if most of those published by

Maty did not damp such hopes. Some few at the end of his correspondence with his son justly deserve admiration.

Lord Chesterfield's writings that are known, were,

“Miscellaneous works, with memoirs of his life, by M. Maty, M. D.” published in two large volumes in quarto, 1777. In those volumes are omitted the following journals, which may be found in the several original publications: “Common sense, for May 21, and 28; October 15; Nov. 5; 1737: and January 21; 1738.” The last was probably omitted in the edition of his lordship's works for its indecency. Lady Hervey, an intimate friend of lord Chesterfield, allowed me to mark lord Chesterfield's papers from her copy of Common sense.

“His Letters to his natural son Philip Stanhope;” published in two large volumes in quarto, 1774.

“A Supplement” of some letters that were wanting to that correspondence, was published in quarto, by Doddsley, 1787.

“The art of pleasing;” being letters to his successor in the title; published in The Edinburgh magazine, 1774, N<sup>o</sup> 4, 5, 6, 7.

“Letters from lord Chesterfield to alderman George Faulkener, doctor Madden, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Derrick, and the earl of Arran.” London, quarto, 1777.

Other works of lord Chesterfield, not included in Maty's edition:

“Characters of eminent personages of his own time.” Duod. printed by W. Flexney, 1777.

“A petition of humour to the king for a pension;” 1757: reprinted with his letters.

“Letter to marshal Belleisle, on his letter to marshal Contades ordering him to lay waste the electorate of Hanover;” 1759: published in English and French.

“ A letter signed Bayes, on the marriage of the king and queen ;” published in *The London chronicle*, August 25, 1761.

## P O E T R Y.

In Doddsley’s Collection of miscellaneous poems, 2d edition, “ the five last poems” in vol. i. are by lord Chesterfield.

Epigrams, “ on Esau and Jacob,” published in *The sports of the Muses* ; “ on lord Hervey, *As nature Hervey’s clay, &c.*” “ on lady Thanet, *Physic and cards, &c.*” in *The foundling-hospital for wit, and other miscellanies* : and in the third part of *The foundling-hospital*, “ Verses on Sarah duchess of Richmond going to supper ;” commonly, but wrongly, entitled, *On the duchess of Rutland*.

“ Truth at court,” in the name of a dean, published in *The London chronicle* for April 1761, and in *The annual register* for the same year.

“ Some lines, to be placed in the parlour of his brother sir William Stanhope, in the house that was Mr. Pope’s at Twickenham.

“ A dialogue, in prose, on his own going to court, 1762 ;” MS.

*BAPTIST NOEL, EARL of GAINSBOROUGH,*

WHO died in 1751, had “ A song” ascribed to him in *The morning herald* for November 15, 1786. In Collins’s *Peerage* his lordship’s chaplain, in his funeral sermon, speaks of his taste for painting, music, and poetry.

*HENRY FOX, LORD HOLLAND,*

NEVER attempted poetry, I believe, till towards the end of his life, when a few copies of verses shewed that he neither wanted the talent, nor that that talent had wanted an edge.

“ One poem” by him is in *The annual register* for 1779.

Lord

Lord Holland's rival,

## WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM,

IS known to have dropped some complimentary "Lines to miss Margaret Banks" [afterwards married to his brother-in-law Henry Grenville], and "to David Garrick;" and is said to have written other "small pieces:" but as Rome was more fortunate in Cicero's eloquence than in his poetry, so was England in Mr. Pitt's; but the latter's verses were not ridiculous like the consul's; nor did Mr. Pitt sport them but as accidental trifles. He had a more important advantage over the Roman: he left a son of whom he would not have been ashamed. That he had the same superiority over his English rival in a brighter son, will not be so easily accorded.

To lord Chatham were also ascribed, in *The universal museum* for December 1766, "Verses on the death of lady Abergavenny," which in the *Additions to Pope's works* are given to Charles duke of Dorset.

## GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

LEARNING, eloquence, and gravity, distinguished this peer above most of his rank, and breathe in all his prose. His "Epistle to Mr. Pope" is the best of his poetry, which was more elegant than striking. Originality seems never to have been his aim; his most known pieces, his "Persian letters," and "Dialogues of the dead," being copies of Montefquieu and Fontenelle; and his "Henry the second," formed on the model of the ancients, was not adapted to the vivacity that is admitted into modern history. He published the latter himself, in five volumes in quarto; and the rest of his works, collected by his nephew Mr. Ayscough, were printed in one large volume in quarto, in the summer of 1774.

There have also been published of his lordship's writing, though not reprinted in the collection of his works,

"An epistle to William Pitt," (afterwards earl of Chatham) occasioned by an epistle to the latter from the honourable Thomas Hervey.

Z z z 2

"Some

“Some papers in Common sense,” but I do not know which; and some “political pamphlets,” without his name.

“Prologue to Thomson’s *Coriolanus*.”

“Hymen to Eliza,” (his second wife) on their marriage; printed in *The St. James’s magazine* for March 1763.

“Letter to Mr. Boswell,” in *The London chronicle*, May 11, 1769.

He wrote most of the “inscriptions” in the gardens at Stowe; “an epitaph on captain Henry Grenville;” “another on captain Cornwall,” in *Westminster-abbey*; and “poems to general Conway and the countess of Ailesbury, after their marriage,” MSS.

### THOMAS LORD LYTTLETON

WAS a meteor, whose rapid extinction could not be regretted. His dazzling eloquence had no solidity, and his poetry no graces that could atone for its indelicacy.

“One of his speeches in the house of lords,” and “a volume of his verses,” have been printed; and “some lines he wrote to his wife” were published in *The Westminster magazine*, N<sup>o</sup> 5, 1773.

### JOHN WEST, EARL of DELAWARE,

THE second earl of that ancient race, wrote several occasional “copies of verses” with genuine humour and ease, but with neither affectation nor thirst of fame; and scarce any of them have been printed.

“One, on quitting his place of vice-chamberlain to the queen, on the death of his father, is in *The gentleman’s magazine* for April 1776: it is also in Almon’s third part of *The foundling-hospital for wit*, 1769, under the title of “A farewell to the maids of-honour.”

“A ballad,”

“A ballad,” published in *The gazetteer* for March 1761.

In a catalogue of books I found mention of a lord Delawar’s “Relation of Virginia,” printed in 1611. Thomas lord Delawar was captain-general of that province; but I never saw the book, nor have any other evidence of his lordship being the author of it.

SIR *CHARLES WINDHAM*, First EARL of  
EGREMONT,

IS only mentioned here, as a copy of verses called “The fair thief” was printed in *The European magazine* for January 1785, and ascribed to his lordship; but I much question if on any authority.

*CHARLES HOWARD*, DUKE of NORFOLK,

WAS author \* of

“Confiderations on the penal laws against Roman catholics in England, and the new-acquired colonies in America. In a letter to a noble lord.” 8vo. 1764.

“Thoughts, essays and maxims, chiefly religious and political.” 8vo. 1768.

“Historical anecdotes of some of the Howard family.” 8vo. 1769.

P E E R E S S.

*ANNA CHAMBER*, COUNTESS TEMPLE,

WAS forty years old before she discovered in herself a turn for genteel versification, which she executed with facility, and decked with the amiable graces of her own benevolent mind. A few copies of her select “Poems” were printed at Strawberry-hill, in 1764.

\* *European magazine* for October 1786.

## SCOTS AUTHORS.

*PATRICK MURRAY, LORD ELIBANK,*

**W**ROTE and published some tracts; among others these:

“Thoughts on money, circulation and paper-currency:” Edinb. 1758.

“Inquiry into the origine and consequence of the public debts.”

“A pamphlet on the Scottish peerage.”

*THOMAS HAMILTON, EARL of  
HADDINGTON,*

**F**ATHER of Charles lord Binning, mentioned above, p. 511, besides the Tales which I have mentioned under his son’s article, wrote “A treatise on forest trees, in a letter from the right honourable the earl of —— to his grandson;” published at Edinburgh in 1761.

*ANNE DOUGLAS, COUNTESS of ARGYLE,*

**W**AS daughter of William earl of Morton, first wife of Archibald Campbell 7th earl of Argyle, and mother of Archibald marquis of Argyle, who was beheaded. She was rather a publisher than an author, having collected and published in Spanish a set of sentences from the works of saint Augustine. It is entitled, “El alma del incomparable facada del cuerpo de sus confessions, colegida por la illustrissima senora dona Anna condesse de Argyl, dirigida a la serenissima senora dona Isabel Clara Eugenia, infante d’Espana. En Ambres por Geraldø Wolfchaten.” The copy in my possession, the only one I ever saw, appears by the arms on the cover to have belonged to Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles 2d. I bought it at the sale of Philip Carteret Webbe in 1771.

IRISH



## IRISH PEERS.

## L O D O W I C K LORD B A R R Y

**M**UST be mentioned, as Antony Wood, vol. i. p. 629, and Coxeter, in his MS. ascribe a comedy called "Ram alley, or merry tricks," to a person by that title in the reign of James 1st. — but no such lord is to be found in the Irish Peerage; and Langbaine, Jacob, Gildon, and Whincop, call him only Lodowic Barry, esq. and the last positively denies his being a lord, as he probably was not. Vide Victor's Comp. to the playhouse, vol. ii.

*The following article should stand in the place of the account, in page 523, of*  
**JOHN SHUTE, VISCOUNT BARRINGTON.**

**JOHN SHUTE BARRINGTON,**  
**VISCOUNT BARRINGTON,**

**W**AS an eminent chieftain of the dissenters, and by his credit with that sect, by his learning and address, raised himself at an early age to much distinction, and afterwards to employment and honours, which he sullied, as well as his pretensions to piety, by engaging in a scandalous job, the Harburgh lottery; a transaction for which he was expelled from the house of commons. I should not relieve that disgrace, had not a public writer allowed a partisan of the family to make use of his pen in transferring the odium of the punishment, above fifty years after the infliction, to an innocent person on the most vague of all foundations, and with no less virulent aspersions of that august assembly which ejected so unworthy a member.

In the new edition of the Biographia Britannica, published in 1778, it is said that one Dobson transcribed from a MS. paper of his uncle John Foster an account of that transaction, which concludes with asserting, "that lord Barrington having been firmly attached to lord Sunderland, the enemy and predecessor of sir Robert Walpole in the administration, it was *suspected* that

lord Barrington had taken some steps very disagreeable to sir Robert, which the latter not forgetting, took occasion of the Harburgh lottery to obtain that severe [and, as the text says, unmerited] censure on his lordship.

It is remarkable, that during an administration of twenty years, and an opposition as virulent as ever persecuted a prime-minister, sir Robert should never have been charged in general with a vindictive temper, nor reproached with that vengeance against lord Barrington in particular. Lenity, good-humour, good-nature, and forgiveness, have been allowed the characteristic virtues in sir Robert Walpole's composition : but if a disinterested public have subscribed to that character, still the piety of a son would no doubt have felt and endeavoured to remove the opprobrium from an injured parent to a revengeful arbitrary minister, whenever an opportunity presented itself. The son and heir of the stigmatized lord was chosen into parliament before the fall of that minister, and was even a speaker against him. That son and heir voted twice for a secret committee to examine into the conduct of that minister ; yet who ever heard of the son's imputing the disgrace of his father to sir Robert Walpole ? Was such arbitrary influence a crime of no magnitude ? Would it not have figured in a report of the committee, in which the highest crime alleged against a minister so long misrepresented as the enemy of his country, was profusion to hireling scribblers ? The committee, I know, was authorized to enquire but into the last ten years of sir Robert's administration ; but the first motion went to twenty years ; and had the imputed vengeance been true, lord Barrington's son would indubitably have specified it as an argument for extending the enquiry to twenty years.

But was ever charge laid before the public on more frivolous grounds, on worse authority ? Mr. Dobson says he copied the account from a scrap of paper of his uncle's writing——and what does that paper say ?——That it was *suspected* lord Barrington had acted disagreeably to sir Robert Walpole. This shews that judge Foster knew nothing more than a vague whisper. Would that judge, sitting in his own court, have suffered such random suspicions to have been offered in evidence on a trial ? Certainly not——yet on such futile calumny does a grave judge [if the paper was really written by him] condemn a solemn examination of the house of commons, and pronounce it unmerited——[unless the word *unmerited* may have been kindly tacked to the suspicion by posthumous piety]——nay, though it does not appear  
that

that for fifty years together either the criminal or his family pretended to plead that the sentence was unjust.

But it is difficult to think that judge Foster could seriously believe [even if he suspected, contrary to the whole tenor of sir Robert's life, that he had acted revengefully] that lord Barrington was condemned unjustly. In the zenith of his power was sir Robert Walpole possessed of influence sufficient to induce the house of commons to expel one of their own members, after a solemn enquiry, for a crime not proved? If the crime was proved, what would not have been said of sir Robert if he had screened the culprit? And if the crime was proved, would lord Barrington's character be whitened, though the revenge of a most unvengeful minister had contributed to drag his guilt into the eye of day? Nor will it easily be credited that a house of commons, who in the worst times have ever been tender to their own body, would have complimented a minister [and one scarce settled in his power, nor then very welcome to his \* sovereign] with the sacrifice of a member, unless the proofs of his guilt had been flagrant. Nor were lord Barrington's abilities of that magnitude, that sir Robert Walpole, who never attempted the smallest vengeance against far more formidable and more bitter antagonists, should have singled out for punishment so puny an adversary as lord Barrington, who had at most been the tool of a capital rival. Sir Robert Walpole, against the earnest remonstrances of his nearest friends, recalled lord Bolingbroke from exile——compare the two antagonists. Perhaps too even lord Barrington's family may be persuaded to think with the majority of mankind, that bribery was an engine more familiar to sir Robert than persecution, and that he would rather have attempted to purchase lord Barrington's attachment than to prosecute him. I have heard that lord Barrington was suspected of having twice sold the presbyterians to the court——but when I condemn judge Foster's random whispers and suspicions [if they were judge Foster's] I will not desire more credit to be given to mine. If lord Barrington was innocent in the affair of the Harburgh lottery, I will believe he was incorruptible.

Lord Chesterfield, one of his warmest opponents and satirists, who knew him better than judge Foster or Mr. Dobson could, has said in his character

\* George the first. Sir Robert Walpole had father and son, and had been the principal opposer of the intended peerage bill, the favourite measure of the court. adhered to the prince of Wales (afterwards George the second) on a quarrel between the

of fir Robert Walpole, *that he was not vindictive, but on the contrary placable to those who had injured him most.* Could lord Chesterfield have been ignorant of it, if fir Robert Walpole had influenced the house of commons to expel a member for a crime of which that member was innocent? Lord Chesterfield was twenty-nine when lord Barrington was expelled; and was himself at that time a member of the house of commons, and probably voted for that expulsion. If it should be supposed that he was one of the influenced, he had but the more reason for knowing the fact; and, though a courtier then, he became so unaltered an enemy to fir Robert Walpole to the end of the latter's life, that it is not credible he should officiously and coolly have affirmed that fir Robert was very placable to his worst enemies——yet the pretended paper of judge Foster says at most that it was suspected lord Barrington had taken some steps very disagreeable to fir Robert Walpole, and that those steps had been influencing the dissenters to remain in lord Sunderland's interest. The vengeance, if lord Barrington was innocent, would have been above measure inadequate to the offence——Thank God, it rests only on the hearsay evidence of an unauthenticated paper, written down probably [if written by judge Foster, then a young man] from the conversation of a Temple coffee-house; and seems to have been as great a secret to his lordship's son the bishop, as to the rest of the world; for could the prelate, who furnished other lights to the editor, have been able to corroborate it with a safe conscience by any testimony of his own, by any documents or vindication left by his father, no doubt his lordship's filial piety would not have trusted the defence of his parent's memory to so ridiculous a fide-gale as judge Foster's supposed narrative of a supposed revenge for a supposed offence. Indeed a family is to be pitied, when reduced to have recourse to an exculpation that is not a jot preferable to a confession of the guilt.

Perhaps one collateral fact may be as full confutation of this idle tale, as the arguments I have used. After the first edition of this work was published, I was told that I had omitted one noble author, lord Barrington. As I intended a second edition, I applied to the son and heir of that lord for a list of his father's writings. The answer I received was, that his lordship would be obliged to me if I would continue to omit all mention of his father——and to oblige his lordship I did, though it left my work, which I had enlarged with other former omissions, still imperfect. I had not then, nor till I saw the account in the new Biographia, ever heard of the affair of the

Harburgh lottery; which, as I was in parliament when my father quitted his employments, proves that I had never heard of his being taxed with unjust persecution of lord Barrington; as, if I had, I could not have been so absurd or so indelicate as to touch on so tender a subject to his own son. It is as plain that his eldest son did not think the merit of his father's writings would efface the demerit of his conduct, but wished to have them both forgotten together. Officious and misguided zeal has forced this discussion from me; and if the pious prelate of the church of England, who furnished a list of his father's heterodox writings to the authors of the Biographia, and who, however, could have no high esteem for those writings, or his zeal for his mother the church would not have pointed out to her enemies weapons forged by the hand of his father; if that pious prelate, I say, has had less discretion than his elder brother, he must excuse a son who feels no less for a traduced parent, and who feels veneration for his memory with more reason, if he refutes the improbable charge. Nor perhaps was it worth the bishop's while, for the sake of raising from oblivion a list of his father's writings, to revive the memory of the Harburgh lottery. Here follows that list:

“A Latin oration spoken at Utrecht.” Published 1698.

“Essay on the interest of England in respect to protestants dissenting from the established church.” Quarto, 1701. Reprinted two years afterwards with considerable alterations and enlargements.

“The rights of protestant dissenters;” in two parts. Second edit. 1705.

“Miscellanea sacra;” in two vols. octavo, 1725. “Or, a new method of considering the history of the apostles, &c.” Second edition, in 3 vols. in 1770; by his son the bishop of Landaff, much improved by his father: with a dissertation on the 12th chapter of the Hebrews, not published before.

“An essay on the several dispensations of God to mankind.” Octavo, 1725.

“A dissuasive from Jacobitism.” Octavo; the 4th edition was printed in 1725.

“A letter from a layman to a bishop, on the bill for preventing the growth of schism.” Quarto, 2d edit. 1714.

“The layman’s letter to the bishop of Bangor.” Second edit. 1716.

“An account of the late proceedings of the dissenting ministers at Salter’s-hall, in a letter to doctor Gale.” 1719.

“A discourse of natural and revealed religion.” Octavo, 1732.

“Reflections on the 12th query in a paper, entitled, Reasons offered against pushing for the repeal of the corporation and test acts.” Octavo, 1733.

## JOHN PERCEVAL, Second EARL of EGMONT,

WAS a frequent writer of political papers and pamphlets, a profound genealogist—if that is not a contradiction in terms; and an admirer and strenuous advocate for the restoration of that barbarous and obsolete system of government, feudal tenures, which he wished to revive in the island of St. John, and wrote a book to recommend it, copies of which he distributed to ministers and some members of both houses. Against that happy period should revive, and the use of gunpowder should be lost, he built, moated, and fortified his castle of Enmore, for the residence of the future old barons his descendants, as in the History of the house of Yvery he gave views of the ancient castles that had belonged to any of his race; nor disdained, as having had the honour of being hired by himself, to add a print of his lodging-house on Mount Pleasant at Tunbridge. With these eccentricities he had strong parts, great knowledge of the history of this country, and was a very able, though not an agreeable orator. His domestic virtues more than compensated for some singularities that were very innocent; and had he lived in the age whose manners he emulated, his spirit would have maintained the character of an ancient peer with as much dignity, as his knowledge would have effaced that of others of his order. His most known works were,

“Faction detected:” a pamphlet that made a great noise, 1744.

“An

“ An examination of the principles, and an enquiry into the conduct of the two brothers :” [duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham] 1749.

“ A second series of facts and arguments ;” on the same subject : 1749.

“ An occasional letter from a gentleman in the country to his friend in town, concerning the treaty negotiated at Hanau in the year 1743. Printed for A. Briton, near Temple Bar, 1749.”

To all these pamphlets many answers were published. What other political letters in journals, or other pieces, his lordship wrote, I do not know.

### *FRANCIS BOYLE, Third LORD SHANNON,*

**W**ROTE and published a volume of “ Discourses and essays, useful for the vain and modish ladies and their galants, and also upon several subjects moral and divine, in two parts.” Dedicated to Elizabeth countess of Northumberland. Octavo, 2d edit. London, 1696.

### *FREDERIC CALVERT, LORD BALTIMORE,*

**W**ROTE and published what he called his “ Travels.” They contain little more than a journal of his route. His bills on the road for post-horses would deserve as much to be printed. His book proves a well-known truth, that a man may travel without observation, and be an author without ideas.

### *NICHOLAS LORD TAAFFE*

**W**ROTE “ Observations on affairs of Ireland.” His lordship was aged 84 in 1766.

CONSTANTINE

*CONSTANTINE PHIPPS, First LORD  
MULGRAVE,*

**W**AS a modest poet, who wrote many verses, but published none; nor, though much applauded by those who have seen them, have they yet appeared in print.

*ROBERT LORD CLIVE.*

**T**HIS lord, who was stiled by policy a *heaven-born hero*, and whom policy alone would canonize, would never have been an author, if he could have silenced opposition as completely, as he removed opponents in India. Yet was he qualified, like Cæsar, either to write or conquer. Still one, who neither reverences Roman usurpations in Gaul, nor Spanish massacres in Mexico, will never allow his pen to applaud the invasions and depredations of his countrymen in India. Suffered to traffic as merchants, we have butchered, starved, plundered and enslaved, the subjects and provinces of lawful princes; and all the imported diamonds of the East cannot out-blaze the crimson that ought to stain our cheeks, or the indignation that ought to have fired them, when more recent Machiavels have called for applause on their devastations. But as Cæsar's conquests lifted the yoke on the neck of Rome, Indian gold has undermined the English constitution; for, when heaven inflicts heroes on mankind, it generally accompanies them with their consequences, the loss of liberty—to the vanquished, certainly; to the victorious, often!

Lord Clive printed "A letter to the India company," in February 1764.

"Another letter," in the public papers in April 1764.



*ROBERT NUGENT*, VISCOUNT CLARE and  
EARL of NUGENT,

WAS one of those men of parts, whose dawn was the brightest moment of a long life; and who, though possessed of different talents, employed them in depreciating his own fame, and destroying all opinion of his judgment, except in the point of raising himself to honours. He was first known by the noble ode on his own conversion from popery: yet, strong as was the energy and reasoning in it, his arguments operated but temporary conviction on himself, for he died a member of the church he had exposed so severely. The spirit of his first ode was as little discovered in his subsequent poetry, as it was in his final relapse to his original creed; and though he had eloquence and knowledge, they were rarely displayed, though often with deserved applause, without being accompanied by bombast and extravagant vociferation. Who does not lament that Lucan, after shedding through his *Pharsalia* various sentences worthy of being cited by Longinus, has wrapped those luminous effusions in a mantle of turgid declamation? But Lucan had boiling youth to plead; lord Nugent had no sobriety of judgment, but in his earliest composition.

It should be mentioned, that lord Nugent's ode being the production of a young Irish adventurer, unknown by any marks of genius, occasioned so much surprize, that, when it was observed he was patronised by men of the best abilities in the then opposition to the court, it was generally believed that his poem had been assisted and much improved by them: but, besides that there are several marks of similarity in lord Nugent's other poems that show their being by the same hand with the ode, however inferior, it is not at all probable that he was indebted to the three men named as his coadjutors. Pope was not likely to have lent his aid towards decrying the catholic religion; nor does the \* doggerel he produced for St. Cecilia's day, in

\* Tho' fate had fast bound her with Styx nine  
times round her,  
Yet music and love were victorious.

Though Cato died, though Tully spoke,  
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,  
Yet perish'd fated Rome.

Did Pope reserve these burlesque lines for himself, and lend the following to Mr. Nugent?

VOL. I.

May I be allowed to remark, that men of the first abilities sometimes over-rate their own powers,

in rivalry of Dryden, furnish any reason for believing that he could have ascended to the majestic march of the ode. Of the other two supposed contributors, lord Chesterfield had not energy enough for austere and dignified composition; and lord Bath never rose above an epigram, or some easy verses produced occasionally in society.

powers, and think themselves capable of shining in other walks than in those for which nature formed them? Pope's ode is one instance; Addison gave another still more injudicious in his opera of Rosamond. Natural humour was the primary talent of Addison. His character of sir R. de Coverley, though far inferior, is only inferior to Shakespear's Falstaffe. Having se-

lected and happily ridiculed the absurdity of the Italian opera, Mr. Addison had the weakness to produce Rosamond; which, without any of the superficial merits of Italian operas, is degraded below the buffoonery of Sadler's Wells by the stupid and false pleasantries in the personages of sir Trusty and Grideline.

## IRISH PEERES.

HENRIETTA ST. JOHN, LADY  
LUXBOROUGH,

**W**AS daughter of Henry viscount St. John, half sister of the famous lord Bolingbroke, and first wife of Robert Knight, lord Luxborough, who after her death was created earl of Catherlough. She wrote "four copies of verses," printed in Doddsley's Miscellanies, vol. iv. p. 313, & sequent. and was a friend of Shenstone, who also addressed verses to her, and often mentions her in the letters published with his works.

The two following POEMS by *EDWARD VERE*, EARL of OXFORD, mentioned in page 329, were communicated to me from an ancient MS. Miscellany, and I believe have never been printed.

**W**EARE I a kinge, I mighte comāde contente,  
Weare I obscure, unknowne should be my cares,  
And weare I deadē, noe thoughtes could me torment,  
Nor woordes, nor wronges, nor love, nor hate, nor feares.  
A doubtfull choyse for me of three things one to crave,  
A kingdome, or a cottage, or a grave.

Wearte thou a kinge, yet not comāde contente,  
Wher empire none thy mind could yet suffice,  
Wearte thou obscure, still cares would thee torment,  
But wearte thou dead, all care and sorrow dyes.  
An easy choyse of three things one to crave,  
Noe kingdome, nor a cottage, but a grave.

VERE, finis.

WHEN

**W**HEN I was faire and younge then favoure graced me,  
 Of many was I foughte their mistresse for to be,  
 But I did scorne them all and answered them therefore,  
 Goe, goe, goe, seeke some other-wher, importune me no more.

Howe many weeping eyes I made to pyne in woe,  
 Howe many sighinge hartes I have not skill to showe,  
 But I the prouder grewe and still thus spake therefore,  
 Goe, goe, goe, seeke some other-wher, importune me no more.

Then spake brave Venus sonne that brave victorious boy,  
 Sayinge, You daynty dame, for y<sup>t</sup> you be so coye,  
 I will soe pull your plumes, as you shall say no more  
 Goe, goe, goe, seeke some other-wher, importune me no more.

As soone as he had saide, such care grewe in my breast  
 That nether nighte nor daye I could take any reste,  
 Wherefore I did repente that I had saide before  
 Goe, goe, goe, seeke some other-wher, importune me no more.

E. of OXFORDE.

POSTSCRIPT.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

AS I should be unwilling to defraud my country of any sparkle of genius that glimmered in our ages of darkness, especially when a claim has been made by foreigners for one of our ancient peers, it is necessary to examine the pretensions, and allow them, if I can with a good conscience. The person in whose favour a title to the laurel has been set up is *JOHN MONTACUTE*, EARL of SALISBURY, who flourished in the reign of Richard the second. The advocate is the editor of that voluminous collection the *Bibliotheque des romans*, who in the first tome, for October of the year 1779, p. 128, asserts, on the authority of Christina of Pisan, an authoress whom I have mentioned in the first part of this work, that the earl not only delighted in *dictiez*, but was himself a *delectable dicteur*; and the editor explains the term *dictiez* in p. 126, by saying, that they were *petites pieces de poesie legere, telles que les ballades, les lays, les virelays, et les rondeaux*.

Neither Christina nor the editor has gratified our curiosity with a single stanza of lord Salisbury's composition; yet the following amorous declaration, which the lady has preserved, may fairly be presumed a translation of a *lay*, which at least she seems to intend we should suppose was the purport of one of his poetical addresses to her: "O la perle des plus beaux esprits, repondit-il, comme la fleur des plus belles: vous avez chanté; il ne me reste plus de fons. O desir de mon cœur, plaisir de mes yeux, tourment de ma pensée, vous avez attiré à vous mon entendement & ma substance entière; vous avez lié ma langue: tout ce que je puis faire à cette heure, c'est de vous voir & de vous entendre."

This declaration was gallant and tender enough for a swain on the banks of the Lignon; and if Christina did not lend her lover both sentiment and expression, we must allow that the institutions of chivalry had rendered our heroes as polite as they were valiant.

But before I can entirely admit the earl of Salisbury into the choir of our earliest bards, it will be requisite to examine both his character and that of his fair voucher; and that discussion may perhaps make some slight amends for the loss of the earl's ditties. I shall begin with the history of the lady from the anecdotes of her life in the work I have cited.

Christina was daughter of Thomas de Pisan, and was born at Bologna, the most flourishing school of literature, next to Florence, of that age. The reputation of Thomas for science spread so diffusely, that, having married the daughter of Dr. Forti, a member of the great council of Venice, the kings of France and Hungary were jealous of Venice possessing such a treasure, and invited Thomas of Pisan to adorn their respective courts. The personal merit of Charles the fifth, surnamed the Wise, *la preponderance*, says my author, *du nom François*, and the desire of visiting the university of Paris, *tres brillante alors*, determined the illustrious stranger. Charles showered honours and wealth on Thomas of Pisan; the *Wise* monarch appointed him his astrologer, and fixed him in France, whither he sent for his wife and daughter, who were received at the Louvre, whither the people, *enchanté de leurs magnifiques habillemens à la Lombarde*, followed them with admiration and applause.

This happened in 1368, when Christina was but five years old. She was born with her father's avidity for knowledge, and was early instructed in the Latin tongue. At fifteen she had made such a progress in the sciences, and her personal charms ripened so fast, that she was sought in marriage *par plusieurs chevaliers, autres nobles & riches clercs*—yet she adds, modestly, *qu'on ne regarde pas ceci comme ventence; la grande amour que le Roi demontroit à mon pere en étoit la cause, & non ma valeur*.

The king had bestowed on Thomas a pension of an hundred livres, payable every month, and equivalent to eight thousand four hundred livres at present, besides annual gratifications of *livrees & autres bagatelles*: and that this bounty might not be thought extravagant in so œconomic a monarch, Christina, to prove the solidity of her father's knowledge, informs us that he died on the very hour that he himself had predicted, and that Charles owed  
much

much of the prosperity of his arms, and of the great effects of his government, to the sage councils of Thomas of Pisan.

It is not, in fact, extraordinary, that the first rays of learning should have made strong impressions on a rude and illiterate age. A sunbeam admitted through the smallest aperture of a dark chamber, appears more vivid by the contrast than the diffused splendour of the whole luminary; which, though every thing is made visible by its emanations, imparts such general light that nothing seems to be particularly illustrated. Legislators, poets, philosophers, institutors of new religions, have owed a large portion of their success to the darkness of the periods in which they have appeared: and with all the merit of their several institutions, productions, lessons, doctrines, they might have missed the éclat that has consecrated their names, had they fallen on less favourable, that is, better *doctrinated* æras. With what difficulty does a genius emerge in times like the present, when poets and sages are to be found in every county, and in every magazine!

Stephen Castel, a young gentleman of Picardy, was the fortunate suitor that obtained the hand of the favourite astrologer's daughter; and the sovereign who made the marriage appointed the bridegroom one of his notaries and secretaries. Christina adored her husband, whose character she has painted in the most favourable colours, and by whom she had three children. — But this brilliant horizon was soon overcast! The king died: the uncles of the young successor thought of nothing but plundering the kingdom, and probably were not fond of predictions. Thomas's pensions were stopped, his son-in-law was deprived of his offices. Thomas, who, his daughter confesses, had been too liberal, fell into distress, grew melancholy, and soon followed his royal master. Castel, by his good conduct, for some time sustained the family, but was also taken off by a contagious distemper at the age of thirty-four.

The widowed Christina was deeply afflicted for the loss of her consort, and had injustice and poverty to struggle with, as well as with her grief. Still she sunk not under her misfortunes, but with true philosophy dedicated her melancholy hours to the care of her children and the improvement of her mind, though but twenty-five at the death of her husband. She gave herself up to study, and then to composition. Poetry was a cordial that natu-

rally presented itself to her tender heart, and coloured deliciously the sighs that she vented for her beloved but lost turtle. Yet whilst unfortunate love was her theme, the wound was rather mitigated than cured, and proved that a heart so sensible was far from being callous against a new impression.

In a word, ere her tears were dried for Castel, the earl of Salisbury arrived at Paris, as ambassador from his master to demand the young princess Isabel in marriage. The beauty and talents of Christina outshone in the eyes of the earl all the beauties of the court of France, and the splendour and accomplishments of the personage were too imposing not to make his homage agreeable to the disconsolate, philosophic relict. Yet so respectful were the Paladins of those days, or so austere were the manners of Christina, that though they communicated their compositions to each other, in which as we have seen Salisbury by no means spoke mysteriously on his passion, yet the sage Christina affected to take the declaration for the simple compliment of a gallant knight; and the earl, blushing at having gone too far, vowed for the future to be more circumspect.

Christina's eldest son was about the age of thirteen. The discreet earl, to prove at once his penitence and esteem, proposed to her to take the youth with him to England, declaring that he bade adieu to love, renounced marriage, and would build his future happiness on educating and making the fortune of her son. Far from being offended at so extraordinary an alternative, the tender mother resigned her child to that mirror of knighthood, and the too generous Salisbury departed with the pledge of his mistress's favour, which his unaccountable delicacy had preferred to one which it had been more natural to ask, and which some indirect queries which Christina confesses she put to him, induce us to think she would not have received too haughtily, if consistent with the laws of honour.

I will abridge my author's narrative, and hasten to the deplorable and rapid conclusion of so exalted a story. King Richard was deposed, and the usurper Henry of Lancaster immediately imprisoned his faithful servants, and struck off the head of his favourite Salisbury—a catastrophe which my zeal for romance would incline me to wish had been less precipitate, had not the austere dignity of history too clearly authenticated the event.

The



The ferocity of contending factions was no doubt a cruel drawback on the gallantry and courtesy of that age, and many a gentle knight lost his head on a scaffold, who had encountered giants and dragons (such giants and dragons as existed in the degeneracy of later times) and had even out-lived the frowns of his mistress. But though I am impatient to examine the title of lord Salisbury to the rank of Noble Author, I will not deprive the reader of a short summary of what farther relates to the interesting Christina.

The savage Bolinbroke, who she says found her *lays* in the portefeuille of her murdered lover, was yet so struck with the delicacy and purity of her sentiments, that he formed the design of drawing her to his court, and actually wrote to invite her—She! she at the court of the assassin of her lover!—Horrible thought! impossible!—However, the decorum due to a crowned head, and who had taken into his custody and treated kindly her son, imposed on her the hard necessity of making a gentle but firm excuse; and though the monarch twice dispatched a herald to renew the invitation, she declined it—and nevertheless obtained the recovery of her son.

Visconti duke of Milan, and Philip the Hardy duke of Burgundy, were no less pressing to obtain her residence at their courts. The first was positively refused, though her fortunes in France were far from being re-established. The latter had taken her son into his protection, and had tempted her by an employment most congenial to her sentiments, a proposal of writing the reign of her patron Charles the fifth.—She had even commenced the agreeable charge, when death deprived her of that last protector likewise.

Destitute of every thing, with a son, an aged mother, and three poor female relations to maintain, her courage, her piety and the muse supported her under such repeated calamities, the greatest of all seeming to her that of being reduced to borrow money—a confession perhaps never made by any other lady of so romantic a complexion. *Beau sire Dieu! comme elle rougissoit alors! Demander, lui causoit toujours un acces de fièvre;* are her own words. Her latter days were more tranquil; and her ingenious and moral writings are favourable indications of her amiable mind, and justify the attention paid to her by so many puissant princes.

If,

If, in discussing the validity of lord Salisbury's pretensions, I shall seem to call them in question, though founded on the testimony of so competent a witness and cotemporary, I will not start a cavil beyond where history will bear me out.

John Montacute earl of Salisbury appears by no means, from Dugdale's account, in so amiable a light as in his portrait drawn by Christina. The genealogist does not even mention his commission to treat of king Richard's marriage with the princess Isabel—only saying that he had a licence to travel into France. But perhaps his instructions were secret, and he might be sent to sound the inclinations of the French court before any formal demand was made\*. Dugdale allows that he was employed with the bishop of St. Asaph to negotiate a peace with Scotland.

But that he was a very confidential instrument of his royal master, appeared from an act of state, which proved fatal to the monarch, and was extremely unpopular in the eyes of the nation. He was *suborned*, says my author, to impeach the duke of Gloucester, his majesty's uncle, and the earls of Warwick and Arundel in parliament, the conclusion of which tragedy was transacted at Calais in the person of the duke.

Another circumstance in the earl's life could not but tend to decry him with the majority in that age. "He was a chief of the Lollards, and the greatest fanatic of them all, says Thomas of Walsingham, being so transported with zeal, that he caused all the images which were in the chapel at Schenele, there set up by John Aubrey and sir Adam Buxhall (his wife's former husbands), to be taken down and thrown into an obscure place; only the image of saint Catherine (in regard that many did affect it) he gave leave that it should stand in his bakehouse."

\* This is the more probable, as the princess Isabel was but seven years old when she came over to be queen of Richard; and as he was deposed three years after, the marriage was never consummated. Isabel was restored to her father,

and was afterwards married to his nephew the duke of Orleans; as her youngest sister Catherine was to our Henry the fifth, son of him who had dethroned her sister's husband.

The earl attended his master into Ireland, but, on the news of the duke of Hereford's landing in England, was dispatched thence with a great power, and landed at Conway—but soon was deserted by his forces, as the king himself was also, and was left almost alone.

On Richard's depofal, the earl is faid to have had fair refpect from the fortunate ufurper, and not to have had his life called in queftion. Nevertheless he confpired with the earls of Huntingdon and Kent to take away the new monarch's life, and for that purpofe went to Windfor under the difguife of Christmas players—but finding that the plot was difcovered, they fled by night to Cirencefter. The townfmen affrighted at their coming in fuch numbers—Here we may pause a little, and fufpect the accuracy of the hiftorian. It does not feem very probable that three great peers, who had difguifed themfelves like ftrolling players to furprife and murder a king, and who on the difcovery of their defign had fled to Gloucefterfhire, fhould have been attended by a body of troops; yet troops there muft have been, for the citizens of Cirencefter were fo affrighted, that, blocking them up and their forces within the town, fo fharp a fight enfued that it lafted from midnight till three of the clock in the morning, when the earls, being overpowered, furrendered themfelves, and were beheaded about break of day\*.

I do not queftion the veracity of the earl's catastrophe; yet fo vague, defaultory, and unfatisfactory in general are the narratives of our ancient hiftorians, that whoever has occafion to examine their relations critically, muft be convinced that, except fome capital outlines, the relators fet down any random accounts they heard of events, and took no pains, employed no judgment, to reconcile the moft abfurd and contradictory.

Thus, though Christina is not warranted by our hiftorians, they on the other hand are not fupported by common fenfe. The elegance of her mind and learning certainly has drawn a portrait of her lover that gives us little

\* Some hiftorians do fay, that the confpirators not finding the king at Windfor, the plot being difcovered, and hearing that he was marching againft them with an army, retired to Cirencefter, where the townfmen rifing againft them, the earls of Salifbury and Kent were flain, and their heads being cut off were fent to London.

idea of a turbulent baron of that boisterous age : and it is unfortunate that the refined phantom which is commonly conjured up by the pen of a romantic lady, should seldom exhibit the picture of the manners of any age that has yet existed. Montacute, if we believe Walsingham, whom Dugdale transcribed, was a court-tool, who accused the king's uncle, was an accomplice in his murder, was a hot-brained heretic, was ungrateful to the prince who had spared him, and even was so base as to plot his assassination. This is not exactly the bashful, self-denying, generous lover, who forswore marriage, because he had not courage to declare his passion but in a ditty, which too he acknowledged for a presumptuous offence. How far the sublimated notions of chivalry might impose respect on a true knight, I cannot tell—but unluckily there is a coarse evidence, who, devoid of sentiment, and regarding nothing but who begat whom, deposes against Christina's testimony, and that witness is genealogy. Far from forswearing matrimony, the earl was not only married, as we have seen, but his widow survived him, and had a grant of part of his forfeited lands for her subsistence. She had a son too, of age so mature, that, ten years after his father's death, he, being then married, received the purparty of his wife's lands on the division of her estate with her sisters.

In other respects I should be inclined to think that the earl of Salisbury's crimes might admit of alleviation. *Suborned* is a stigmatizing word—but that Thomas duke of Gloucester was by no means the patriot martyr that he was represented, has been judiciously observed by Mr. Hume. Though the youngest of the sons of Edward the third, he probably aimed at the crown, and affected with that view to censure, and perhaps to aggravate, the incapacity and worthlessness of his nephew ; resembling surprisingly both in his manœuvres and catastrophe the duke of Guise, who, with still worse or indeed no pretensions, aspired to depose Henry the third, and set himself on the throne of France. Both Richard and Henry felt the predominant ascendant of their rivals ; and, too weak to counteract by policy, or to stem by manly hardihood, their insolent competitors, they stooped to the infamy of assassination—and precipitated by the odium of that act the destruction they had hoped to ward off. The duke of Hereford, whose nearer title would have been obstructed by Gloucester's ambition, lamented his uncle's fall, at which he must have rejoiced, and reaped the harvest that Gloucester had sown for himself.

The earl of Salisbury, as a faithful subject, might have abhorred and dreaded the duke's machinations, and, for aught we know to the contrary, might have obtained proofs of his guilt. The same fidelity to his legal master must have inspired him with detestation of the usurper Henry; nor, as the latter, after Salisbury's death, called to severe account some of Richard's ministers, who had dipped their hands in the death of Gloucester, must we rely too rashly on Henry's mercy to him, which might amount to no more than not having yet punished him. If Henry's indulgence is problematic, the crime of ingratitude vanishes—and if Salisbury, Huntingdon and Kent retired to Cirencester with armed forces, I should believe that they had made an attempt to dethrone the usurper by arms, and found him prepared, rather than that they meditated to assassinate him at a mummery.

In a word, though I cannot on such doubtful characteristics admit the earl into the choir of English poets, I must as a good protestant suspect that his zeal as a Lollard occasioned our monkish annalists to blacken his actions; and I must admire the fervor of the amiable Christina's love, which could counterbalance the prejudice of education and of the times, and aid her to discover virtues and innate worth even in a heretic, who had treated faint Catherine with so little politeness and decorum as to banish her into a bake-house.

## A P P E N D I X

T O

## ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

**T**O a work of no intrinsic merit, that aspires neither to discovery nor instruction, that aims at none of the higher ranks which are of dignity enough to be confined by rules and regularity, a little eccentric addition may be allowed. I have classed together a band of authors, the least of whom certainly wished to be numbered with better writers than those of his own order; and yet, as perhaps their personal titles preserved many who would have been forgotten had they been born or died in an humbler sphere, they will not be disparaged if I introduce among them a prince, who after *four hundred* years has emerged into notice on the merit of poetry which till within these three years had never obtained that very common honour of being transmitted to the press.

The prince in question, I confess, was not of English blood royal; yet as he paid us the singular compliment of attempting to versify in our language, such a *pursuivant* of poetic royal personages as I am, feels a sort of duty to enroll him in the college of arms on our mount Parnassus. The gentle prince, it is true, is indebted for the assertion of his claim to a fair lady, who, zealous to record and illustrate the writers of her own sex and country, delivered by the bye from the dungeon of a library a royal knight, who had long lain in durance among the manuscripts of the crown of France. The generosity of this fair champion is the greater reproach to the biographers of that nation, as she asserts, and seemingly with reason, that the royal prisoner whom she has set free, was the first purifier of French poetry; an honour hitherto unjustly ascribed to Villon.

The

The authorefs I quote is mademoifelle Keralio, who is publishing a work called *Collection des meilleurs ouvrages François compofés par des femmes*, to be comprifed in thirty volumes of corpulent octavo—a treasure that would throw our ifland below all competition, did not the prefent period prove that the Mufes have at laft recollected that their favours have too long and too partially been fhowered on a fex that it was lefs decent for maiden goddeffes to countenance.

The prince, then, whom I fhall venture to range with our royal authors, is Charles duke of Orleans, nephew of Charles the fixth, and fon of that amorous, prefumptuous, and probably agreeable duke of Orleans fo audaciously affaffinated in the ftreets of Paris in open day, by the order of John duke of Burgundy, who lived to commit fo many more atrocious crimes, that it was not one of his leaft demerits to have forced his fovereign \*, in other refpects almoft entitled to be univerfally beloved, to violate his oath and honour by caufing that odious duke to be affaffinated before his eyes while treating of peace with him.

Charles duke of Orleans was taken prifoner at the battle of Azincourt, was brought to England, and kept prifoner here for twenty-five years; a rigour no doubt occafioned by our political connection with Burgundy, who could but dread the return of the fon, when he had murdered the father.

Burning with juft vengeance, Orleans ftill appears to have been a prince of amiable qualities, and to have been endued with talents and tafte very difffimilar to the ferocious complexion of that age, when civil animofity had embittered even the predominant barbarifm, and when Ifabel of Bavaria, the prototype of Catherine of Medici, had leagued with John of Burgundy to dethrone her own fon, and mafacre his fubjects.

The duke of Orleans, happily reftained from dipping in or from retorting thofe horrors, foothed the hours of wearifome captivity by the folace of poetry; nor was fo far exasperated by involuntary confinement amongst us, as to difdain to cultivate the language of his jailors—a fymptom itfelf of liberal and noble fentiments.

\* Charles the feventh.

Chaucer had enriched rather than purified our language; but if the duke of Orleans improved the poetry of his own country, he certainly contributed no graces to ours: nor are his numbers or images more poetic than those I have formerly specified of Richard I.; as a counterpart to whose composition I will transcribe the two little poems printed by mademoiselle Keralio from a MS. in the royal library at Paris. She owns that some words are grown antiquated and others ill-spelt, and she has been so kind as to give a version of them, which I believe conveys their general meaning; though I confess I should not have so easily decyphered them, and have more faith than conviction of her having interpreted the whole justly.

## I.

Myn hert (heart) hath send glad hope thys message  
 Unto comfort pleasant joye and speed:  
 I pray to God that grace may inleed,  
 Without clenching or danger of passage.

## II.

In tryft to fynd prouffit and advantage,  
 Within short tyme, to the help of his need,  
     Myn hert, &c.  
     Unto comfort, &c.

## III.

All yat he come, myn hert yn hermitage  
 Of thought shall dwell alone; God gyve him med:  
 And of wishing of tymis shall him fed,  
 Glad hope follyw, and sped wel this viage.  
     Myn hert, &c.  
     Unto comfort, &c.

## INTERPRETATION OF THE ABOVE.

Mon cœur a envoyé avec ce message la joyeuse esperance pour encourager le plaisir & l'heureux succes. Je prie Dieu que la grace puisse le conduire, sans qu'il trouve danger ou empchement.

Dans



Dans l'espoir de trouver bientôt quelque bien & quelque avantage pour  
soulager son ennui,

Mon cœur a envoyé, &c.

Jusqu'à ce qu'elle revienne (esperance) mon cœur habitera dans la soli-  
tude de sa pensée ; que Dieu le soutienne & le nourrisse du desir d'un tems  
heureux. Vole, joyeuse esperance, & reussis dans ce voyage.

Mon cœur a envoyé, &c.

The next is called

### RONDEAU EN ANGLOIS.

#### I.

When shall thows come, glad Hope, y viage?  
Thows hast taryd so long many a day;  
For all comfort is put fro my away,  
Till that y her tything of my message.

#### II.

Us hat that had letting of thy passage,  
Or tariyn? Alas, y cannot say.  
When shall, &c.  
Thows hast, &c.

#### III.

Thows knows full well yat y have gret damage,  
In abyding of the that is no nay;  
And thof y syng an dance, or lagh and play,  
In black mourning clothid my corage.  
When shall, &c.  
Thows hast, &c.

#### INTERPRETATION.

Quand reviendras tu, joyeuse Esperance? Tu as tardé trop long tems.  
Tout soulagement est loin de moi, jusqu'à ce que je recueille les fruits de  
mon message.

A t'on laissé libre ton passage: l'a t'on retardé? Helas! je ne puis le dire.

Quand reviendras tu, &c.

Tu le fais bien quelle est ma peine à supporter ce qui est refus; tu fais qu'au milieu des chants, des danses, des ris, et des jeux, un vêtement noir couvre mon courage.

Quand reviendras tu, &c.

It grieves me a little to mention, that the fair editor is of opinion that the duke's English poetry is not inferior to his French, which does not inspire a very advantageous opinion of the latter—though indeed such is the poverty and want of harmony of the French tongue, that one knows how very meagre thousands of couplets are that pass for poetry in France. It is sufficient that the rhymes are legal; and if sung to any of their numerous statutable tunes, nobody suspects that the composition is as errant prose as ever walked abroad without stepping in cadence.

It is owing to the unmusical nature of their language, probably, that the poets of France adhere to tragedies in rhyme, as rhyme constitutes the principal difference between their prose and their verse. Yet how strange, when their language is allowed to excell in dialogue and short narration, that they should tie down comedy to the same unsonorous metre! Nay, such is their prejudice, that Moliere, who in a manner created their comedy, and who has never been equalled by any of his successors, has had his comedies in prose turned into rhyme! The consequence of this obstinacy, and of the fetters with which they have cramped their poetry, and of the refinements with which they have hampered their stage, is, that they scarce ever of late produce either a passable tragedy or comedy, and are obliged for their chief theatric pleasures to the introduction of Italian music into their operas, and into the musical pieces of the théâtre Italien. Yet that, like other reformations, was scarce achieved without a civil war. The senses are partial to their habitudes, and are apt to take up arms against common sense, and usually find the multitude on their side. Slaves are offended at the offer of liberty; ignorance is affronted at the pretensions of knowledge; and taste has still greater difficulties to combat, for who thinks himself void of it? and who that is void of it, conceives what it is? Who therefore can make

converts in a language not intelligible to his auditors?—But I beg pardon for a digression into which the duke of Orleans's poetry misled me; and I ask more pardon of the lady, whose talents and industry have done justice to a long-neglected prince, and furnished me with an opportunity of transplanting a curiosity from her learned volumes into a trifling work of my own, which cannot pretend to a quarter of her researches.

N. B. This addition was written before the revolution in France in 1789; since when the follies of that nation have soured and plunged into the most execrable barbarity, immorality, injustice, usurpation, and tyranny; have rejected God himself and deified human monsters, and have dared to call this mass of unheard of crimes “giving liberty to mankind”—by atheism and massacres!

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# I N D E X

TO THE

## ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

N. B. Those marked with a \* were not in the former Editions.

### ROYAL AUTHORS.

|                               | Page |
|-------------------------------|------|
| I. <b>R</b> ICHARD the First  | 251  |
| II. Edward the Second         | 255  |
| III. Henry the Eighth         | 256  |
| IV. Queen Catherine Parr      | 259  |
| V. Edward the Sixth           | 262  |
| VI. Queen Mary                | 264  |
| VII. Queen Elizabeth          | 266  |
| VIII. James the First         | 272  |
| IX. Charles the First         | 275  |
| X. James the Second           | 277  |
| XI. *Frederic Prince of Wales | 278  |

### NOBLE AUTHORS.

|  | Died. | Page |
|--|-------|------|
| 1 <b>S</b> IR John Oldcastle Lord Cobham | 1417  | 279  |
| 2 John Tiptoft Earl of Worcester         | 1470  | 281  |
| 3 Antony Widville Earl Rivers            | 1483  | 284  |
| 4 Nicholas Lord Vaux                     | 1523  | 291  |
| 5 John Bouchier Lord Berners             | 1532  | 293  |
| 6 George Boleyn Viscount Rochford        | 1536  | 294  |
| 7 John Lord Lumley                       | 15—   | 296  |
| 8 Henry Parker Lord Morley               | 1556  | ib.  |
| 9 Henry Howard Earl of Surrey            | 1547  | 299  |
| 10 Edmund Lord Sheffield                 | 1548  | 306  |
| 11 Edward Seymour Duke of Somersfet      | 1552  | ib.  |
| 12 Henry Lord Stafford                   | 1558  | 308  |
| 13 Francis Hastings Earl of Huntingdon   | 1561  | 309  |
| 14 *Henry Lord Paget                     | 1569  | 310  |

|  | Died. | Page      |
|--|-------|-----------|
| 15 Will. Powlett Marq. of Winchester                                   | 1598  | 311       |
| 16 William Cecil Lord Burleigh   | 1598  | ib.       |
| 17 Robert Devereux Earl of Essex                                       | 1601  | 314       |
| 18 Edward Vere Earl of Oxford  | 1603  | 329       |
| 19 Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst                                     | 1608  | 330       |
| 20 Sir Robert Cecil Earl of Salisbury                                  | 1612  | 333       |
| 21 Henry Howard Earl of Northampton                                    | 1614  | 334       |
| 22 Lord Chancellor Elefmere  | 1617  | 340       |
| 23 Sir Francis Bacon Visc. St. Albans                                  | 1626  | 341       |
| 24 Sir Fulke Grevile Lord Brooke                                       | 1628  | 342       |
| 25 *James Ley Earl of Marlborough                                      | 1628  | 345       |
| 26 George Carew Earl of Totnefs  | 1629  | 346       |
| 27 William Herbert Earl of Pembroke                                    | 1630  | 347       |
| 28 Sir Dudley Carleton Visc. Dorchester                                | 1631  | 349       |
| 29 Edward Cecil Viscount Wimbledon                                     | 1638  | 351       |
| 30 Robert Carey Earl of Monmouth                                       | 1639  | 355       |
| 31 Henry Montagu Earl of Manchester                                    | 1642  | 356       |
| 32 Robert Grevile Lord Brooke  | 1643  | ib.       |
| 33 Lord Keeper Littleton   | 1645  | 359       |
| 34 Arthur Lord Capel   | 1648  | 360       |
| 35 Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury                                     | 1648  | 361       |
| 36 James Stanley Earl of Derby   | 1651  | 364       |
| 37 John Digby Earl of Bristol  | 1652  | 365       |
| 38 Ulick de Burgh Marquis of Clanrick-<br>arde, and Earl of St. Albans | 1657  | 367       |
| 39 Henry Carey Earl of Monmouth  | 1661  | 368       |
| 40 Mildmay Fane Earl of Westmorland                                    | 1665  | 370       |
| 41 Dudley Lord North   | 1666  | ib.       |
| 42 Edw. Somersfet Marq. of Worcester                                   | 1667  | 371       |
| 4 D  |       | 43 George |

|  | Died. Page |  | Died. Page |
|--|------------|--|------------|
| 43 George Moncke Duke of Albemarle                       | 1669 378   | 86 Henry Lord Hyde and Cornbury          | 1753 454   |
| 44 Charles Stanley Earl of Derby                         | 1672 379   | 87 Horatio Lord Walpole                  | 1756 ib.   |
| 45 Edward Montagu Earl of Sandwich                       | 1672 380   | 88 George Booth Earl of Warrington       | 1758 455   |
| 46 John Powlett Marq. of Winchester                      | 1674 382   |  |            |
| 47 Will. Cavendish Duke of Newcastle                     | 1676 383   | ADDITIONS.                               |            |
| 48 Edward Hyde Earl of Clarendon                         | 1674 385   | *WILLIAM Puketney Earl of Bath           | 456        |
| 49 George Digby Earl of Bristol                          | 1676 390   | G. Bubb Doddington Lord Melcomb          | 458        |
| 50 Denzil Lord Holles                                    | 1679 392   | *John Earl Poulett                       | 459        |
| 51 Dudley Lord North                                     | 1677 395   | *Charles Lord Viscount Townshend         | ib.        |
| 52 James Touchet Earl of Castlehaven<br>and Baron Audley | 1684 396   | *John Boyle Earl of Corke and Orrery     | ib.        |
| 53 Henry Pierpoint Marq. of Dorchester                   | 1680 397   | *Charles Sackville Duke of Dorset        | 460        |
| 54 John Wilmot Earl of Rochester                         | 1680 399   | *Richard Lord Edgcombe                   | 461        |
| 55 Ant. Ashley Cooper Earl of Shaftsbury                 | 1683 401   |  |            |
| 56 Heneage Finch Earl of Nottingham                      | 1682 405   | SUPPLEMENT.                              |            |
| 57 Francis North, Ld. Keeper Guildford                   | 1685 407   | A NTONY Brown Viscount Montacute         | 463        |
| 58 John Robartes Earl of Radnor                          | 1684 410   | Henry Clifford Earl of Cumberland        | 464        |
| 59 Arthur Annesley Earl of Anglesey                      | 1686 411   | Lord Chancellor Hatton                   | ib.        |
| 60 George Villiers Duke of Buckingham                    | 1687 416   | *Lionel Cranfield Earl of Middlesex      | 465        |
| 61 Heneage Finch Earl of Winchelsea                      | 1689 420   | John Holles Earl of Clare                | 466        |
| 62 George Saville Marquis of Halifax                     | 1695 ib.   | Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford       | 468        |
| 63 George Earl of Berkeley                               | 1698 422   | *William Fiennes Viscount Say and Seale  | 469        |
| 64 Thomas Osborne Duke of Leeds                          | 1712 423   | Lord Keeper Coventry                     | ib.        |
| 65 Henry Booth Lord Delamer and<br>Earl of Warrington    | 1693 424   | *Edward Lord Montagu                     | 470        |
| 66 Charles Sackville Earl of Dorset                      | 1706 425   | John Lord Lucas                          | ib.        |
| 67 Wm. Cavendish Duke of Devonshire                      | 1707 426   | Henry Lord Arundel of Wardour            | 471        |
| 68 John Thompson Lord Havertham                          | 1710 427   | *Ford Lord Grey                          | 472        |
| 69 Ant. Ashley Cooper Earl of Shaftsbury                 | 1713 429   | Robert Spencer Earl of Sunderland        | ib.        |
| 70 John Lord Somers                                      | 1716 430   | Thomas Grey Earl of Stamford             | 473        |
| 71 Charles Montagu Earl of Halifax                       | 1715 434   | John Lord Jefferies                      | ib.        |
| 72 John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham                     | 1720 435   | *John Lowther Viscount Lonfdale          | ib.        |
| 73 Robert Harley Earl of Oxford                          | 1724 436   | *George Verney Lord Willoughby de Broke  | 474        |
| 74 Edward Howard Earl of Suffolk                         | 1731 437   | Robert Dudley Duke of Northumberland     | ib.        |
| 75 Daniel Finch Earl of Nottingham                       | 1730 438   |  |            |
| 76 Ch. Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough                     | 1735 ib.   | PEERESSES.                               |            |
| 77 George Granville Lord Lansdown                        | 1735 441   | M Argaret Countess of Richmond and Derby | 477        |
| 78 Charles Boyle Earl of Orrery                          | 1731 442   | Joanna Lady Bergavenny                   | 479        |
| 79 Philip Duke of Wharton                                | 1731 443   | Lady Jane Gray                           | 480        |
| 80 Robert Lord Raymond                                   | 1732 445   | Mary Countess of Arundel                 | 482        |
| 81 Peter Lord Chancellor King                            | 1734 ib.   | Joanna Lady Lumley                       | ib.        |
| 82 Thomas Lord Paget                                     | 1742 446   | Mary Duchefs of Norfolk                  | 483        |
| 83 Sir Robert Walpole Earl of Orford                     | 1745 447   | Mary Countess of Pembroke                | ib.        |
| 84 Henry St. John Viscount Bolinbroke                    | 1751 448   | Elizabeth Lady Ruffel                    | 484        |
| 85 John Lord Hervey                                      | 1743 450   | Elizabeth                                |            |

I N D E X.

571

|   | Page |  | Page |
|---|------|--|------|
| Elizabeth Countess of Lincoln             | 485  | Roger Boyle Earl of Orrery                       | 514  |
| Anne Countess of Dorset and Pembroke      | ib.  | *Henry Hare Lord Colerane                        | 516  |
| Margaret Duchess of Newcastle             | 486  | *William Viscount Brounker                       | 517  |
| *Anne Hyde Duchess of York                | 487  | Wentworth Dillon Earl of Roscommon               | 518  |
| *Mary Countess of Warwick                 | 488  | Roger Palmer Earl of Castlemain                  | 519  |
| Anne Countess of Winchelsea               | ib.  | John Lord Cutts                                  | 521  |
| Sarah Duchess of Marlborough              | 489  | Robert Viscount Moleworth                        | ib.  |
| Frances Duchess of Somerset               | 491  | *Murrough Boyle Viscount Blessington             | 522  |
| <b>SCOTS AUTHORS.</b>                     |      |  |      |
| <b>J</b> AMES the First                   | 492  | Charles Lord Whitworth                           | ib.  |
| James the Fourth                          | 493  | *John Shute Viscount Barrington                  | 523  |
| James the Fifth                           | ib.  | John Lord Fortescue                              | ib.  |
| Queen Mary                                | ib.  | John Perceval Earl of Egmont                     | ib.  |
| Patrick Lord Ruthven                      | 496  | William Viscount Grimston                        | 525  |
| Lord Chancellor Maitland                  | 497  | *Gerald de Courcy Lord Kingfale                  | ib.  |
| *William Douglas Earl of Angus            | 498  | <b>PIECES OMITTED in the foregoing Catalogue</b> |      |
| William Alexander Earl of Stirling        | ib.  | <b>NOBLE AUTHORS</b>                             |      |
| Sir Robert Kerr Earl of Ancram            | ib.  | OMITTED IN FORMER EDITIONS.                      |      |
| Thomas Hamilton Earl of Haddington        | 499  | *FERDINANDO Earl of Derby                        | 534  |
| James Duke Hamilton                       | ib.  | *Grey Bridges Lord Chandos                       | ib.  |
| Henry Cary Lord Falkland                  | 500  | *Charles Howard third Earl of Carlisle           | ib.  |
| Lucius Lord Falkland                      | 501  | *Peregrine Osborne second Duke of Leeds          | 535  |
| Henry Lord Falkland                       | 504  | *Philip Stanhope Earl of Chesterfield            | ib.  |
| Antony Lord Falkland                      | ib.  | *Baptist Noel Earl of Gainsborough               | 538  |
| Thomas Lord Fairfax                       | ib.  | *Henry Fox Lord Holland                          | ib.  |
| Archibald Campbell Marquis of Argyle      | 506  | *William Pitt Earl of Chatham                    | 539  |
| Archibald Campbell Earl of Argyle         | ib.  | *George Lord Lyttelton                           | ib.  |
| Richard Maitland Earl of Lauderdale       | 507  | *Thomas Lord Lyttelton                           | 540  |
| Colin Lindsay Earl of Balcarras           | ib.  | *John West Earl of Delawar                       | ib.  |
| George Mackenzie Earl of Cromerty         | 508  | *Sir Charles Windham first E. of Egremont        | 541  |
| John Dalrymple Viscount Stair             | 509  | *Charles Howard Duke of Norfolk                  | ib.  |
| Richard Graham Viscount Preston           | ib.  | <b>P E E R E S S.</b>                            |      |
| *George Douglas Lord Mordington           | 510  | *ANNA Chamber Countess Temple                    | 541  |
| *David Murray Viscount Stormont           | ib.  | <b>SCOTS AUTHORS.</b>                            |      |
| *Charles Hamilton Lord Binning            | 511  | *PATRICK Murray Lord Élibank                     | 542  |
| James Hamilton Earl of Abercorn           | ib.  | *Thomas Hamilton Earl of Haddington              | ib.  |
| *Alexander Forbes Lord Pitfligo           | ib.  | *Anne Douglas Countess of Argyle                 | ib.  |
| Anne Countess of Morton                   | 512  |  |      |
| *Anne Viscountess Irwin                   | ib.  |  |      |
| <b>IRISH PEERS.</b>                       |      |  |      |
| <b>G</b> ERALD Fitzgerald Earl of Desmond | 513  |  |      |
| George Calvert Lord Baltimore             | ib.  |  |      |

IRISH

## IRISH PEERS.

|   | Page |
|---|------|
| * <b>L</b> ODOWICK Lord Barry                     | 543  |
| *John Shute Barrington Viscount Barrington        | ib.  |
| *John Perceval second Earl of Egmont              | 548  |
| *Francis Boyle third Lord Shannon                 | 549  |
| *Frederick Calvert Lord Baltimore                 | ib.  |
| *Nicholas Lord Taaffe                             | ib.  |
| *Constantine Phipps first Lord Mulgrave           | 550  |
| *Robert Lord Clive                                | ib.  |
| *Robert Nugent Viscount Clare, and Earl of Nugent | *549 |

## IRISH PEERESS.

|  | Page |
|--|------|
| * <b>H</b> ENRIETTA St. John Lady Luxborough | 551  |

## POSTSCRIPT.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| * <b>J</b> OHN Montacute Earl of Salisbury | 553 |
|--|-----|

## APPENDIX TO ROYAL AUTHORS.

|                                   |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| * <b>C</b> HARLES Duke of Orleans | 562 |
|-----------------------------------|-----|



# I N D E X

TO THE

## ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS,

Alphabetically arranged.

|   | Page     |  | Page       |
|---|----------|--|------------|
| <b>A.</b>   |          |  |            |
| <b>A</b> BERCORN, James, Earl of                  | 511      | Boyle, Charles, Earl of Orrery         | 442        |
| St. Albans, Earl                                  | 367      | Boyle, John, Earl of Corke and Orrery  | 459        |
| St. Albans, Viscount                              | 341      | Boyle, Francis, third Lord Shannon     | 549        |
| Albemarle, Duke of                                | 378      | Boyle, Murrough, Viscount Blessington  | 522        |
| Alexander, William, Earl of Stirling              | 498      | Boyle, Roger, Earl of                  | 514        |
| Anglesey, Earl of                                 | 411      | Bridges, Grey, Lord Chandos            | 534        |
| Ancram, Earl of                                   | 498      | Bristol, George, Earl of               | 390        |
| Angus, Earl of                                    | ib.      | Bristol, John, Earl of                 | 365        |
| Annesley, Arthur, Earl of Anglesey                | 411      | Brooke, Sir Fulke Greville, Lord       | 342        |
| Argyle, Anne, countess of                         | 542      | Brooke, Robert, Lord                   | 356        |
| Argyle, Arch. Earl of                             | 506      | Brounker, William, Viscount            | 517        |
| Argyle, Arch. Marquis of                          | ib.      | Brown, Antony, Viscount Montacute      | 463        |
| Arundel of Wardour, Henry, Lord                   | 471      | Buckhurst, Lord                        | 330        |
| Arundel, Mary, Countess of                        | 482      | Buckingham, George, Duke of            | 416        |
| Audley, Baron                                     | 396      | Buckingham, John, Duke of              | 435        |
|   |          | Burleigh, Lord                         | 311        |
| <b>B.</b>   |          |  |            |
| Bacon, Francis, Viscount St. Albans               | 341      | <b>C.</b>                              |            |
| Balcarras, Colin, Lord                            | 507      | Calvert, Frederick, Lord Baltimore     | 549        |
| Baltimore, George, Lord                           | 513      | Calvert, George, Lord Baltimore        | 513        |
| Baltimore, Frederic, Lord                         | 549      | Campbell, Arch. Earl of Argyle         | 506        |
| Barrington, John, Viscount                        | 523, 543 | Campbell, Arch. Marquis of Argyle      | ib.        |
| Barry, Ludowick, Lord                             | 543      | Capel, Lord                            | 360        |
| Bath, William, Earl of                            | 456      | Carew, George, Earl of Totnes          | 346        |
| Bergavenny, Joanna, Lady                          | 479, 533 | Carey, Henry, Earl of Monmouth         | 368        |
| Berkeley, George, Earl of                         | 422      | Carey, Robert, Earl of Monmouth        | 355        |
| Berners, Lord                                     | 293      | Cary, Henry, Lord Falkland             | 509        |
| Binning, Charles, Lord                            | 511      | Cary, Henry, Lord Falkland             | 504        |
| Blessington, Viscount                             | 522      | Cary, Antony, Lord Falkland            | ib.        |
| Boleyn, George, Viscount Rochford                 | 294, 527 | Cary Lucius, Lord Falkland             | 501        |
| Bolingbroke, Henry, Viscount                      | 448      | Carleton, Sir Dudley, Visc. Dorchester | 349        |
| Booth, George, Earl of Warrington                 | 455      | Carlisle, Charles, third Earl of       | 534        |
| Booth, Henry, Lord Delamer and Earl of Warrington | ib.      | Castlehaven, Earl of                   | 396        |
| Bourchier, John, Lord Berners                     | 293      | Castlemain, Roger, Earl of             | 519        |
|   |          | Catherine Parr, <small>QUEEN</small>   | 259        |
|   |          | Cavendish, William, Duke of Newcastle  | 383        |
|   |          | 4 E                                    | Cavendish. |

|  | Page     |   | Page     |
|--|----------|---|----------|
| Cavendish, William, Duke of Devonshire   | 426      | Douglas, William, Earl of Angus         | 498      |
| Cecil, William, Lord Burleigh            | 311      | Douglas, George, Lord Mordington        | 510      |
| Cecil, Sir Robert, Earl of Salisbury     | 333      | Dudley, Lord North                      | 370      |
| Cecil, Edward, Viscount Wimbledon        | 351      | Dudley, Lord North                      | 395      |
| Chandos, Grey, Lord                      | 534      | Dudley, Robert, Duke of Northumberland  | 474      |
| Charles I. KING                          | 273      |   |          |
| Chatham, William, Earl of                | 539      | E.                                      |          |
| Chesterfield, Philip, Earl of            | 535      | Edgecumbe, Richard, Lord                | 461      |
| Clanrickarde, Marquis of                 | 367      | Edmund, Lord Sheffield                  | 306      |
| Clare, John, Earl of                     | 467      | Edward II. KING                         | 255, 526 |
| Clarendon, Earl of                       | 385      | Edward VI. KING                         | 262      |
| Clifford, Henry, Earl of Cumberland      | 464      | Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury        | 361      |
| Clive, Robert, Lord                      | 550      | Egmont, John, Earl of                   | 523      |
| Cobham, Lord                             | 279      | Egmont, John, second Earl of            | 548      |
| Coleraine, Henry, Earl of                | 506, 533 | Egremont, Charles, Earl of              | 541      |
| Cooper, Ant. Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury | 401      | Elefmere, Lord Chancellor               | 340      |
| Cooper, Ant. Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury | 429      | Elibank, Patrick, Lord                  | 542      |
| Corke, John, Earl of                     | 459      | Elizabeth, QUEEN                        | 266, 527 |
| Cornbury, Henry, Lord                    | 454      | Essex, Robert, Earl of                  | 314      |
| Coventry, Lord Keeper                    | 469      |   |          |
| Cranfield, Lionel, Earl of Middlesex     | 465      | F.                                      |          |
| Cromarty, George, Earl of                | 508      | Fairfax, Thomas, Lord                   | 404      |
| Cumberland, Henry, Earl of               | 464      | Falkland, Antony, Lord                  | 504      |
| Cutts, John, Lord                        | 521      | Falkland, Henry, Lord                   | 500      |
|  |          | Falkland, Henry, Lord                   | 504      |
| D.                                       |          | Falkland, Lucius, Lord                  | 501      |
| Dalrymple, James, Viscount Stair         | 509      | Fane, Mildmay, Earl of Westmorland      | 370      |
| Delamer, Henry, Lord                     | 424      | Fiennes, William Viscount Say and Seale | 469      |
| Delawar, John, Earl of                   | 540      | Finch, Daniel, Earl of Nottingham       | 438      |
| Denzill, Lord Holles                     | 392      | Finch, Heneage, Earl of Nottingham      | 404      |
| Derby, James, Earl of                    | 364      | Finch, Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea      | 420      |
| Derby, Charles, Earl of                  | 379      | Fitzgerald, Gerald, Earl of Desmond     | 513      |
| Derby, Ferdinando, Earl of               | 534      | Forbes, Alexander, Lord Pittligo        | 511      |
| Desmond, Gerald, Earl of                 | 513      | Fortescue, John, Lord                   | 523      |
| Devereux, Robert, Earl of Essex          | 314      | Fox, Henry, Lord Holland                | 538      |
| Devonshire, William, Duke of             | 426      | Frederic, PRINCE OF WALES               | 278      |
| Digby, John, Earl of Bristol             | 365      |   |          |
| Digby, George, Earl of Bristol           | 390      | G.                                      |          |
| Dillon, Wentworth, Earl of Roscommon     | 518      | Gainsborough, Baptist, Earl of          | 538      |
| Doddington, George Bubb, Lord Melcombe   | 458, 531 | Graham, Richard, Viscount Preston       | 509      |
| Dorchester, Henry, Marquis of            | 397      | Granville, George, Lord Lansdown        | 441      |
| Dorchester, Viscount                     | 351      | Gray, Lady Jane                         | 480      |
| Dorfet, Charles, Earl of                 | 425, 530 | Greville, Sir Fulke, Lord Brooke        | 342      |
| Dorfet, Charles, Duke of                 | 460, 532 | Greville, Robert, Lord Brooke           | 356      |
| Dorfet and Pembroke, Anne, Countess      | 485      | Grey, Ford, Lord                        | 472      |
|  |          | Grey, Thomas, Earl of Stamford          | 473      |

# I N D E X.

575

|                            |             |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Grimston, William Viscount | Page<br>525 |
| Guildford, Lord Keeper     | 407         |

## H.

|                                       |          |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Haddington, Thomas, Earl of           | 499      |
| Haddington, Thomas, Earl of           | 542      |
| Halifax, George, Marquis of           | 420      |
| Halifax, Charles, Earl of             | 434      |
| Hamilton, Thomas, Earl of Haddington  | 499      |
| Hamilton, Thomas, Earl of Haddington  | 542      |
| Hamilton, James, Duke                 | 499      |
| Hamilton, Charles, Lord Binning       | 511      |
| Hamilton, James, Earl of Abercorn     | ib.      |
| Hare, Henry, Earl of Colerane         | 516, 533 |
| Harley, Robert, Earl of Oxford        | 436      |
| Hastings, Francis, Earl of Huntingdon | 309      |
| Hatton, Lord Chancellor               | 464      |
| Haversham, John, Lord                 | 427      |
| Henry VIII. KING                      | 256      |
| Herbert, William, Earl of Pembroke    | 347      |
| Herbert, Lord, of Cherbury            | 361      |
| Hervey, John, Lord                    | 450, 531 |
| Holland, Henry, Lord                  | 538      |
| Holles, Lord                          | 392      |
| Holles, John, Earl of Clare           | 466      |
| Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey         | 299      |
| Howard, Henry, Earl of Northampton    | 334      |
| Howard, Edward, Earl of Suffolk       | 437      |
| Howard, Charles, Earl of Carlisle     | 534      |
| Howard, Charles, Duke of Norfolk      | 541      |
| Huntingdon, Francis, Earl of          | 309      |
| Hyde, Edward, Earl of Clarendon       | 385, 529 |
| Hyde, Henry, Lord                     | 454      |

## J.

|                                       |          |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| James I. KING of England              | 272      |
| James II. KING of England             | 277, 527 |
| James I. KING of Scotland             | 492      |
| James IV. KING of Scotland            | 493      |
| James V.                              | ib.      |
| Jefferies, John, Lord                 | 473      |
| St. John, Henry, Viscount Bolingbroke | 448      |
| Irwin, Annie, Viscountess             | 512, 533 |

## K.

|                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Kerr, Robert, Earl of Ancram | 498 |
|------------------------------|-----|

|                                   |             |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| King, Lord Chancellor             | Page<br>445 |
| Kingfale, Lord, the twenty-fourth | 525         |

## L.

|                                  |     |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Lansdown, George, Lord           | 441 |
| Lauderdale, Richard, Earl of     | 507 |
| Leeds, Thomas, Duke of           | 422 |
| Leeds, Peregrine, Duke of        | 535 |
| Ley, James, Earl of Marlborough  | 345 |
| Lincoln, Elizabeth, Countess of  | 485 |
| Lindsey, Colin, Lord Balcarras   | 507 |
| Littleton, Lord Keeper           | 355 |
| Lonsdale, John, Viscount         | 473 |
| Lowther, John, Viscount Lonsdale | ib. |
| Lucas, John, Lord                | 470 |
| Lumley, Lord                     | 296 |
| Lumley, Joanna, Lady             | 482 |
| Luxborough, Henrietta, Lady      | 551 |
| Lyttelton, George, Lord          | 540 |
| Lyttelton, Thomas, Lord          | ib. |

## M.

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| Mackenzie, George, Earl of Cromarty     | 508      |
| Maitland, Richard, Earl of Lauderdale   | 507      |
| Maitland, Lord Chancellor               | 497      |
| Manchester, Earl of                     | 356      |
| Marlborough, Earl of                    | 345      |
| Marlborough, Sarah, Duchess of          | 489      |
| Mary, QUEEN of England                  | 264      |
| Mary, QUEEN of Scotland                 | 493      |
| Melcombe, George, Lord                  | 458, 531 |
| Middlesex, Lionel, Earl of              | 465      |
| Molefworth, Robert, Viscount            | 521, 533 |
| Moncke, George, Duke of Albemarle       | 378      |
| Monmouth, Earl of                       | 355      |
| Monmouth, Henry, Earl of                | 268      |
| Montacute, Antony, Viscount             | 463      |
| Montacute, John, Earl of Salisbury      | 553      |
| Montague, Henry, Earl of Manchester     | 356      |
| Montague, Edward, Earl of Sandwich      | 380      |
| Montague, Charles, Earl of Halifax      | 434      |
| Montague, Edward, Lord                  | 470      |
| Mordaunt, Charles, Earl of Peterborough | 438, 531 |
| Mordington, George, Lord                | 506      |
| Morley, Lord                            | 296      |

|  | Page     |  | Page     |
|--|----------|--|----------|
| Morton, Anne, Countess of                            | 512      | Poulett, John, Earl                          | 459      |
| Mulgrave, Constantine, Lord                          | 550      | Powlett, William, Marquis of Winchester      | 311      |
| Murray, David, Viscount Stormont                     | 510      | Powlett, John, Marquis of Winchester         | 382      |
| Murray, Patrick, Lord Elibank                        | 542      | Preston, Richard, Viscount                   | 509      |
|  |          | Pulteney, William, Earl of Bath              | 456      |
| N.   |          |  |          |
| Newcastle, Margaret, Duchefs of                      | 486      |  |          |
| Newcastle, Duke of                                   | 383      | R.   |          |
| Noel, Baptist, Earl of Gainsborough                  | 538      | Radnor, Earl of                              | 410      |
| Norfolk, Charles, Duke of                            | 541      | Raymond, Robert, Lord                        | 445      |
| Norfolk, Mary, Duchefs of                            | 483      | Richard I. KING                              | 251, 526 |
| North, Lord  | 370      | Richmond and Derby, Margaret,<br>Countefs of | 477      |
| North, Lord  | 395      | Rivers, Earl                                 | 284      |
| Northampton, Earl of                                 | 334      | Robartes, John, Earl of Radnor               | 410      |
| Northumberland, Robert, Duke of                      | 474      | Rocheſter, Earl of                           | 399      |
| Nottingham, Heneage, Earl of                         | 405      | Rochford, Lord                               | 294      |
| Nottingham, Daniel, Earl of                          | 438      | Rofcommon, Dillon, Earl of                   | 518      |
| Nugent, Robert, Earl of Clare and<br>Viſcount Nugent | 549*     | Ruffel, Elizabeth, Lady                      | 484      |
|  |          | Ruthven, Patrick, Lord                       | 496      |
| O.   |          |  |          |
| Oldcaſtle, Sir John, Lord Cobham                     | 279      |  |          |
| Orford, Robert, Earl of                              | 447      | S.   |          |
| Orleans, Charles, Duke of                            | 562      | Sackville, Thomas, Lord Buckhurſt            | 330      |
| Orrery, Charles, Earl of                             | 442      | Sackville, Charles, Earl of Dorſet           | 425, 531 |
| Orrery, John, Earl of                                | 459      | Sackville, Charles, Duke of Dorſet           | 460, 532 |
| Orrery, Roger, Earl of                               | 514      | Salisbury, Earl of                           | 333      |
| Osborne, Thomas, Duke of Leeds                       | 423      | Sandwich, Earl of                            | 380      |
| Osborne, Peregrine, ſecond Duke of<br>Leeds          | 535      | Saville, George, Marquis of Halifax          | 420      |
| Oxford, Edward, Earl of                              | 329, 551 | Say and Seale, William, Viſcount             | 469      |
| Oxford, Robert, Earl of                              | 437      | Seymour, Edward, Duke of Somerſet            | 306      |
|  |          | Shaſteſbury, Antony Ashley, Earl of          | 401      |
| P.   |          |  |          |
| Paget, Lord  | 310      | Shaſteſbury, Antony Ashley, Earl of          | 429      |
| Paget, Thomas, Lord                                  | 446      | Shannon, Francis, third Lord                 | 549      |
| Palmer, Roger, Earl of Caſtlemain                    | 519      | Sheffield, John, Duke of Buckingham          | 435      |
| Parker, Henry, Lord Morley                           | 296      | Sheffield, Lord                              | 306      |
| Pembroke, Earl of                                    | 347      | Shute, John, Viſcount Barrington             | 523, 543 |
| Pembroke, Mary, Countefs of                          | 483, 533 | Somers, John, Lord                           | 430      |
| Perceval, John, Earl of Egmont                       | 523      | Somerſet, Duke of                            | 306      |
| Perceval, John, ſecond Earl of Egmont                | 548      | Somerſet, Edward, Marquis of Worceſter       | 371      |
| Peterborough, Charles, Earl of                       | 438, 531 | Somerſet, Frances, Duchefs of                | 491      |
| Phipps, Constantine, Lord Mulgrave                   | 550      | Spencer, Robert, Earl of Sunderland          | 472      |
| Pierpoint, Henry, Marquis of Dorcheſter              | 397      | Stafford, Lord                               | 308      |
| Pitſligo, Alexander, Lord                            | 511      | Stair, James, Viſcount                       | 509      |
| Pitt, William, Earl of Chatham                       | 539      | Stamford, Thomas, Earl of                    | 473      |
|  |          | Stanhope, Philip, Earl of Cheſterfield       | 525      |
|  |          | Stanley, James, Earl of Derby                | 364      |
|  |          | Stanley, Charles, Earl of Derby              | 379      |
|  |          | Stirling, William, Earl of                   | 498      |
|  |          | Stormont,                                    |          |

# I N D E X.

577

|   | Page     |                                       | Page |
|---|----------|---------------------------------------|------|
| Stormont, David, Viscount   | 510      |                                       |      |
| Strafford, Thomas, Earl of  | 468      |                                       |      |
| Suffolk, Edward, Earl of  | 437      |                                       |      |
| Sunderland, Earl of   | 472      |                                       |      |
| Surrey, Earl of   | 299      |                                       |      |
| T.  |          |                                       |      |
| Taaffe, Nicholas, Lord  | 549      |                                       |      |
| Temple, Anna, Countess  | 541      |                                       |      |
| Thomson, John, Lord Haversham                                     | 427      |                                       |      |
| Tiptoft, John, Earl of Worcester                                  | 281      |                                       |      |
| Totnefs, Earl of  | 346      |                                       |      |
| Touchet, James, Earl of Castlehaven<br>and Baron Audley           | 396      |                                       |      |
| Townshend, Charles, Lord Viscount                                 | 459      |                                       |      |
| V.  |          |                                       |      |
| Vaux, Lord  | 291      |                                       |      |
| Vere, Edward, Earl of Oxford,                                     | 329, 551 |                                       |      |
| Verney, George, Lord Willoughby de<br>Broke                       | 474      |                                       |      |
| Villiers, George, Duke of Buckingham                              | 416      |                                       |      |
| U.  |          |                                       |      |
| Ulick de Burgh, Marquis of Clanrickard<br>and Earl of St. Alban's | 367      |                                       |      |
|   |          | W.                                    |      |
|   |          | Walpole, Robert, Earl of Orford       | 447  |
|   |          | Walpole, Horatio, Lord                | 454  |
|   |          | Warrington, Earl of                   | 424  |
|   |          | Warrington, George, Earl of           | 455  |
|   |          | Warwick, Mary, Countess of            | 488  |
|   |          | Wentworth, Thomas, Earl of Strafford. | 468  |
|   |          | West, John, Earl of Delawar           | 540  |
|   |          | Westmorland, Earl of                  | 370  |
|   |          | Wharton, Philip, Duke of              | 443  |
|   |          | Whitworth, Charles, Lord              | 522  |
|   |          | Widville, Antony, Earl Rivers         | 284  |
|   |          | Willoughby de Broke, George, Lord.    | 474  |
|   |          | Wilmot, John, Earl of Rochester       | 399  |
|   |          | Wimbledon, Viscount                   | 351  |
|   |          | Winchelsea, Heneage, Earl of.         | 420  |
|   |          | Winchelsea, Anne, Countess of         | 488  |
|   |          | Winchester William, Marquis of        | 311  |
|   |          | Winchester, John, Marquis of          | 382  |
|   |          | Windham, Charles, Earl of Egremont.   | 541  |
|   |          | Worcester, Earl of                    | 281  |
|   |          | Worcester, Edward, Marquis of         | 371  |
|   |          | Y.                                    |      |
|   |          | Yorke, Anne Hyde, Duchess of.         | 487  |

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

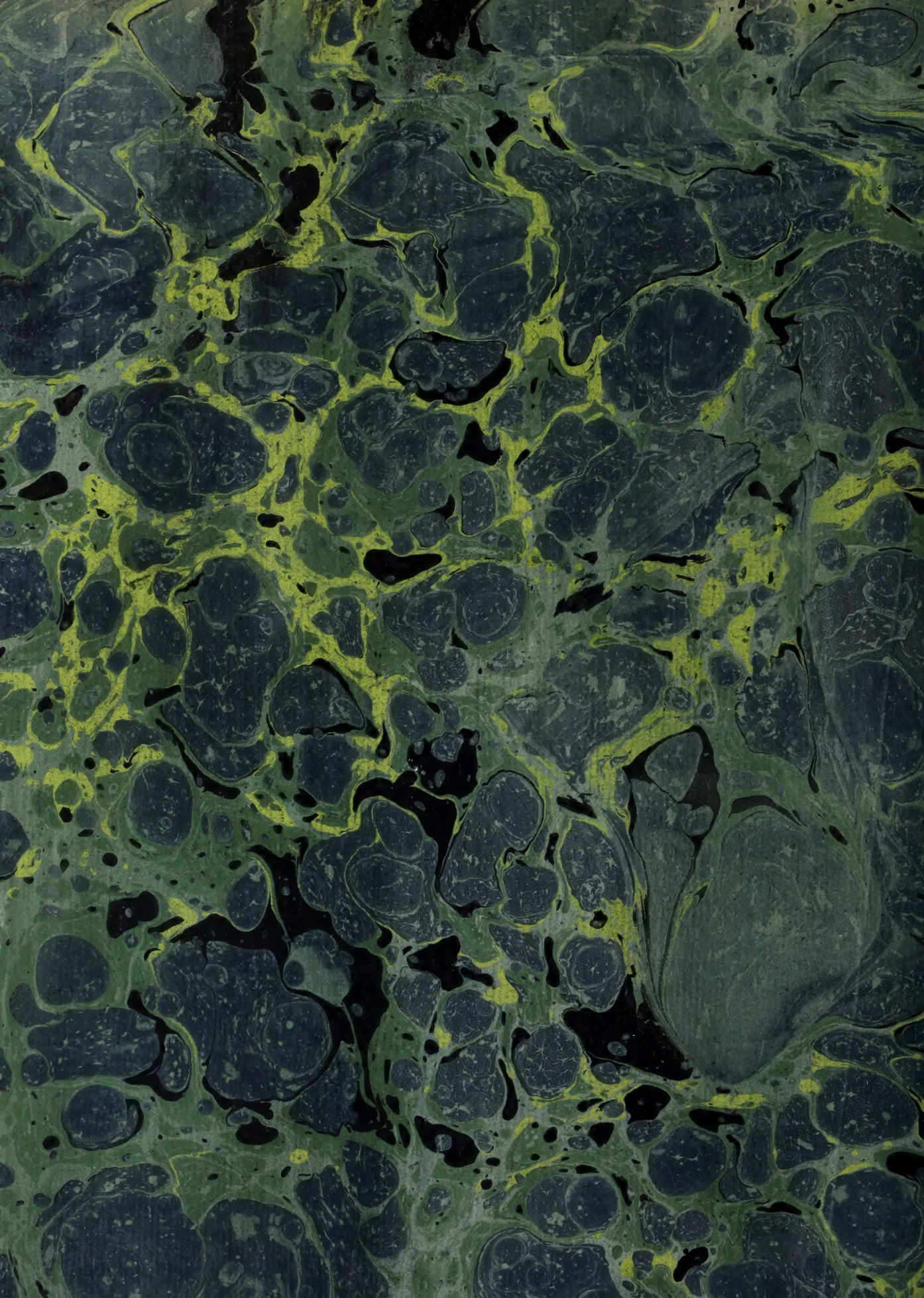


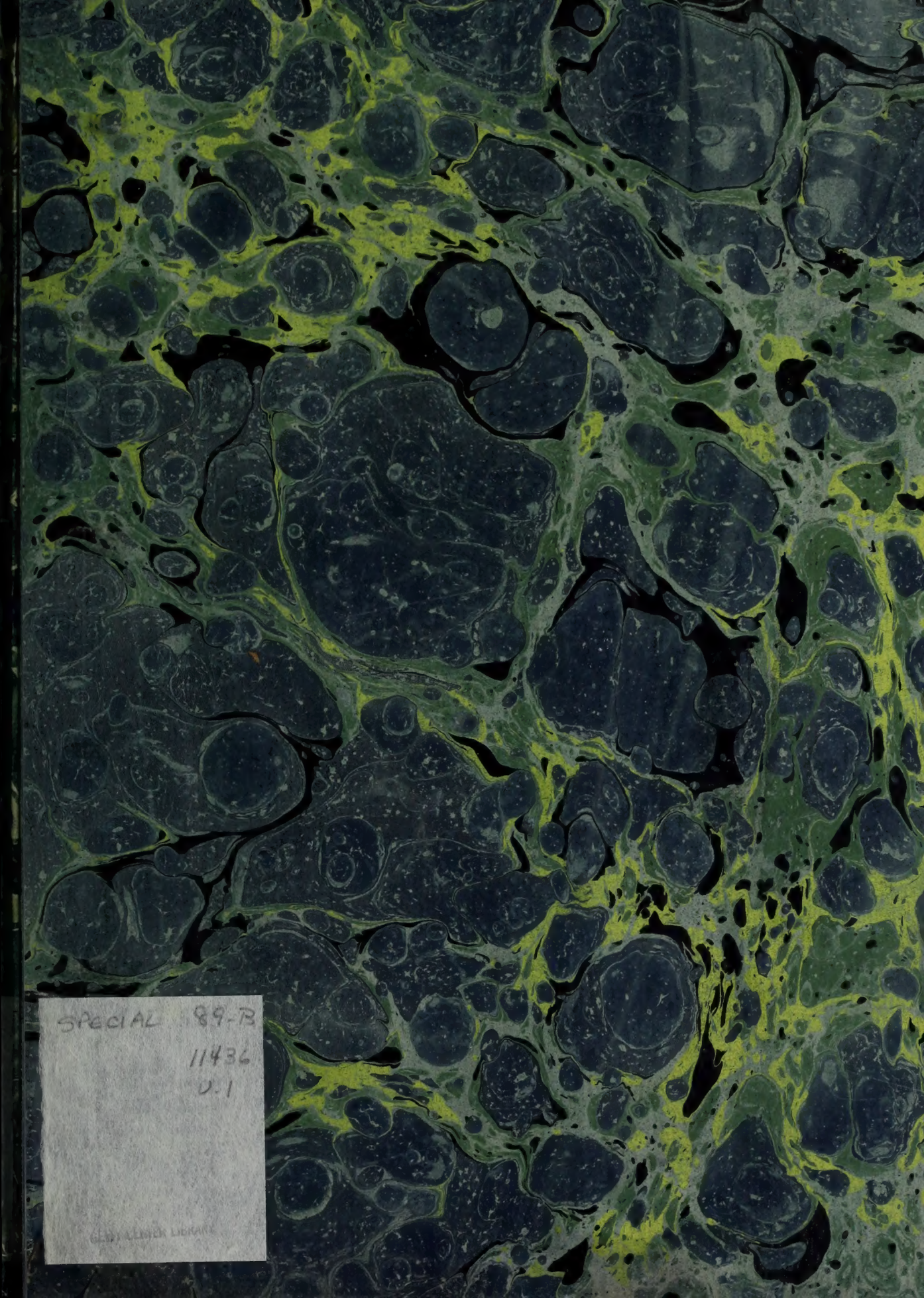












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